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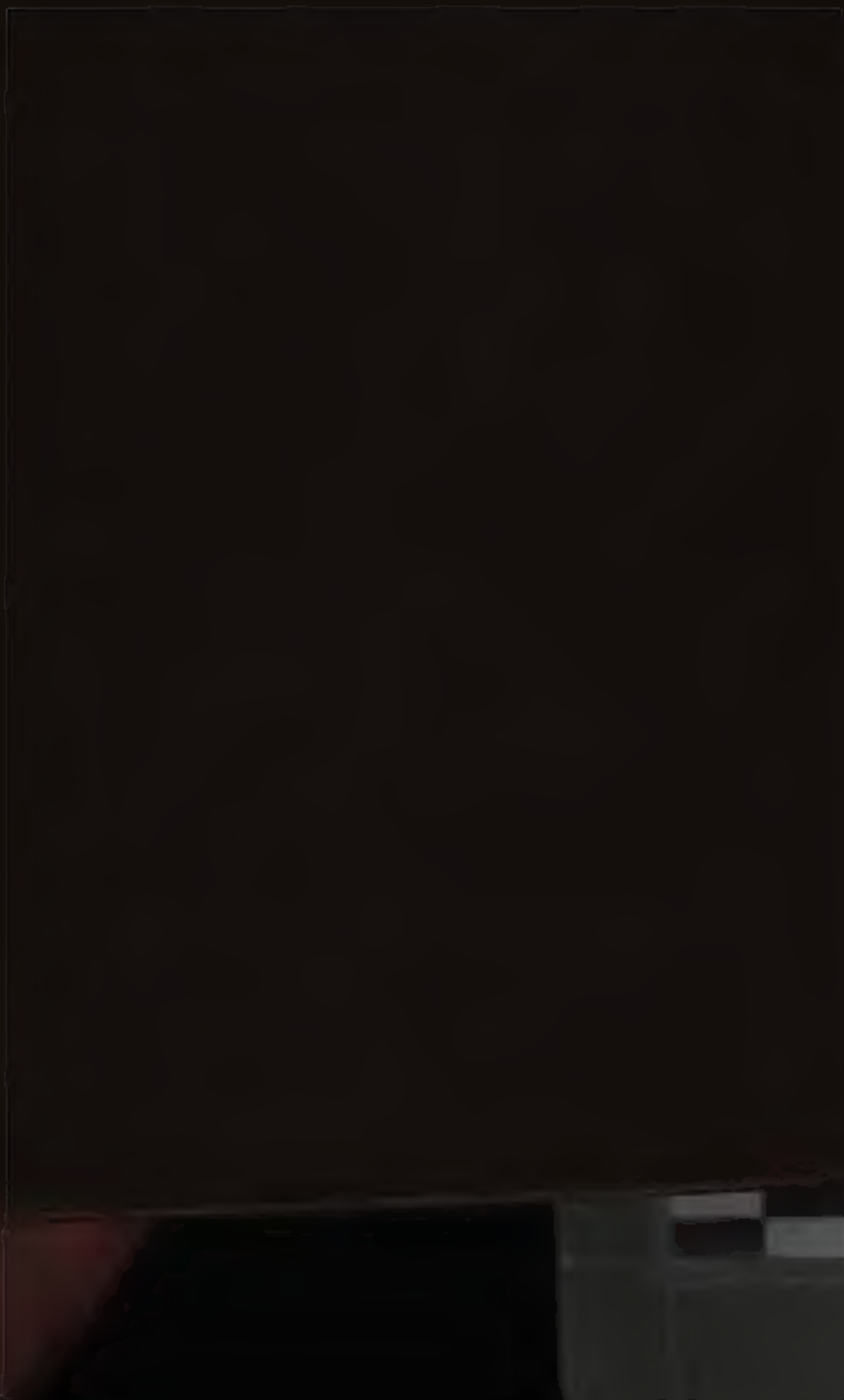
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**From the "*Retrato perdido*" in *The Royal Academy*
*of Spain***

Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra

HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY

POEMS TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH BY
ENGLISH AND NORTH AMERICAN POETS

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY

THOMAS WALSH, Ph.D., Litt.D.

Corresponding Member of the *Real Academia
Sevillana de Buenas Letras*, of the *Academia
Colombiana* and the Hispanic Society
of America



G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK AND LONDON

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THE HISPANIC SOCIETY OF AMERICA



To the memory

OF

JOYCE KILMER

**POET AND HERO, WHO EARNED A GLORIOUS
GRAVE NEAR THE RIVER OURCQ,
JULY 30, 1918,—**

MY FRIEND.

378056

iv	HISPANIC ANTHOL
IV	HISPANIC NOTI

1955

FOREWORD

ISH poetry, at first glance, would
to be an unknown world to readers
out a knowledge of Castilian; neverthe-
a study of the contents of this volume
show that some of the greatest poets of
and and America have presented in our
non English tongue the beauties of this
c literature. While this achievement
e past may be a matter of legitimate
to the northern Hispanist, the present
d seem to be an opportune moment to
gthen whatever claim he may have
the regard of his brethren of Hispanic
h by presenting a summary, in chrono-
l order, of the translations, by north-
hispanophiles, of Spanish poems into
sh verse.
e present work is such a summary, and
ffered as a spontaneous tribute of

affectionate admiration to the contemporaneous Spanish poet—both Peninsular and American—from his English-speaking brethren of the north. It should perhaps be stated that, in the desire that this offering should be recognized as essentially a northern tribute, the editor has with reluctance omitted many able translations by Hispanic-Americans whose work, for the present at least, must be left to the more capacious page of the periodical.

The *Hispanic Anthology* is also offered in the belief that it will greatly facilitate the work of the writer or lecturer on Spanish poetry who, hitherto, has been handicapped by the great difficulty in obtaining English versions adequate to illustrate the theme. To him, as to the student and general reader, the chronological arrangement of the material—the amount of which is surprising—and the bibliographical notes which in many cases are the result of considerable research, should prove extremely useful. Particularly is this true in the case of the more recent poets concerning whom accurate information is both scarce and difficult to obtain.

FOREWORD

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and remote. In the matter of selection, a comparison of this work with the best of the Spanish *Parnasos* and Hispanic-American *Antologías* will show that the editor has not differed greatly from the opinions of the original critics.

The writer's thanks are due to all those who have so graciously permitted their versions to be included in this collection—notably, Mr. Peter H. Goldsmith, Mr. William G. Williams, Mr. Alfred Coester, Mr. E. C. Hills, Mr. John Pierrepont Rice, Miss Alice Stone Blackwell, Miss Lilian E. Elliott, and Miss Muna Lee.

THOMAS WALSH.

AND MONOGRAPHS

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THE TRANSLATORS

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ALICE STONE BLACKWELL

JOHN BOWRING

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

J. H. BURTON

LORD BYRON

JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE

ALFRED COESTER

L. E. ELLIOTT

EDWARD FITZGERALD

JAMES ELROY FLECKER

RICHARD GARNETT

JAMES YOUNG GIBSON

RODERICK GILL

JORGE GODOY

PETER GOLDSMITH

EDMOND GOSSE

JOHN HAY

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PANIC ANTHOLOGY

ND MONOGRAPHS

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2	HISPANIC ANTHOL
IV	HISPANIC NOT

ANONYMOUS	3
<p>ANONYMOUS</p> <p>THE LAY OF THE CID</p> <p><i>Poema del Cid</i> was composed about the 1150. It is a contemporary record of traditional peculiarities of Spanish chivalry. It was first published by Sánchez (Madrid, 1827).</p> <p>I</p> <p>He turned and looked upon them, and he He felt very sore He saw the yawning gateway and the The asps wrenched off the door, The pegs whereon no mantle nor coat No vair there hung. No perched no moulting goshawk, and There ere no falcon swung. And the Cid sighed deeply, such grief Was in his heart,</p>	
END MONOGRAPHS	IV

And he spake well and wisely
 in Heaven that art
 Our Father and our Master,
 thanks to Thee.
 Of their wickedness my foeme
 this thing to me."

2

Then they shook out the bridle
 to ride afar.
 They had the crow on their r
 they issued from Bivar,
 And as they entered Burgos
 left it sped.
 And the Cid shrugged his sh
 the Cid shook his head:
 "Good tidings, Alvar Fañez !
 ished from our weal,
 But on a day with honor shall v
 Castile."

3

Roy Diaz entered Burgos wit
 nons strong,

<p>NONYMOUS</p>	<p>5</p>
<p> look upon him did the men men throng. their wives the townsmen at the stood hard by, apt in lamentation, their grief so high. mouth together they spake accord: a noble vassal, an he had a lord." </p> <p>4</p> <p> they made him welcome, but red do the thing Don Alfonso, and the fury of g. e unto Burgos came ere the fell. t care they brought it and it led well; nan to Roy Diaz give shelter ke heed, give him shelter, let him know, deed, </p>	
<p>MONOGRAPHS</p>	<p>IV</p>

He shall lose his whole possession
eyes within his head.

Nor shall his soul and body be
better stead."

Great sorrow had the Christians
his face they hid.

Was none dared aught to utter
lord the Cid.

Then the Campeador departed
lodging straight.

But when he was come hither,
locked and barred the gate.

In their fear of Don Alfonso had
even so.

An the Cid forced not his entran
for weal or woe,

Durst they open it unto him.
men did call.

Nothing thereto in answer said
within the hall.

My lord the Cid spurred onwa
doorway did he go.

He drew his foot from the stirrup
the door one blow.

Yet the door would not open, fo
barred it fast.

5

a maiden of nine summers came unto
him at last
mpeador in happy hour thou girdedst
on the sword.
the King's will. Yestereven came the
mandate of our lord.
h utmost care they brought it, and it
was sealed with care;
e to ope to you or greet you for any
cause shall dare.
. if we do, we forfeit houses and lands
instead.
, we shall lose moreover, the eyes with-
in the head.
, Cid, with our misfortunes, naught
whatever dost thou gain.
may God with all his power support
thee in thy pain."
pake the child and turned away. Unto
her home went she.
t he lacked the King's favor now well
the Cid might see.
left the door; forth onward he spurred
through Burgos town.

2	HISPANIC ANTHC
IV	HISPANIC NO.

ANONYMOUS

3

ANONYMOUS

THE LAY OF THE CID

ma del Cid was composed about the 50. It is a contemporary record of local peculiarities of Spanish chivalry. First published by Sánchez (Madrid,

I

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perched no moulting goshawk, and
ere no falcon swung.
d the Cid sighed deeply, such grief
as in his heart,

AND MONOGRAPHS

IV

10	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Since in Burgos they forbade me aught to purchase, and the King Withdraws his favor, unto them my goods I cannot bring. They are heavy, and I must pawn them for whatso'er is right. That Christians may not see it, let them come for them by night. May the Creator judge it and of all the Saints the choir. I can no more, and I do it against my own desire."</p> <p>8</p> <p>Martin stayed not. Through Burgos he hastened forth and came To the Castle. Vidas and Raqué! he de- manded them by name.</p> <p>9</p> <p>Raquél and Vidas sate to count their goods and profits through When up came Antolinez the prudent man and true.</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

“How now Raqué! and Vidas, am I dear
unto your heart?

I would speak close.” They tarried not.
All three they went apart.

“Give me, Raqué! and Vidas, your hands
for promise sure,

That you will not betray me to Christian
or to Moor.

I shall make you rich forever. You shall
ne’er be needy more.

When to gather in the taxes went forth the
Campeador,,

Many rich goods he garnered, but he only
kept the best.

Therefore this accusation against him was
addressed.

And now two mighty coffers full of pure
gold hath he.

Why he lost the King’s favor a man may
lightly see.

He has left his halls and houses, his meadow
and his field,

And the chests he cannot bring you lest he
should stand revealed.

The Campeador those coffers will deliver
to your trust

And do you lend unto him whatever
be just.

Do you take the chests and keep them
swear a great oath here

That you will not look within them
space of all this year."

The two took counsel: "Something
profit must inure

In all barter. He gained something
country of the Moor

When he marched there, for many
he brought with him away.

But he sleeps not unsuspected, who
coined gold to pay.

Let the two of us together take no
coffers twain.

In some place let us put them where
they shall remain.

"What the lord Cid demanded, we, p
let us hear,

And what will be our usury for the s
all this year?"

Said Martin Antolinez like a pruder
and true:

"Whatever you deem right and ju
Cid desires of you.

He will ask little since his goods are left in
a safe place.

But needy men on all sides beseech the Cid
for grace.

For six hundred marks of money the Cid is
sore bested."

"We shall give them to him gladly," Ra-
quél and Vidas said.

"'Tis night. The Cid is sorely pressed.
So give the marks to us."

Answered Raquél and Vidas: "Men do not
traffic thus;

But first they take their surety and there-
after give the fee."

Said Martin Antolinez: "So be it as for
me.

Come ye to the great Campeador for 'tis
but just and fair

That we should help you with the chests.
and put them in your care,

So that neither Moor nor Christian thereof
shall hear the tale."

"Therewith are we right well content,"
said Vidas and Raquél,

"You shall have the marks six hundred
when we bring the chests again."

And Martin Antolinez rode swiftly with
twain.

And they were glad exceeding. O'er
bridge he did not go,

But through the stream, that never
Burgalese should know

Through him thereof. And now by
the Campeador his tent.

When they therein had entered to kiss
hands they bent.

My lord the Cid smiled on them and
them said he;

"Ha, Don Raqué! and Vidas, you have
gotten me!

And now must I go hence away who
banished in disgrace,

For the King from me in anger hath turned
away his face.

I deem that from my chattels you shall
somewhat of worth,

And you shall lack for nothing while
dwell upon the earth."

At the loading of the coffers you had
great joy of heart.

For they could not heave the great
 chests up though they stark and
 hale;

Dear was the melted metal to Vidas and
 Raqué1.

And they would be rich forever till their
 two lives were o'er.

10

The hand of my good lord the Cid, Raqué1
 had kissed once more:

“Ha! Campeador, in happy hour thou
 girdedst on the brand.

Forth from Castile thou goest to the men
 of a strange land.

Such is become thy fortune and great thy
 gain shall be—

Ah, Cid, I kiss thine hands again—but
 make a gift to me;

Bring me a Moorish mantle splendidly
 wrought and red.”

“So be it. It is granted,” the Cid in an-
 swer said,—

“If from abroad I bring it, well
matter stand;
If not, take it from the coffers I
in your hand.”

—*R. Seldon Rose and Leonard*

RAZÓN DE AMOR

Textes castillans inédits du XIII
ania, 1887, vol. xvi, pp. 368-373),
Morel-Fatio published this poem
st time. The name of Lope de
igned to the MS, but he is con-
j: merely the copyist.

art with care o'erflowing,
ory that is showing
ure fine and free
and melody.

holar made its rhymes
quire of dames betimes)
ermany and France
aining for romance,
nbardy was long
ourtesy in song.

month of April sweet

In an olive grove I made retreat,
My dinner done, where the branch
And a cup of wine mine eyes did g
In the cooling shade of an apple-tr
Full and ruddy as wine can be.

It had been placed by a lady fair
Who was mistress of the orchards :
For on him she loved her mind wou
When he came that way he would :
 drink,

He would quaff it down in a fashio
Whenever he loitered there to eat,
And thus refreshed would remain :
Strong and healthy through all his
Higher up on the apple bough
Another cup caught my vision now
Full to the brim of the water clear
That oozed from the dewy branche
I would have tasted its liquor pure
But I feared in it enchantment sur
So I laid my head to the verdant s
Where a midday rest I might affor
And the heat of the day was burni
I stripped my clothing from head t
And slipped in the spring that
 thereby—

Never the like hath met your eye!—
So fresh it was, and healthful too,
In the chill of its waters through and
through.

A step in its depths from off the shore
And you felt the heat of the day no more.
Every herb of odorous air
Was breathing fresh on its margin fair;
The salvia likewise and the rose,
With the lily and the violet close,
And numerous herbs in row on row
Whose very names I do not know;
But such a perfume from all was shed
It was sweet enough to rouse the dead.
I took a sup of the water then
And felt my body cool again;
And in my hand I took a flower,
To wit, the worthiest in that bower,
Prepared to sing of love's fond hour,—
When suddenly a damsel came—
Never in life have you seen the same—
So white, so blushing red was she;
Her short hair round her ears blown free,
Her forehead white and passing fair,
And face as sweet as an apple rare.
Her nose so straight and finely turned,—

Ne'er such another have you c
 Her eyes of midnight shining cl
 Her lovely lips where white tee
 'Twixt the ruby smiles so full a
 Perfection's self, so it seemed t
 Her girdle broad and measured
 To a graceful line about her fel
 Her cloak and gown were of no
 Than samite white, her form to
 The little hat upon her head
 'Gainst the midday heats was
 And you would have known by
 she wore

No peasant maid was she who
 The flowers bent down before h
 As she walked along, while her
 This song of love:

"O friend c
Would that my arms could alw
About you here in love, and kn
The sweets of loving forever sol
For you are a scholar as you s
And for this I hold you far more
Never a man did I ever hear

*of such love as my heart makes clear.
ther my love with you to share
e diadem of Spain to wear.
but one care upon my heart
ad lest some mischance may start;
say that another lady bright
y and goodness claims a right
ur love, and with such a call
pite shall ruin her mind in all;
her my fear is very great,
r love for me she may abate.
that you behold me well,
d loved, let us faithful dwell!"*

.

le the lady reasoned so,
e did not turn to go;
ough she knew me not for long,
not fear my passion strong.
y I was no peasant boor;
ad took her fingers pure,
i in arm we settled down
hade of the olive branches brown.
id to her: "My lady, say,
u known no love until today?"—
vered,—“Truly with love I glow,
e about my squire I know;

But I should bid his messenger hear,
That I know he's a cleric, not cavalier;
That he reads and writes and sings full clear,
That he follows the troubadour's career.
I know, as well, that his birth is fair
And the first of his youthful beard is there."
"For God's sake, lady, say to me
What gifts hath he sent in courtesy?"—
"These perfumed gloves, this hat, he sent,
This ring, this coral ornament;
And for his love they are the sign
Of the love I bear this sweet friend of mine."
There I, in truth, the trinkets knew
That I had sent! and to her view
The little sash I wore, displayed
With the broideries her hands had made.
She doffed her shoulder mantle bright,
She kissed my mouth and eyelids right,
And such delight she took of me
That I cannot give the history.
"Lord God be praised that here below
My lover dear so well I know!"—
Full long, full long, we tarried there,
When came the thought unto my fair,
And she explained,—“My Master sweet,
If you should deem it more discreet,

ot displease you should I go—”
o her—“My heart shall show
is faithful evermore,
uder than an emperor.”—
alone my lady went,
me to my discontent,
dly had she passed the gate
my heart like death grew desolate.
o lay me down to sleep,
ny dove came there to peep;
e as any snowflake blown
he garden it flew alone,
to the pool it took its way
uddenly it saw me laid,
urned away in trouble great
e orchard of pomegranate.
ere was fastened a cup of gold
s little feet could scarce uphold,
o the pool it bore its weight
I lay in the shade of the pome-
nate.
en the golden cup was filled
to its very depths was chilled,
that the feast was at an end
ter and wine it made to blend.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

GONZALO DE BERCEO

(1180-1246)

THE PRAISE OF SPRING

(From *The Miracles of our Lady*)

GONZALO DE BERCEO was born at Berceo. Little is known of the events of his life, except that he was a priest of the Benedictine Monastery of San Millán in the diocese of Calahorra. His poems, for the most part devotional, were edited by Florencio Janer (*Biblioteca de autores españoles*, vol. lvii). There is an edition of the *Vida de Santo Domingo* by J. D. Fitzgerald (Paris, 1904).

I, Gonzalo de Berceo, in the gentle
 summertide,
 Wending upon a pilgrimage, came to a
 meadow's side;
 All green was it and beautiful, with flowers
 far and wide,—
 A pleasant spot, I ween, wherein the travel-
 ler might abide.

h the sweetest odors filled all
ny air,
one refreshed the sense, but
e mind from care;
de a fountain gushed, whose
pure and fair,
eath the summer sun, but warm
r were.

he thick and shadowy trees,
e foliage green,
and the pomegranate, the pear
le seen;
fruits of various kinds, the
eaves between,
unpleasant to the taste and
cayed, I ween.

of the meadow green, the odor
owers
shadows of the trees, tempered
grant showers,
e in the burning heat of the
oontide hours;
ght live upon the balm and
e of those bowers!

Ne'er had I found on earth a sp
 such power to please,
 Such shadows from the summe
 odors on the breeze;
 I threw my mantle on the gro
 might rest at ease,
 And stretched upon the gree
 in the shadow of the trees.

There soft reclining in the shad
 beside me flung,
 I heard the soft and mellow
 through the woodland rung
 Ear never listened to a strain,
 ment or tongue,
 So mellow and harmonious as
 above me sung.

—*H. W. Lo*

CÁNTICA OF THE VIR

Keep watch, keep watch, keep
 Keep watch on the Council of t
 Keep watch;
 That they steal not God's Son f
 Keep watch!

To steal Him off they are set upon;
Keep watch,
Andrew, Peter, likewise John,
Keep watch!
Lie not in your trust so long,
Keep watch,
Hearken rather to my song,
Keep watch;
All of them light robbers are,
Keep watch,
Spying you through bolt and bar,
Keep watch;
All are tricksters by the way,
Keep watch,
Ribald thief and cutpurse they,
Keep watch!
Your own words they have employed,
Keep watch,
For your overthrow deployed,
Keep watch!
You know not the deep deceit,
Keep watch,
That is waiting for your feet,
Keep watch;
You know not the reasons wise,
Keep watch,

That from His taking shall arise,
Keep watch;
Thomas and old Matthew too,
Keep watch,
They desire this theft to do,
Keep watch;
The disciple Him did sell,
Keep watch;
The Master did not deem it well,
Keep watch.
Don Philip, Simon, and Don Jude,
Keep watch,
For the stealing aids they sued,
Keep watch.
If they have succeeded here,
Keep watch,
On to-day it will appear,
Keep watch.

—*Roderick G*

THE LIFE OF *SAN MILLÁN*

And when the kings were in the fie
their squadrons in array,—
With lance in rest they onward press
mingle in the fray;

upon the Christians fell a terror
 their foes,—
 ere a numerous army,—a little
 dful those.
 ile the Christian people stood in
 uncertainty,
 to heaven they turned their eyes,
 fixed their thoughts on high;
 ere two figures they beheld, all
 utiful and bright,
 an the pure new-fallen snow their
 ments were more white.
 xde upon two horses more white
 n crystal sheen,
 ms they bore such as before no
 rtal man had seen;
 e, he held a crozier,—a pontiff's
 re wore;
 er held a crucifix,—such man ne'er
 before.
 ces were angelical, celestial forms
 . they,—
 wnward through the fields of air
 y urged their rapid way;
 oked upon the Moorish host with
 e and angry look,

And in their hands with dire por
naked sabres shook.
The Christian host beholding this
way take heart again;
They fall upon their bended :
resting on the plain,
And each one with his clenched fis
his breast begins,
And promises to God on high he
sake his sins.
And when the heavenly knights c
unto the battle-ground,
They dashed among the Moors
unerring blows around;
Such deadly havoc there they :
foremost ranks among
A panic terror spread unto the hi
the throng.
Together with these two good kn
champions of the sky,
The Christians rallied and began
full sore and high;
The Moors raised up their voice
the Koran swore
That in their lives such deadly
ne'er had seen before.

Went the misbelievers,—fast sped
The bloody fight,—
Ghastly and dismembered lay, and
Some half dead with fright;
Sorely they repented that to the field
They came,
They saw that from the battle they
Should retreat with shame.
Her thing befell them,—they dreamed
Not of such woes,—
Every arrows that the Moors shot from
Their twanging bows
Ed back against them in their flight
And wounded them full sore,
Every blow they dealt the foe was paid
In drops of gore.

.
He that bore the crozier, and the
Papal crown had on
The glorified Apostle, the brother of
Saint John;
He that held the crucifix, and wore the
Nonkish hood,
The holy San Millán of Cogolla's
Neighborhood.

—H. W. Longfellow.

SAN MIGUEL DE LA

San Miguel de la Tumba is
vast and wide;

The sea encircles it around, a
every side;

It is a wild and dangerous place
woes betide

The monks who in that bu
penitence abide.

Within those dark monastic
the ocean flood

Of pious fasting monks there
brotherhood;

To the Madonna's glory th
high was placed

And a rich and costly imag
altar graced.

Exalted high upon a throne
Mother smiled,

And as the custom is, she hel
arms the Child;

The kings and wisemen of th
kneeling by her side;

Attended was she like a quee
had sanctified.

.

ding low before her face a screen of
ethers hung,—
ader or fan for flies, 'tis called in
lgar tongue;
the feathers of the peacock's wing
was fashioned bright and fair,
listened like the heaven above when
l its stars are there.
nced that for the people's sins, fell
ghtning's blasting stroke;
from all four sacred walls the flames
nsuming broke;
sacred robes were all consumed, missal
d holy book;
ardly with their lives the monks
eir crumbling walls forsook.

hough the desolating flame raged
arfully and wild,
not reach the Virgin Queen, it did
t reach the Child;
not reach the feathery screen before
r face that shone,
ured in a farthing's worth the image
the throne.

The image it did not consume, it did
burn the screen;
Even in the value of a hair they were
hurt, I ween;
Not even the smoke did reach them
injure more the shrine
Than the bishop, hight Don Tello,
been hurt by hand of mine.

—*H. W. Longfellow*

ALFONSO X
(1221-1284)

CANTIGA

X, known as *el sabio* or "The
n a sense the father of all Spanish

He was not a successful ruler,
famous for his codes, chronicles,
ic collections. The principal work
he is famous is the *Cantigas de*
ría, in the dialect of the Galician
rs, which has been edited for the
Academy (Madrid, 1889, 2 vols.),
le Coeto, the Marqués de Valmar.

dy, for the love of God,
Have some pity upon me!
: my eyes, a river-flood
Day and night, oh, see!
others, cousins, uncles, all,
Have I lost for thee;
hou dost not me recall,
Voe is me!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE TREASURY

The strange intelligence then rears
ears

That in the land of Egypt lived
Who, wise of wit, subjected to
The dark occurrences of uncome
He judged the stars, and by the
spheres

And aspects of the heavens un-
dim

Face of futurity, which then to
Appeared, as clear to us the past
A yearning towards this sage in
pen

And tongue, that instant, with
Descending from my height of man
Such mastery has a strong desire
My earnest prayers I wrote-
with ten

My noblest envoys, loaded each
With gold and silver, which with
heart

I offered him, but the request was
With much politeness the wise man
“You, sire, are a great king, and I

And break from that which holds me might-
ily.

Evil I find when hurrying after bliss,
Loveless I love, and doubt of all I see;
All seems a dream that most substantial is,
I hate myself—others are dear to me;
Voiceless, I speak—I hear, of hearing void;
My *aye* is *no*; truth becomes falsehood
strange;

I eat, not hungry—shift, though un-
annoyed;

Touch without hands—and sense to folly
change.

I seek to soar, and then the deeper fall,
When most I seem to sink, then mount I
still;

Laughing I weep,—and waking, dreams I
call;

And when most cold, hotter than fire I feel;
Perplexed, I do what I would leave undone;
Losing I gain—time fleetest, slowest flows;
Though free from pain, 'neath pain's
attacks I groan;

To craftiest fox the gentlest lambkin grows.

—*Anonymous.*

JUAN LORENZO SEGURA
(Late thirteenth century)

MAY

JUAN LORENZO SEGURA, a native of Astorga, in the latter part of the thirteenth century who became an ecclesiastic—"bon clerigo é onrado"—and who left a long poem on Alexander the Great.

It was the month of May, a glorious
time,
When merry music make the birds in
boughs,
Dressed are the meads with beauty far and
wide,
And sighs the ladye that has not a
spouse;
Tide sweet for marriages; flowers and fresh
winds
Temper the clime; in every village near

g girls in bebies sing, and with blythe
minds

ke each to each good wishes of the
year.

g maids and old maids, are all out of
doors,

ting with love, to gather flowers at
rest

on—they whisper each to each,
amours

good—and the most tender deem the
best.

—*J. H. Wiffen.*

JUAN RUÍZ: Archpriest of
(About 1300)

TO VENUS

JUAN Ruíz, was the Archpriest of the neighborhood of Guadalajara. I conjectured that he was born in 1283. Ecclesiastical superiors found it necessary to imprison and degrade him. He is of a peculiarly personal character, strange in spirit to the French poet François Villon. His *Libro de buen Amor* is to be found in the *Biblioteca de autores castellanos* (other editions are that of J. Ducaulouze, 1901), and of Julio Cejador (Madrid, 1913). See also *El Arcipreste de Hita* (Madrid, 1906), by Julio Puyol.

Of figure very graceful, with amorous
correct,
Sweet, lovely, full of frolic, mirth
mirth by prudence checked,

Caressing, courteous, lady-like, in wreathèd
smiles bedecked,
Whom every lady looks upon with love
and with respect,—
Lady Venus, wife of Love, at thy footstool
low I kneel,
Thou art the paramount desire of all, thy
force all feel.
O Love, thou art the master of all creatures;
all with zeal
Worship thee for their creator, or for sorrow
or for weal.
Kings, dukes, and noble princes, every
living thing that is
Fear and serve thee for their being; oh,
take not my vows amiss!
Fulfill my fair desires, give good fortune,
give me bliss,
And be not niggard, shy, nor harsh; sweet
Venus, grant me this!
I am so lost, so ruined, and so wounded by
thy dart,
Which I carry close concealed and buried
deep in my sad heart,
As not to dare reveal the wound; I dare
not e'er impart

Her name, ere I forget her, may I perish
with the smart!
I have lost my lively color, and my mind
is in decay;
I have neither strength nor spirits, I fall
off both night and day;
My eyes are dim, they serve alone to lead
my steps astray
If thou do not give me comfort, I shall
swoon and pass away.

Replieth Venus:

Tell all thy feelings without fear or being
swayed by shame,
To every amorous-looking miss, to every
gadding dame;
Amongst a thousand, thou wilt scarce find
one that e'er will blame
Thine unembarrassed suit, nor laugh to
scorn thy tender flame.
If the first wave of the rough sea, when it
comes roaring near.
Should frighten the rude mariner, he ne'er
would plough the clear
With his brass-beakéd ship; then ne'er
let the first word sever

the first frown, or the first repulse, affright
 thee from thy dear.
 By cunning hardest hearts grow soft, walled
 cities fall; with care
 High trees are felled, grave weights are
 raised; by cunning many swear
 By cunning many perjured are, and fishes
 by the snare
 are taken under the green wave; then why
 shouldst thou despair?

—*J. H. Wiffen.*

PRAISE OF LITTLE WOMEN

I wish to make my sermon brief,—to
 shorten my oration,—
 For a never-ending sermon is my utter
 detestation;
 I like short women,—suits at law without
 procrastination,—
 And am always most delighted with things
 of short duration.

A babbler is a laughing-stock; he's a fool
 who's always grinning
 But little women love so much, one falls
 in love with sinning.

There are women who are very
yet not worth the winning,
And in the change of short for l
tance finds beginning.

To praise the little women Lov
me in my musing;
To tell their noble qualities is qu
refusing;
So I'll praise the little women,
find the thing amusing
They are, I know, as cold as sr
flames around diffusing.

They're cold without, whilst wa
the flame of Love is raging,
They're gay and pleasant in th
soft, cheerful, and engaging
They're thrifty and discreet at l
cares of life assuaging;
All this and more;—try and
how true is my presaging.

In a little precious stone wha
meets the eyes!
In a little lump of sugar hov
sweetness lies!

the woman love grows and multi-

at the proverb says,—“A word
e Wise.”

orn is very small, but seasons
inner

all other condiments, although
nked thinner;

tle woman is, if Love will let
her,—

a joy in all the world you will
within her.

in the little rose you find the
dyes,

le grain of gold much price and
ies,

little balsam much odor doth

le woman there's a taste of
e.

ittle ruby its secret worth be-

rice and virtue, in the clearness
ys,—

Just so a little woman much excellence
displays,
Beauty and grace and love and fidelity
always.

The skylark and the nightingale, though
small and light of wing
Yet warble sweeter in the grove than all
the birds that sing;
And so a little woman, though a very little
thing,
Is sweeter far than sugar and flowers that
bloom in spring.

The magpie and the golden thrush have
many a thrilling note,
Each as a gay musician doth strain his
little throat
A merry little songster in his green and
yellow coat;
And such a little woman is, when Love
doth make her dote.

There's nought can be compared to her,
throughout the wide creation;
She is a paradise on earth,—our greatest
consolation,—

erful, gay and happy, so free from all
xation;
, she's better in the proot than in
ticipation.

er size increases are woman's charms
creased,
surely it is good to be from all the
eat released.
of two evils choose the less—said a
ise man of the East,
nsequence, of woman-kind be sure
choose the least.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

50	HISPANIC ANTHC
	<p>PERO LÓPEZ DE AY (1332-1407)</p> <p>SONG TO THE VIRGIN</p> <p>PERO LÓPEZ DE AYALA was a E tier in the suite of Pedro the C of Trastamara, John I, and He became Grand Chancellor c 1398. His principal work is the <i>Palacio (Biblioteca de autores es</i> <i>lvii)</i>. It is also to be found in a edited by Albert Kuersteiner in t <i>hispánica</i>.</p> <p>Lady, as I know thy power, I place my hopes in thee; Thy shrine in Guadalupe's to My pilgrim steps shall see.</p> <p>Thy welcome ever was most To those who come in care When from this prison I retr I'll seek thine image there.</p>
IV	HISPANIC NO'

as I know thy power,
 ace my hopes in thee;
 hrine in Guadalupe's tower,
 pilgrim steps shall see.

my sorrows would I call
 thee, Sweet Advocate;
 eart adores thee more than all,
 d so my sins seem great.
 , as I know thy power,
 lace my hopes in thee;
 shrine in Guadalupe's tower
 y pilgrim steps shall see.

art the star that shows the way,
 e balm that heals my wrong;
 entleness be mine today
 d lead to heaven along.
 y, as I know thy power,
 place my hopes in thee;
 shrine in Guadalupe's tower
 ly pilgrim steps shall see.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

52	HISPANIC ANTH
	<p data-bbox="567 604 948 813"> ALVARO DE LU (1388-1453) <i>CANCIÓN</i> </p> <p data-bbox="364 852 948 1435"> ALVARO DE LUNA, from a me Grand Constable of Castile th of Juan II. He obtained un and wealth, but earned the nobles, who procured his ab execution by his King in 14 are characteristic in their fr manner of the age in which Some of his poetical work is the <i>Cancionero de Baena</i> (e Pidal, Madrid, 1851). </p> <p data-bbox="623 1478 895 1880"> Since to cry And to sigh I ne'er cease; And in vain I would gain My release; Yet I still </p>
IV	HISPANIC N

Have the will,
Though I see
That the way
Every day
Is less free.
She is light
And the blight
Wrecks my joy;
Better death
Than such breath
I employ!
But perchance
For such glance
I was born;
And my griet
Is relief
For your scorn.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

ÍÑIGO LÓPEZ DE MENDOZA

(1398-1458)

SERRANILLA

ÍÑIGO LÓPEZ DE MENDOZA, Marqués de Santillana, the son of the Admiral of Castile and nephew of López de Ayala, was born at Carrión de los Condes. He was a skilful politician and bitterly opposed to Alvaro de Luna. He died at Guadalajara on March 25, 1458. He is remarkable for a fine classical knowledge, and for his acquaintance with all the literary forms of the Provençal and Italian schools. He is thought to have been the first to employ the sonnet form in Spain. His *Obras* were published in Madrid, 1852, edited by José Amador de los Ríos, and his poems are to be found in the *Cancionero castellano del siglo XV*, collected by M. R. Foulché-Delbosc in the *Nueva biblioteca de autores españoles* (vol. xix).

From Calatrava as I took my way
At holy Mary's shrine to kneel and pray,

leep upon my eyelids heavy lay,
re where the ground was very rough
and wild,
st my path and met a peasant child:
Finojosa, with the herds around her,
in the fields I found her.

a meadow green with tender grass,
other rustic cowherds, lad and lass,
et a thing to see I watched her pass:
eyes could scarce believe her what
they found her,
re with the herds around her.

ot think that roses in the Spring
alf so lovely in their fashioning:
eart must needs avow this secret thing,
at had I known her first as then I
found her,
m Finojosa, with the herds around her,
not strayed so far her face to see
it might rob me of my liberty.

stioned her, to know what she might
say:
she of Finojosa passed this way?"

She smiled and answered me: "In vain
you sue,
Full well my heart discerns the hope in you:
But she of whom you speak, and have
not found her.
Her heart is free, no thought of love has
bound her,
Here with the herds around her."

—*John Pierrepont Rice.*

CANCIÓN

Whether you love me
I cannot tell.
But that I love you,
This I know well.

You and none other
Hold I so dear.
This shall be always,
Year upon year.

When first I saw you,
So it befell.
I gave you all things—
This I know well.

GO LÓPEZ DE MENDOZA	57
<p>Myself I gave you Ever in fee. Doubt then of all things But doubt not me.</p> <p>Since first I saw you, Under your spell, All my wits wander, This I know well.</p> <p>Still have I loved you, Still shall I love, Love you and serve you All things above.</p> <p>Her I have chosen None doth excel. Trust me, I feign not, This I know well.</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>—John Pierrepont Rice.</i></p>	
ND MONOGRAPHS	IV

ANONYMOUS
(Fifteenth century)

VILLANCICO

THIS *Villancico* is a remarkable little found in the *Cancionero musical de los XV y XVI*, published by F. Asenjo Ba (Madrid, 1890, no. 17, p. 62).

Three dark maids,—I loved them
In Jaën,—
Axa, Fátima, Marien.

Three dark maids who went together
Picking olives in clear weather,
My, but they were in fine feather
In Jaën,—
Axa, Fátima, Marien!—

There the harvests they collected,
Turning home with hearts dejected,
Haggard where the sun reflected
In Jaën,—
Axa, Fátima, Marien—

Three dark Moors so lovely they—
Three dark Moors so lovely, they
Plucked the apples on that day
Near Jaën,—
Axa, Fátima, Marien.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE BLACK GLOVE

From the *Cancionero general*

Glove of black in white hand bare,
And about her forehead pale
Wound a thin transparent veil
That doth not conceal her hair.
Sovereign attitude and air,
Cheek and neck alike displayed,
With coquettish charms arrayed,
Laughing eyes and fugitive;—
This is killing men that live,
'Tis not mourning for the dead.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

MICER FRANCISCO IM

(Early fifteenth centu

DEZIR

MICER FRANCISCO IMPERIAL was a Genoese jeweller settled in Seville, important as the first poet in Spain to imitate the poems of Dante in their entirety. Thirteen of his poems are to be found in the *Cancionero de Baena*.

Passing on no vain journey was
 day
 On Guadalquivir's bridge I
 footsteps free
 Unto the fair encounter that told
 to me,
 Where by the River's reach
 Triana lay,
 The lovely star Diana her beauty
 Upon that May day early, in
 break of morn

st of holy pilgrimages to adorn,—
Ana, all the praises due, I pay!—

ve my colors for to show, I chose
lower

ne delicate and rare; the rose in
m

m its garden breathing rarest of
me;

the fleur-de-lis from the meadow
er.

acious hues and honest smiled so
that hour

ought to mind the messenger of
face

ne old time and murmured "Hail,
u full of Grace,"

ing out of Paradise to speak its
er.

be the poets all, and authors wise
vell,

Horace, Vergil, Dante, and he too,
id to whose pen *The Art of Love* is due,
who e'er have written the praise
ords to tell;

For she is as the moon in the sky
When her with other women one
compare,—
A shining flame amid the bright
there—
A rose among the flowers for beauty
for smell.

Though not to be disdained for
for grace
The fragile enfregyme, the flower
Greece,
The blossom that the Trojan women
cease
To praise on high and give the
place;
Yet native to our soil, where never
trace,
There sometimes comes to be
beautiful a rose,
So stately and so lovely, it quite
those,—
And that alone is worthy to be
her face.

—*Thomas*.

RANT SÁNCHEZ TALAVERA	63
<p>RRANT SÁNCHEZ TALAVERA (Fifteenth century)</p> <p>DEZIR</p> <p>ANT SÁNCHEZ TALAVERA was Comman- the Order of Calatrava. Sixteen of his s are to be found in the <i>Cancionero de</i> i, which show a real distinction not ed by the resemblance of his works to <i>oplas</i> of Jorge Manrique and the verses drigo Cota de Maguaque.</p> <p>ove of God, let's put aside the veil, l Gentlemen, that blurs and blinds our sight, upon Death the conqueror look aright, levels high and low beneath his flail. unto God in heaven let our sighs up in prayer, each heart a penitent, the offenses everyone has spent, old, the child, the youth, against the skies.</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

Surely no life at all we live, w
 But measure the assured
 death—

The cruel, treacherous master
 And when we think to live,—a
 We are well certain of our hou
 But when we die, ah, certain
 No certitude of life an hour w
 With tears we come, with te
 the earth.

And what became of all the e
 The popes and kings, and al
 lords,

The dukes and counts w
 records,

Their rich and strong and learr
 And all who in the lists of love
 In gallant arms throughout t
 world,—

And all in art's and science's sc
 Where doctors, poets, troubad

Father and son and brother,
 And friends and sweethearts
 breast,

ve ate and drank and took
gallant throng in friendships
amsels and brave striplings
r youthfulness beneath the
ntles that short shift have
re present here and now are

Cabra and the Admiral,
other Grandee of Castile;
iz's sleeve to pluck doth steal
who 'mong his compeers out-
,
eople of the farthest East
his prowess and the glory's
ourt with all his gracious, fine
graciously and bold increased.

ention now are briefly grown
l ashes, fallen to nothingness;

66	HISPANIC ANTH
	<p>Others are bones that are of : And, refuse of the trenches, the And others are disjointed limbs Without a body, without har Others whereon the worms be Others new set for burial with</p> <p>Where now the lordships, f powers, The tributes and the rents sig Where now their pomps an withal, Where their campaignings and hours?</p> <p>Where all their sciences and l Where are their masters of tl Where the great rhymers, whe heart, Where he that struck the lut and o'er?</p> <p>Where are the treasures, vass Where are their hangings and stones, Where are their pearls baroc thrones,</p>
IV	HISPANIC NO

their perfume arks and scented
their woofs of gold and shining
their collars and their buckles
great gems that glittered row
ght bells that tinkled on their
he feasts and suppers gay be-
right joust and tourney after-
their fashions and new-fangled
new steps with which their
tread?
assemblies and the banquet
ie shows and splendor of their
laughter and the pleasant plays,
he minstrel's and the joglar's

68	HISPANIC ANTHO
	<p>In faith meseems without a sha The days are now accomplishe Isaias, prophet son of Amos c Who said: "All order shall be Corruption shall be over every And death o'er all of humankin And every gate shall hear the And all the people be des earth!"</p> <p>Such is the end and tribulation By Jeremias prophet of man's Whose eyes a flood of weepings Whose loud lamentings did his Mourning his sins and errors And this is written, anyone m Within his chapters and cle indeed; These surely are the times of w</p> <p>Wherefore good sense advises arm Our souls with all the virtues th And take earth's empty treasu back Since they are sure to go at fi</p>
IV	HISPANIC NO

and he who looks on this with kindly eyes,
need not a fear unto his dying give;
through death he passes, ceasing but to
live,
to Life Eternal where he never dies!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

JUAN II OF CASTILE

(1405-1454)

CANCIÓN

KING JUAN II of Castile was a character, a futile monarch, but a good a graceful poet. He was lordly in court to which flocked over two troubadours and poets. His stately involved with that of his Alvaro de Luna.

O Love, I never, never thought
Thy power had been so great
That thou couldst change me
By changes in another wrought
Till now, alas! I know it.

I thought I knew thee well,
For I had known thee long;
But though I felt thee strong
I felt not all thy spell.

er, ever had I thought
power had been so great,
thou couldst change my fate,
ages in another wrought,
r, alas! I know it.

—*George Ticknor.*

JUAN DE MENA

(1411-1456)

CANCIÓN

JUAN DE MENA was born at Cordoba, where his father was *regidor*. After travelling in Italy he returned to Spain and became Latin Secretary to Juan II. He was a great favorite of this monarch and died at Torrelaguna. He was the leading poet of his time being called "The Spanish Ennius." His principal poem, *El Laberinto*, imitates the scheme of Dante's *Commedia*. *El Laberinto*, also known as *Las Trezientas*, was published by M. R. Foulché-Delbosc (Mâcon, 1904). See also F. Wolf, *Studien*, p. 772, and George Ticknor's *History of Spanish Literature*, i, p. 329.

As I upon my pallet lie,
 The greatest grief I know
 Is thinking when I said "Good-bye"
 To the breast I'm loving so.

f all the woes I feel
 hat parting thought,
 my memories reveal
 ighty joys you brought.
 e world a-whispering go
 why here I lie;
 they know I've said "Good-bye"
 : breast I'm loving so.

h but I let none hear
 leep my sorrows are,
 i my griefs are quite as near
 ur sweet balm is far.

be the end they show
 eath is coming nigh,
 ring, let me say "Good-bye"
 : breast I'm loving so.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

TO MACÍAS *EL ENAMORADO*

(From the *Laberinto*)

his radiant circle looked so long
 found out Macías; in a bower
 ss was he weeping still the hour
 led his dark life and love in wrong.

Nearer I drew for sympathy was strong
In me, when I perceived he was from Spain;
And there I heard him sing the saddest strain
That e'er was tuned in elegiac song.
"Love crowned me with his myrtle crown;
 my name
Will be pronounced by many, but, alas,
When his pangs caused me bliss, not slighter
 woe
The mournful suffering that consumed my
 frame!
His sweet snares conquer the lorn mind
 they tame,
But do not always then continue sweet;
And since they cause me ruin so complete,
Turn, lovers, turn, and disesteem his fame;
Dangers so passionate be glad to miss;
Learn to be gay; flee from sorrows touch;
Learn to disserve him you have served so
 much,
Your devoirs pay at any shrine but his:
If the short joy that in his service is,
Were but proportioned to the long, long
 pain,
Neither would he that once has loved com-
 plain,

AN DE MENA	75
<p>ne'er has loved despair of bliss. some assassin or night-rover, llow wound upon the wheel, : agony resolves with zeal rend, and character recover; e fearful spectacle is over, times with easy unconcern; rs on my despair return, d die, as I have lived, a lover!"</p> <p>—<i>J. H. Wiffen.</i></p>	
MONOGRAPHS	IV

GÓMEZ MANRIQUE

(1415-1491)

TO A LADY GOING VEILED

GÓMEZ MANRIQUE, Lord of Amusco, was a nephew of the Marqués de Santillana and brother of Rodrigo Manrique, Grand-Master of Santiago, called "the Second Cid." At first a mere courtier, he devoted himself to the poetry fashionable at the court of Juan II. He was called to sterner duties by his warlike brother and supported in battle the claims of the Pretender Alonso and his sister Isabel of Castile. He is distinguished for a pathos similar to that employed by his great nephew, Jorge Manrique, and this, as well as his satirical poetry, may be studied in his *Cancionero* edited by Antonio Paz y Mélia (Madrid, 1885).

The very heart went out of me
When first I saw your face,
And soon it did appear to me
Your eyes in mine would trace.

no more than scarcely breathe
 n you drew on your veil
 d yourself so well beneath
 r dark cloak's heavy trail.

der it your gentle grace
 simple air were seen;
 ery masque its charm would trace
 show, instead of screen;
 / great became my care
 trouble that I knew
 art was swift entangled there
 my enraptured view.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

S ON THE BAD GOVERNMENT
 OF TOLEDO

mighty Rome was conqueror,
 as Scipio led the van of fighting;
 bius was her counselor;
 Titus Livius did her writing.

ot a maid or wife but came
 stripped the ornaments from off her,
 r them for warlike fame
 save her country from dishonor.

Where none there be to rule the tower
How soon its triumph will be ended
How soon the roof-tree tumble down
Where not a dweller is attended!

When pigs without the dogs to herd
Will straggle quick to their perdition
Can troops without a captain's word
Be long maintained in war-condition

For sheep without a shepherd's rod
Will lay in waste both field and garden
And monks that know no prior's nod
Will fall to sins beyond a pardon.

The vineyards left unwatched to grow
Unto each passer-by will yield their show
The courts where gallants never show
Are hands that have no gloves to
them.

The shoe that fares without a sole
Can ill preserve the foot that wears
The strings escaped the lute's control
Will make a sound—if you can
it—

rch that boasts no lettered throng,
 palace without walls, must tremble;
 ks for fish both big and strong
 where the firmest nets dissemble?

that blow me-seemeth light
 ich a swordless hand is giver;—
 word without a hand of might,
 ttle thrust will it deliver!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

JUAN ÁLVAREZ GATO

(1433-1496)

CANTAR TO OUR LADY

JUAN ÁLVAREZ GATO was one of the poets of the court of Juan II. He fell into disgrace under Henry IV. He was highly esteemed by Gómez Manrique. His work is to be found in the *Cancionero castellano del siglo XV* (Nueva biblioteca de autores españoles, vol. xix)

Tell me Lady, tell, prithee,
When from earth I pass away,
Will you then remember me?

When there shall to all be known
How my time away was thrown,
How with sins my days were sown,
And my depths of misery—
Will you then remember me?

Through the realms of the eternal
Of the Judgment Seat diurnal,
Refuge from the doom infernal,
In your prayers alone I see,—
Will you then remember me?

When upon the dreaded scales
All my poor accounting fails
To report the bonds and bails
That your Son has given in fee—
Will you then remember me?

Finale

When my soul in grief astounded
At the judgment bar surrounded
With the charge of guilt is hounded,
And your prayers alone can free,—
Will you then remember me?

—Garret Strange.

JORGE MANRIQUE

(1440-1479)

CÁNTICA

JORGE MANRIQUE was the son of F Grand-Master of Santiago, "the Secor and was born at Paredes de Nava. F birth he was in the midst of wars, joined his father in supporting Alfor Isabel of Castile in their claims for the He was killed before the walls of Muñoz in his thirty-ninth year. His *Coplas* were written after the death father in 1476. Innumerable editions great poem have made their apper among the best being that of M. R. F Delbosc (Madrid, 1912). The *Coplas* h many commentaries in verse and have times been set to music. H. W. Lor began his literary career with the pub of a version of the *Coplas* in English.

Let him whose time hath come to
Put never faith where he must p

etfulness and change of heart
alties the absent know.
uld be loved—a lover you.
pay your court incessant, thou,
ardly are you vanished ere
brance goes as lightly too.
e with idle hope, and start
im whose time hath come to go;
ulness and change of heart
enalties the absent know.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

OPLAS ON THE DEATH OF HIS
HER, THE GRAND-MASTER
OF SANTIAGO

The Introit

m its dream the soul awaken,
reason mark with open eyes
The scene unfolding,—
ghtly life away is taken,
cometh Death in stealthy guise,—
At last beholding;
wiftness hath the flight of pleasure
t, once attained, seems nothing more
Than respite cold;

How fain is memory to measure
Each latter day inferior
To those of old.

Beholding how each instant flies
So swift, that, as we count, 'tis gone
Beyond recover,
Let us resolve to be more wise
Than stake our future lot upon
What soon is over.

Let none be self-deluding, none,—
Imagining some longer stay
For his own treasure
Than what today he sees undone;
For everything must pass away
In equal measure.

Our lives are fated as the rivers
That gather downward to the sea
We know as Death;
And thither every flood delivers
The pride and pomp of seigniory
That forfeiteth;

Thither, the rivers in their splendor;
Thither, the streams of modest work
The rills beside them;

re all equal they surrender;
so with those who toil on earth,
And those who guide them.

The Invocation

me from the praise and singing
anegyrist, and the proud
Old poets' stories;
I not have them hither bringing
r artful potions that but cloud
His honest glories;

n Alone I lay my burden—
only do I now implore
In my distress,—
ame on earth and had for guerdon
scorn of man that did ignore
His Godliness.

orld is but a highway going
o that other, the abode
Without a sorrow;
ise are they who gird them, knowing
guideposts set along that road
Unto tomorrow.

We start with birth upon that quest
We journey all the while we live,
Our goal attaining
The day alone that brings us rest
When Death shall last quietus give
To all complaining.

This were a hallowed world indeed,
Did we but give it the employ
That was intended;
For by the precepts of our Creed
We earn hereby a life of joy
When this is ended.

The Son of God Himself on earth
Came down to raise our lowly race
Unto the sky;
Here took upon Him human birth;
Here lived among us for a space;
And here did die.

Behold what miserable prize—
What futile task we set upon,
Whilst greed awakes us!
And what a traitor world of lies
Is this, whose very gifts are gone
Ere Death o’ertakes us!

ugh increasing age deprived,
 / unhappy turn of fate
 Destroyed and banished,
 with blight inherent rived
 lost of their branching state,
 have failed and vanished.

ne shall the lovely blason,
 tle freshness and contour
 Of smiling faces,—
 and pallor's sweet occasion,—
 shall one a truce secure
 'rom Time's grim traces?

ig tress, the stature slender,
 poral litheness, and the strength
 Of gallant youth,—
 o weariness surrender
 them falls the shadow's length
 Of age in truth.

oths whose lineage kingly
 eats of war and mighty reign
 Vere so exalted,—
 ers ways did all and singly
 own to the obscure again
 And were defaulted!

Some through their worthlessness
 lowly
 And base among the rabble came
 Their estimation!)
Whilst others as a refuge solely
 In offices they only shame
 Maintain their station.

Estate and luxury's providing
 Can leave us pauper—who may die
 Within an hour;
Let us not count on their abiding,
 Since there is nothing sure about
 Dame Fortune's dower.

Hers are the gifts of one unstable
 Upon her globe as swift as light
 Revolving ever;
Who to be constant is unable,
 Who cannot stay nor rest from flight
 On aught soever.

And though, say I, her highest favor
 Should follow to the tomb and home
 With wreaths her master

our solid judgment waver
 life is like a dream and sleep
 Flies nothing faster.

t occasions of today
 ein we find our joy and ease
 Are but diurnal;
 the dread torments that must pay
 cost of our iniquities
 Shall be eternal.

asures light, the fond evasions
 life on troubled earth deploys
 For eyes of mortals,
 re they but the fair persuasions
 byrinx where Death decoys
 To trap-like portals?

heedless of the doom ensuing
 hasten laughing to the snare
 Without suspicion.
 ghaſt at our undoing,
 urn to find the bolt is there,
 And our perdition.

we but have procured the power
 aake our faded youth anew
 Both fresh and whole,

As now through life's probation hour
'Tis ours to give angelic hue
Unto the soul,—

What ceaseless care we then had taken,
What pains had welcomed, so to bring
A health but human,—
Our summer bloom to re-awaken,
Our stains to clear,—outrivalling
The arts of woman!

The kings whose mighty deeds are spacious
Upon the parchments of the years,
Alas!—the weeping
That overtook their boast audacious.
And swept their thrones to grime and
tears
And sorrow's keeping!

Naught else proves any more enduring;
Nor are the popes, nor emperors,
Nor prelacies
A longer stay or truce securing
Than the poor herdsman of the moors
From Death's decrees.

unt no more of Troy, or foeman
e echo of whose wars is now

But far tradition;
unt no more how fared the Roman
s scroll of glories we allow)
Nor his perdition;

ere rehearse the homely fable
such as yielded up their sway

These decades gone;
et us say what lamentable
e the lords of yesterday
Have fallen upon.

ir Don Juan the king that ruled us,—
those hight heirs of Aragon,—

What are the tidings?
m whose courtly graces schooled us,
om song and wisdom smiled upon,
Where the abidings?

jousts and tourneys where they
vaunted
th trappings, and caparison,
And armor sheathing,—

Were they but phantasies that taunted,—
But blades of grass that vanished on
A summer's breathing?

What of the dames of birth and station,
Their head-attire, their sweeping trains,
Their vesture scented?

What of that gallant conflagration
They made of lovers' hearts whose pains
Were discontented?

And what of him, that troubadour
Whose melting lutany and rime
Was all their pleasure?

Ah, what of her who danced demure,
And trailed her robes of olden time
So fair a measure?

Then Don Enriqu  , in succession,
His brother's heir,—think, to what height
Was he annointed!

What blandishment and sweet possession
The world prepared for his delight,
As seemed appointed!

Yet see what unrelenting foeman,
What cruel adversary, Fate
To him became;

and beirinded as was no man—
 v' brief for him endured the state
 His birth might claim.

olden bounties without stinting,
 : strongholds and the lairs of kings
 With treasure gluttred;
 agons of their wassail glinting,
 : sceptres, orbs, and crowns, and rings
 With which they strutted;

eed, the spurs, and bits to rein them,
 : pillions draped unto the ground
 Beneath their paces,—
 hither must we fare to gain them?—
 it were but as the dewes around
 The meadow places.

rother then, the unoffending,
 o was intruded on his reign
 To act as heir,—
 gallant court was round him bending.
 w many a haughty lord was fain
 To tend him there!

s but mortal was his station,
 ath for his goblet soon distilled
 A draught for draining;

O Thou Divine Predestination!—
When most his blaze the world had
Thou sent'st the raining!

And then, Don Alvaro, Grand-Master
And Constable, whom we have known
When loved and dreaded,—
What need to tell of his disaster,
Since we behold him overthrown
And swift beheaded!

His treasures that defied accounting,
His manors and his feudal lands,
His boundless power,—
What more than tears were their am-
ing?
What more than bonds to tie his hands
At life's last hour?

That other twain, Grand-Masters sole
Yet with the fortunes as of kings
Fraternal reigning,—
Who brought the high as well as low
Submissive to their challengings
And laws' ordaining.

And what of all their power and prize
That touched the very peaks of fame
That none could limit?—

A conflagration 'gainst the skies,
Till at its brightest ruthless came
Death's hand to dim it.

The dukes so many and excelling,
The marquises, and counts, the throng
Of barons splendid,
Speak, Death, where hast thou hid their
dwelling?
The sway we saw them wield so strong—
How was it ended?

What fields upon were they engaging,—
What prowess showing us in war
Or its cessation,
When thou, O Death, didst come outraging
Both one and all, and swept them o'er
With desolation.

Their warriors' unnumbered hosting,
The pennon, and the battle-flag,
And bannered splendor,—

The castles with their turrets boasting,
Their walls and barricades to brag
And mock surrender,—

The cavern's ancient crypt of hiding,
Or secret passage, vault, or stair,—
What use affords it?

Since thou upon thy onslaught striding
Canst send a shaft unerring where
No buckler wards it!

*O World that givest and destroyest
Would that the life which thou hast sho
Were worth the living!*

*But here, as good or ill deployest,
The parting is with gladness known
Or with misgiving.*

*Thy span is so with griefs encumbered
With sighing every breeze so steeped,
With wrongs so clouded,
A desert where no boon is numbered,
The sweetness and allurements reaped
And black and shrouded.*

*Thy highway is the road of weeping;
Thy long farewells are bitterness
Without a morrow;*

GE MANRIQUE	97
<p><i>ruts and ditches keeping ller who doth most possess ath most of sorrow.</i></p> <p><i>are but had with sighing; at of brow alone obtained he wage they give; thine ills come hieing, existence they have gained, hey longest live.</i></p> <p><i>e shield and knightly pastor st folk, beloved by all he unoffending,— ric Manrique, Master ago,—Fame shall call im brave unending!</i></p> <p><i>ehooves to chant his praises his valor to the skies, ince none but knows them; I crave a word that raises it higher than the prize he world bestows them.</i></p> <p><i>comrade comrades found him! s henchmen what a lord! and what a brother!</i></p>	
D MONOGRAPHS	IV

What foeman for the foes around him!
His peer as Master of the Sword
There was no other!

What precious counsel 'mid the knowing!
What grace amid the courtly bower!
What prudence rare!

What bounty to the vanquished showing!
How 'mid the brave in danger's hour
A lion there!

In destiny a new Augustus;
A Cæsar for his victories
And battle forces;
An Africanus in his justice;
A Hannibal for energies
And deep resources;

A Trajan in his gracious hour;
A Titus for his open hand
And cheer unfailing;
His arm, a Spartan king's in power;
His voice, a Tully's to command
The truth's prevailing!

In mildness Antoninus Pius;
A Marc Aurelius in the light
Of calm attending;

A Hadrian to pacify us;
 A Theodosius in his right
 And high intending;

Aurelius Alexander stern
 In discipline and laws of war
 Among his legions;
 A Constantine in faith eterne;
 Gamaliel in the love he bore
 His native regions.

He left no weighty chests of treasure,
 Nor ever unto wealth attained
 Nor store excelling;
 To fight the Moors was all his pleasure
 And thus his fortresses he gained,
 Demesne, and dwelling.

Amid the lists where he prevailed
 Fell knights and steeds into his hands
 Through fierce compression,
 Whereby he came to be regaled
 With vassals and with feudal lands
 In fair possession.

Ask you how in his rank and station
 When first he started his career
 Himself he righted?

Left orphan and in desolation
His brothers and his henchmen de
He held united.

And ask you how his course was gu
When once his gallant deeds were
And war was ended?

His high contracting so provided
That broader, as his honors claim
His lands extended.

And these, the proud exploits narra
In chronicles to show his youth
And martial force,
With triumphs equal he was fated
To re-affirm in very sooth
As years did course.

Then for the prudence of his ways,
For merit and in high award
Of service knightly,
His dignity they came to raise
Till he was Master of the Sword
Elected rightly.

Finding his father's forts and mano
By false intruders occupied
And sore oppressed,

With siege and onslaught, shouts and banners,
 His broad-sword in his hand to guide,
 He re-possessed.

And for our rightful king how well
 He bore the brunt of warfare keen
 In siege and action,
 Let Portugal's poor monarch tell,
 Or those who in Castile have been
 Among his faction.

Then having risked his life, maintaining
 The cause of justice in the fight
 For law appointed,
 With years in harness spent sustaining
 The royal crown of him by right
 His lord anointed,

With feats so mighty that Hispania
 Can never make account of all
 In number mortal,—
 Unto his township of Ocaña
 Came Death at last to strike and call
 Against his portal:

Speaketh Death

“Good Cavalier,”—he cried,—“
you
Of all this hollow world of lies
And soft devices;
Let your old courage now attest you
And show a breast of steel that vi
In this hard crisis!

“And since of life and fortune’s priz
You ever made so small account
For sake of honor,
Array your soul in virtue’s guises
To undergo this paramount
Assault upon her!

“For you, are only half its terrors
And half the battles and the pains
Your heart perceiveth;
Since here a life devoid of errors
And glorious for noble pains
To-day it leaveth;

“A life for such as bravely bear it
And make its fleeting breath publi
In right pursuing,

Untainted, as is their's who share it
And put their pleasure in the grime
Of their undoing;

"The life that is The Everlasting
Was never yet by aught attained
Save meed eternal;
And ne'er through soft indulgence casting
The shadow of its solace stained
With guilt infernal;

"But in the cloister holy brothers
Besiege it with unceasing prayer
And hard denial;

And faithful paladins are others
Who 'gainst the Moors to win it bear
With wound and trial.

"And since, O noble and undaunted,
Your hands the paynim's blood have shed
In war and tourney,—
Make ready now to take the vaunted
High guerdon you have merited
For this great journey!

"Upon this holy trust confiding,
And in the faith entire and pure
You e'er commended,

Away,—unto your new abiding,
Take up the Life that shall endure
When this is ended!”

Respondeth the Grand-Master

“Waste we not here the final hours
This puny life can now afford
My mortal being;
But let my will in all its powers
Conformable approach the Lord
And His decreeing.

“Unto my death I yield, contenting
My soul to put the body by
In peace and gladness;
The thought of man to live, preventi
God’s loving will that he should di
Is only madness.”

The Supplication

O Thou who for our weight of sin
Descended to a place on earth
And human feature;

no didst join Thy Godhead in
 ing of such lowly worth
 As man Thy creature;

ho amid Thy dire tormenting
 unresistingly endure
 Such pangs to ease us;
 my mean deserts relenting,
 nly on a sinner poor,
 Have mercy, Jesus!

The Codicil

is, his hopes so nobly founded,
 enses clear and unimpaired
 So none could doubt him,—
 ouse and offspring fond surrounded,
 insmen and his servants bared
 And knelt around him,—

e his soul to Him who gave it,
 r God in heaven ordain it place
 And share of glory!)
 t our life as balm to save it,
 dry the tears upon our face!
 His deathless story.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

RODRÍGUEZ DEL PADRÓN

(About 1450)

TO THE VIRGIN

RODRÍGUEZ DEL PADRÓN, known also as Rodríguez de la Cámara, is considered the representative of the Galician troubadours of Spain. He is said to have been in love with a queen of Spain, and many fictitious accounts of him are discussed in Pidal's *Cancionero de Baena* (Edition, 1860), and in Ticknor's *History of Spanish Literature* (vol. i, 355).

O fire of light divine,
 Sweet Flame unscorching, pure,—
 Against dismay our countersign,
 Against all grief a cure,—
 Shine on thy servant poor!—
 The fickle glory of the world,
 Its vain prosperity,
 He contemplates;

His reasonings profound behold
The centre where there lie
The ills he hates.
Let him who thinks him wise
The Siren's call attend!
She fearing in amend
The torments that chastise,
Weeps that her reign must end.

—*Roderick Gill.*

RODRIGO COTA DE MAGU

(About 1492)

ESPARSA

RODRIGO COTA DE MAGUAQUE was a Christianized Jew, who has received mistaken credit for the author of the *Coplas de Ming* and the beginning of the *Celestial Cantos*. His most famous work is the *Diálogo en un Jardín y un Viejo*.

Clouded vision, light obscure
Moody glory, living death,
Fortune that cannot endure,
Fickle weeping, joy a breath
Bitter-sweet and sweet unsure
Peace and anger, sudden cure
Such is love, its trappings sure
Decked with glory for its cure

—*Thomas W*

DBAL DE CASTILLEJO

(1490-1550)

WOMEN

E CASTILLEJO was born at Ciudad e joined the household of Ferdi-ohemia, the brother of Carlos V, ame a priest. In 1539 he went to he suite of Diego Hurtado de He died in Vienna where he is Wiener Stadt. His works were Madrid in 1792. C. L. Nicolay *The Life and Works of Cristóbal* (Philadelphia, 1910).

r and how lone
would appear
were none!
: like a fair,
er fun nor business there.
eir smile
be tasteless, vain, and vile;

A chaos of perplexity,
A body without soul 'twould be;
A roving spirit borne
Upon the winds forlorn;
A tree without or flowers or fruit,
A reason with no resting place,
A castle with no governor to it,
A house without a base.
What are we? What our race?
How good for nothing and base
Without fair woman to aid us
What could we do? Where should
How should we wander in night and
But for woman to lead us?
How could we love if woman were n
Love—the brightest part of our lot;
Love—the only charm of living;
Love—the only gift worth giving?
Who would take charge of your hou
who?
Kitchen, and dairy, and money-ches
Who but the women, who guard ther
Guard and adorn them too?
Who like them has a constant smile,
Full of peace, as meekness full,
When life's edge is blunt and dull,

STÓBAL DE CASTILLEJO

III

orrow, and sin, in frowning file,
by the path in which we go
to the grave through wasting woe?
What is good is theirs, is theirs
we give and all we get;
a beam of glory yet
the gloomy earth appears,
theirs! O, 'tis theirs,—
they are the guard,—the soul,— the seal
of man hope and human weal;
—they,—none but they!
Woman,—sweet woman,—let none say
nay!

—*John Bowring.*

SOME DAY, SOME DAY

Some day, some day
O troubled breast,
Shalt thou find rest.
If Love in thee
To grief give birth,
Six feet of earth
Can more than he;
There calm and free
And unoppressed
Shalt thou find rest.

AND MONOGRAPHS

IV

The unattained
In life at last,
When life is passed
Shall all be gained;
And no more pained,
No more distressed,
Shalt thou find rest.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

TO LOVE

Love, grant me kisses beyond counting,
As the hairs upon my head;
A thousand and a hundred shed,
A thousand more be their amounting,
And then add thousands more again,
So that none shall know the number,
And no record shall encumber
With the list of where and when.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

N BOSCÁN ALMOGAVER

(1493-1540)

IE DEATH OF GARCILASSO

SCÁN ALMOGAVER was born at Bar-
nd served in the Spanish Army in
er becoming tutor to the Duke of
is early verses were written in the
ish manner, but when the Venetian
lor Navagiero was passing through
he met Boscán and urged him to
the Italian styles of poetry into

He thereupon followed in the lead
rial and Santillana, and was most
l in establishing the Italian verse
in Castilian. He frequently imi-
nte and Petrarch. His poems were
lished with those of Garcilasso de
n 1543. He made a masterly trans-
Castiglione's *Il Cortegiano*, reprinted

His poems may be found in W. I.
edition (Madrid, 1875).

Tell me, dear Garcilasso,—thou
 Who ever aimedst at good,
 And in the spirit of thy vow
 So swift her course pursued
 That thy few steps sufficed to place
 The angel in thy loved embrace,
 Won instant soon as wooed,—
 Why took'st thou not, when winged
 From this dark world, Boscán, with

Why, when ascending to the star
 Where now thou sit'st enshrined,
 Left'st thou thy weeping friend afar,
 Alas! so far behind?
 Oh, I do think, had it remained
 With thee to alter aught ordained
 By the Eternal Mind,
 Thou wouldst not on this desert spot
 Have left thy other self forgot!

For if through life thy love was such
 As still to take a pride
 In having me so oft and much
 Close to thy envied side,—
 I cannot doubt, I must believe,

BOSCÁN ALMOGAVER

115

ouldst at least have taken leave
r, if denied,
ne back afterwards, unblest
shared thy heavenly rest.

—*J. H. Wiffen.*

ND MONOGRAPHS

IV

COMENDADOR JUAN ESCRIVÁ

(About 1497)

CANCIÓN

El Comendador Juan Escrivá was of Roman birth, and in 1497 went to Rome as ambassador for Ferdinand. He wrote in Catalán and Castilian. Lope de Vega wrote a *glosa* on the present *CanCIÓN*, which is also quoted by Calderón and Cervantes.

Come Death, with so much stealth
 I shall not feel thee near;
 Let not thy joy appear
 The very breath of health!

Come like the thrust that cleaves
 The wounded ere he knows
 The purport of the blows
 Which he, surprised, receives!

oming be by stealth
unto me, I fear,
shall make thee appear
ery breath of health.
—*Thomas Walsh.*

MOSSÉN JUAN TALLANTE

(Late fifteenth century)

PRAYER TO THE CRUCIFIX

MOSSÉN JUAN TALLANTE was a devoted poet of Aragon, whose poems are to be found in the *Cancionero General*. Little is known of his life.

Almighty God, unchangeable,
 Who framed the universe entire
 Thy truth to see;
 Thou who for loving us so well
 Didst in Thine agony expire
 On Calvary;
 Since with such suffering didst deign
 To make amend for our transgression
O Agnus Dei.
 Placed with the thief let us obtain
 Salvation in his grief's confession
Memento mei.

—Thomas Walsby

AN DE LA ELCINA

(1468-1529)

LET US EAT AND DRINK
TODAY

ELCINA, so called from the prob-
of his birth, was educated at the
of Salamanca and entered the
of the second Duke of Alva. He
al journeys to Rome where one
atic pieces—*Plácido y Victoriano*—
ed in 1512. He became a priest and
ited chapel-master to Pope Leo X.
made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem.
d to Spain and died at Salamanca.

us eat and drink today,
and laugh and banish sorrow,
ust part tomorrow.

ejo's honor, fill
ighing cup with wine and glee,
and dance with eager will,
owd the hours with revelry,

For that is wisdom's counsel still;
Today be gay, and banish sorrow,
For we must part tomorrow.

Honor the saint—the morning ray
Will introduce the monster Death—
There's breathing space for joy today
Tomorrow ye shall gasp for breath:
So now be frolicsome and gay,
And tread joy's round, and banish sc
For we must part tomorrow.

—*John Bowring*

VILLANCICO

So rare a flock
In such a sward
A pleasure 'tis to guard!

A flock so rare,
Of such a breed,
Will quickly feed
On land most bare;
When grass is fair
In such a sward
A pleasure 'tis to guard!

'Tis my delight
 To lead the sheep
 And fold to sleep
 Their ranks by night;
 The frosts are slight,
 In such a sward
A pleasure 'tis to guard!

The fruitful throng
 In silence goes;
 No bleating shows
 It suffers wrong;
 Ere shades grow long
 In such a sward
A pleasure 'tis to guard!

'Tis well to mind
 The precious thing
 And safely bring
 Where no thieves find;
 A flock so kind
 In such a sward
A pleasure 'tis to guard!

O shepherd charmed,
 In a happy vale,

122	HISPANIC ANTHOLOG
	<p>Where the wolves may rail, But none is harmed; A flock unarmed In such a sward <i>A pleasure 'tis to guard !</i></p> <p>A shepherd true Shall I alway be, Since a joy to me Is my flock to view; And I swear to you I shall ne'er discard, <i>But ever faithful guard !</i> —Roderick Gil</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

DIEGO DE SALDAÑA

(Late fifteenth century)

EYES SO TRISTFUL

Eyes so tristful, eyes so tristful,
Heart so full of care and cumber,
I was lapped in rest and slumber,
Ye have made me wakeful, wistful!
In this life of labor endless
Who shall comfort my distresses?
Querulous my soul and friendless
In its sorrow shuns caresses.
Ye have made me, ye have made me
Querulous of you, that care not,
Eyes so tristful, yet I dare not
Say to what ye have betrayed me.

—H. W. Longfellow.

FRANCISCO SAA DE MIRANDA

(1495-1558)

WHERE IS DOMINGA?

FRANCISCO SAA DE MIRANDA was born at Coimbra and graduated from the university there. He traveled through Rome, Venice, Naples, Milan, Florence and parts of Sicily as well as throughout Spain. He was the typical philosopher and man of letters of Portugal, and wrote in Spanish as well as in his native tongue. See his *Obras* (Lisbon, 1595).

All gather from the village here,
But where's Dominga?—Tell me where.

The rest have come—they all have come;
I've counted them, yes, one by one,—

e's not here, and O, I roam
 esolate and all alone.
 hall I do?—without her, none
 h can light, my way can cheer.
 is Dominga?—tell me where.

—*John Bowring.*

OLD SPANISH BALLADS

OLD Spanish Ballads are for the most part to be dated from the end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth centuries, although as Paris has pointed out, some of them are concerned with snatches from older epic poetry. It is an intricate question among the scholars and may be found discussed in the *Revue des Savants* (May and June, 1895), in Menéndez y Pelayo's *Tratado de los romances viejos*, in the *Antología de los poetas castellanos desde la formación del idioma* (vols. xi and xii, Madrid, 1890-1900), in Ramón Menéndez Pidal's *L'Épopée castillane à travers la littérature espagnole* (Paris, 1905), and in M. R. Foulché-Delbosc's *Essai sur les origines du Romancero* (Paris, 1912).

RÍO VERDE

I

Río Verde, Río Verdel

Many a corpse is bathed in thee,

Moors and eke of Christians,
th swords most cruelly.

pure and crystal waters
l are with crimson gore;
ween the Moors and Christians
e fight has been and sore.
and counts fell bleeding near thee,
f high renown were slain,
l many a brave hidalgo
oblemen of Spain.

2

ño, Count of Lara,
r and in pride,
all reverence for the King
as in wrath replied:
oble ancestors," quoth he,
such a tribute paid;
all the King receive of us
hey have once gainsaid.

ase-born souls who deem it just
re with thee remain;
low me, ye cavaliers,
tlemen of Spain."

Forth followed they the noble Count
They marched to Glera's plain;
Out of three thousand gallant knights
Did only three remain.
They tied their tribute to their spears
They raised it in the air,
And they sent to tell their lord the King
That his tax was ready there.

"He may send and take by force,
they,

"This paltry sum of gold,
But the goodly gift of liberty
Cannot be bought and sold."

3

The peasant leaves his plough afield,
The reaper leaves his hook,
And from his hand the shepherd-boy
Lets fall the pastoral crook.

The young set up a shout of joy,
The old forget their years,
The feeble man grows stout of heart
No more the craven fears.

to Bernard's standard,
liberty they call;
not brook to wear the yoke,
reatened by the Gaul.

ere we born," 'tis thus they cry,
llingly pay we
y that we owe our king
livine decree.

od forbid that we obey
s of foreign knaves,
the glory of our sires,
ke our children slaves.

arts have not so craven grown,
lless all our veins,
less our brawny arms,
bmit to chains.

ne audacious Frank, forsooth,
d these seas and lands?
e a bloodless victory have?
; while we have hands.

all learn that the gallant Leonese
avely fight and fall,

But that they know not how to yield
They are Castilians all.

“Was it for this the Roman power
Of old was made to yield
Unto Numantia’s valiant hosts
On many a bloody field?

“Shall the bold lions that have bathed
Their paws in Libyan gore,
Crouch basely to a feebler foe,
And dare the strife no more?

“Let the false king sell town and tower
But not his vassals free;
For to subdue the free-born soul
No royal power hath he!”

—*H. W. Longfellow*

LORD ARNALDOS

The strangest of adventures
That happen by the sea,
Befell to Lord Arnaldos
On the Evening of Saint John;
For he was out a-hunting—

A huntsman bold was he!—
 When he beheld a little ship
 And close to land was she.
 Her cords were all of silver,
 Her sails of cramasy;
 And he who sailed the little ship
 Was singing at the helm;
 The waves stood still to hear him,
 The wind was soft and low;
 The fish who dwell in darkness
 Ascended through the sea,
 And all the birds in heaven
 Flew down to his mast-tree.
 Then spake the Lord Arnaldos,—
 (Well shall you hear his words!)—
 “Tell me, for God’s sake, sailor,
 What song may that song be?”
 The sailor spake in answer,
 And answer thus made he:
 “I only tell the song to those
 Who sail away with me.”

—*James Elroy Flecker.*

A VERY MOURNFUL BALLAD
THE SIEGE AND CONQUEST
OF ALHAMA

The Moorish King rides up and down
Through Granada's royal town;
From Elvira's gates to those
Of Bivarambla on he goes.

Woe is me, Alhama!

Letters to the monarch tell
How Alhama's city fell;
In the fire the scroll he threw,
And the messenger he slew.

Woe is me, Alhama!

He quits his mule and mounts his horse
And through the street directs his course
Through the street of Zacatín
To the Alhambra spurring in.

Woe is me, Alhama!

When the Alhambra's walls he gained
On the moment he ordained
That the trumpet straight should sound
With the silver clarion round.

Woe is me, Alhama!

in the hollow drums of war
loud alarm afar,
the Moors of town and plain
answer to the martial strain,
Woe is me, Alhama!

the Moors, by this aware,
nobody Mars recalled them there,
one, and two by two,
mighty squadron grew.
Woe is me, Alhama!

he spoke an aged Moor
the words the King before,
before call on us, O King?
may mean this gathering,"
Woe is me, Alhama!

Alas, ye have, alas, to know
the most disastrous blow;
the Christians, stern and bold,
obtained Alhama's hold."
Woe is me, Alhama!

he spake old Alfaquí,
his beard so white to see,

"Good King! thou art justly served!
Good King! this thou hast deserved.
Woe is me, Alhama!

"By thee were slain, in evil hour,
The Abencerrage, Granada's flower;
And strangers were received by thee
Of Cordova the chivalry.
Woe is me, Alhama!

"And for this, O King, is sent
On thee a double chastisement;
Thee and thine, thy crown and realm
One last wreck shall overwhelm.
Woe is me, Alhama!

"He who holds no laws in awe,
He must perish by the law;
And Granada must be won,
And thyself with her undone."
Woe is me, Alhama!

Fire flashed from out the old Moor's
The Monarch's wrath began to rise,
Because he answered, and because
He spoke exceeding well of laws,
Woe is me, Alhama!

is no law to say such things
 disgust the ear of kings";—
 snorting with his choler, said
 Moorish King, and doomed him dead.

Woe is me, Alhama!

Alfaquì! Moor Alfaquì!
 h the beard so hoary be,
 ing hath sent to have thee seized
 hama's loss displeased.

Woe is me, Alhama!

o fix thy head upon
 Alhambra's loftiest stone;
 this for thee should be the law
 thers tremble when they saw.

Woe is me, Alhama!

alier and man of worth!
 these words of mine go forth!
 e Moorish monarch know
 to him I nothing owe.

Woe is me, Alhama!

on my soul Alhama weighs
 on my inmost spirit preys;

And if the King his land that lost
Yet others may have lost the most.
Woe is me, Alhama!

"Sires have lost their children, wives
Their lords, and valiant men their lives!
One what best his love might claim
Hath lost, another, wealth and fame.
Woe is me, Alhama!

"I lost a damsel in that hour,
Of all the land the loveliest flower;
Doubloons a hundred I would pay
And think her ransom cheap that day."
Woe is me, Alhama!

And as these things the old Moor said,
They severed from the trunk his head;
And to the Alhambra's walls with speed
'Twas carried as the King decreed.
Woe is me, Alhama!

And men and infants therein weep
Their loss so heavy and so deep;
Granada's ladies, all she rears
Within her walls, burst into tears.
Woe is me, Alhama!

And from the windows o'er the walls
The sable web of mourning falls;
The King weeps as a woman o'er
His loss, for it is much and sore.

Woe is me, Alhama!

—*Lord Byron.*

THE FLIGHT FROM GRANADA

There was crying in Granada when the
sun was going down,—

Some calling on the Trinity—some calling
on Mahoun!

Here passed away the Koran,—there, in the
Cross was borne,—

And here was heard the Christian bell,—
and there the Moorish horn.

Te Deum Laudamus! was up the Alcala
sung;

Down from the Alhambra's minarets were
all the crescents flung;

The arms thereon of Aragon they with
Castile's display;

One king comes in in triumph,—one weep-
ing goes away.

Thus cried the weeper, while his hands his
old white beard did tear,
“Farewell, farewell, Granada! thou city
without peer!
Woe, woe, thou pride of Heathendom!
seven hundred years and more
Have gone since first the faithful thy royal
sceptre bore!

“Thou wert the happy mother of an high
renownèd race;
Within thee dwelt a haughty line that now
go from their place;
Within thee fearless knights did dwell, who
fought with mickle glee
The enemies of proud Castile—the bane
of Christientie!

“The mother of fair dames wert thou, of
truth and beauty rare,
Into whose arms did courteous knights for
solace sweet repair;
For whose dear sakes the gallants of Afric
made display
Of might in joust and battle on many a
bloody day.

gallants held it little thing for
es' sake to die,
the Prophet's honor and pride of
danry;—
e did valor flourish and deeds of
like might
ed lordly palaces, in which was our
ight.

gardens of thy Vega, its fields and
oming bowers,—
roe! I see their beauty gone, and
attered all their flowers!
erence can he claim, the King that
ch a land hath lost,—
rger never can he ride, nor be heard
ong the host;

i some dark and dismal place, where
ne his face may see,
weeping and lamenting, alone that
ing should be.”—

spoke Granada's King as he was
ding to the sea,
to cross Gibraltar's Strait away to
arbary;

Thus he in heaviness of soul unto his
did cry
(He had stopped and ta'en her in his
for together they did fly).

“Unhappy King! whose craven so
brook” (she made reply)

“To leave behind Granada—who has
the heart to die!

Now for the love I bore thy youth
gladly could I slay!

For what is life to leave when such a
is cast away?”

—*J. G. Lockha*

GENTLE RIVER, GENTLE RIVER

Gentle river, gentle river,
Lo, thy streams are stained with
Many a brave and noble captain
Floats along thy willowed shore.

All beside thy limpid waters,
All beside thy sands so bright,
Moorish chiefs and Christian war
Joined in fierce and mortal fight.

Lords and dukes and noble princes
On thy fatal banks were slain;
Fatal banks that gave to slaughter
All the pride and flower of Spain.

There the hero, brave Alonso,
Full of wounds and glory died;
There the fearless Urdiales
Fell a victim by his side.

Lo! where yonder, Don Saavedra
Through their squadrons slow retires;
Proud Seville, his native city,
Proud Seville his worth admires.

Close behind a renegado
Loudly shouts with taunting cry;
"Yield thee, yield thee, Don Saavedra.
Dost thou from the battle fly?

"Well I know thee, haughty Christian,
Long I lived beneath thy roof;
Oft I've in the lists of glory
Seen thee win the prize of proof.

"Well I know thy agèd parents,
Well thy blooming bride I know;

Seven years I was thy captive,
Seven years of pain and woe.

“May our Prophet grant my wishes,
Haughty chief, thou shalt be mine;
Thou shalt drink that cup of sorrow
Which I drank when I was thine.”

Like a lion turns the warrior
Back he sends an angry glare;
Whizzing came the Moorish javelin,
Vainly whizzing through the air.

Back the hero full of fury
Sent a deep and mortal wound;
Instant sank the renegado
Mute and lifeless on the ground.

With a thousand Moors surrounded,
Brave Saavedra stands at bay;
Wearied out but never daunted,
Cold at length the warrior lay.

Near him, fighting, great Alonso
Stout resists the Paynim bands;
From his slaughtered steed dismounted
Firm entrenched behind him stands.

Furious press the hostile squadrons
 Furious he repels their rage;
 Loss of blood at length enfeebles;
 Who can war with thousands wage?

Where yon rock the plain o'ershadows
 Close behind its foot retired,
 Fainting sank the bleeding hero,
 And without a groan expired.

—*Thomas Percy.*

ABENAMAR, ABENAMAR

O thou Moor of *Morería*,
 There were mighty signs and aspects
 On the day when thou wert born,
 Calm and lovely was the ocean,
 Bright and full the moon above.
 Moor, the child of such an aspect
 Never ought to answer falsely.
 Then replied the Moorish captive,
 (You shall hear the Moor's reply):

Nor will I untruly answer,
 Though I died for saying truth.
 I am son of Moorish sire.

My mother was a Christian slave.
In my childhood, in my boyhood,
Often would my mother bid me
Never know the liar's shame.
Ask thou, therefore, King, thy question.
Truly will I answer thee.

Thank thee, thank thee, Abenamar,
For thy gentle answer, thanks.
What are yonder lofty castles,
Those that shine so bright on high?

That, O King, is the Alhambra,
Yonder is the Mosque of God.
There you see the Alixares,
Works of skill and wonder they;
Ten times ten doubloons the builder
Daily for his hire received;
If an idle day he wasted
Ten times ten doubloons he paid.
Farther is the Generalife,
Peerless are its garden groves.
Those are the Vermilion Towers,
Far and wide their fame is known.

Then spake up the King Don Juan
(You shall hear the Monarch's speech):

st thou marry me, Granada,
 would I for thy dowry
 a and Seville give.

narried, King Don Juan.

I am not yet a widow.

love my noble husband.

ny wedded Lord loves me.

—*Robert Southey.*

ANONYMOUS

(Sixteenth century)

THE SIESTA

Vientecico murmurador, by an anonymous author.

Airs that wander and murmur around,
 Bearing delight where'er ye blow!
Make in the elms a lulling sound,
 While my lady sleeps in the shade below.

Lighten and lengthen her noonday rest,
 Till the heat of the noonday sun is o'er.
Sweet be her slumbers! though in my breast
 The pain she has waked may slumber
 no more.

Breathing soft from the blue profound,
 Bearing delight where'er ye blow,
Make in the elms a lulling sound
 While my lady sleeps in the shade below.

at ever the bending boughs,
under the shade of the pendent
leaves,
or soft like my timid vows
the secret sighs my bosom heaves—

sweeping the grassy ground,
giving delight where'er ye blow,
on the elms a lulling sound,
where my lady sleeps in the shade below.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

PEDRO DE CASTRO Y ANAYA

(Sixteenth century)

TO THE NIGHTINGALE

PEDRO DE CASTRO Y ANAYA was a Castilian poet of the sixteenth century about whom there are no other particulars. His works are to be found in the *Biblioteca de autores españoles* (vol. xlii). He has been much admired for his poem, the *Auroras de Diana*.

Bird of the joyous season!

That from thy flower seat,
Dost teach the forest singers
Thy music to repeat.

Thou wooer of the morning,
That, to this wood withdrawn,
Dost serenade the daybreak,
Dost celebrate the dawn.

Soul of this lonely region,
That hearest me lament,

My days in sighing wasted,
My nights in weeping spent.

Chief lyrist of the woodland,
And poet of the spring,
That well art skilled in sorrow,
And well of love can sing.

Go where my lady loosens
Her bright hair to the wind,
Held in a single fillet,
Or floating unconfined.

The beautiful, and cruel,
Whose steps where'er they pass
Tread down more hearts of lovers
Than lilies of the grass.

Sweet nightingale, accost her,
And in the tenderest strain
Say Silvio loves thee, Cruel!
Why lov'st thou not again?

Then tell of all I suffer,
How well have loved and long,
And counsel her to pity,
And tax her scorn with wrong.

My gentle Secretary!
If harshly then she speak,
Rebuke her anger, striking
Her red lips with thy beak.

Drink from her breath the fragrance
Of all the blooming year,
And bring me back the answer
For which I linger here.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

THE RIVULET

Stay, rivulet, nor haste to leave
The lovely vale that lies around thee.
Why wouldst thou be a sea at eve,
When but a fount the morning found
thee?

Born when the skies began to glow,
Humblest of all the rock's cold daughters,
No blossom bowed its stalk to show
Where stole thy still and scanty waters.

Now on the stream the noonbeams look
Usurping, as thou downward driftest,

Its crystal from the clearest brook,
 Its rushing current from the swiftest.

Ah! what wild haste!—and all to be
 A river and expire in ocean.
 Each fountain's tribute hurries thee
 To that vast grave with quicker motion.

Far better 'twere to linger still
 In this green vale, these flowers to cher-
 ish,
 And die in peace, an aged rill,
 Than thus, a youthful Danube, perish.
 —*William Cullen Bryant.*

GARCILASSO DE LA VEGA

(1503-1536)

TO THE FLOWER OF *GNIDO*

GARCILASSO DE LA VEGA, the soldier-poet, was born at Toledo of a distinguished family. He served at the battle of Pavia and took part in several campaigns, winning the favor of Carlos V, and losing it through his supposed part in a conspiracy to marry his nephew to one of the Empress's maids-of-honor. After some months of imprisonment on an island in the Danube, he retired to Naples. In 1533 he visited Boscán in Spain. He was mortally wounded while storming the walls of Muy near Fréjus. He died at Nice and two years later was buried at Toledo. He shared in Boscán's Italian innovations of style and, in the few works that he left, is seen to surpass him. *Las Obras de Boscán y algunas de Garcilasso de la Vega* were first published at Barcelona in 1543. There is a good edition by

varro Tomás in the series of *Clásicos* (Madrid, 1911).

e sweet resounding lyre
 voice could in a moment chain
 ing wind's ungoverned ire,
 ovement of the raging main;
 age hills the leopard rein,
 s fiery soul entrance,
 ad along with golden tones
 scinated trees and stones
 tary dance,—

ot, think not, fair Flower of Gnide,
 should celebrate the scars,
 sed, blood shed, or laurels dyed
 th the gonfalon of Mars;
 ne sublime on festal cars,
 fs who to submission sank
 ebel German's soul of soul,
 orged the chains that now control
 ize of the Frank.

its harmonies should ring
 unt of glories all thine own,
 rd sometimes from the string

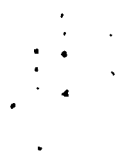
Struck forth to make thy harp
known;

The fingered chords should speak a
Of Beauty's triumphs, Love's alarms
And one who, made by thy disdain
Pale as a lily clipt in twain,
Bewails thy fatal charms.

Of that poor captive, too, contemned
I speak,—his doom you might deplore
In Venus' galliot-shell condemned
To strain for life the heavy oar.
Through thee no longer as of yore
He tames the unmanageable steed,
With curb of gold his pride restrained
Or with pressed spurs and shaken
Torments him into speed.

Not now he wields for thy sweet sake
The sword in his accomplished hand
Nor grapples like a poisonous snake,
The wrestler on the yellow sand;
The old heroic harp his hand
Consults not now, it can but kiss
The amorous lute's dissolving strings
Which murmur forth a thousand tones
Of banishment from bliss.





1 thee, my dearest friend and best
s harsh, importunate, and grave;
have been his port of rest
shipwreck and the yawning wave;
ow so high his passions rave
ost reason's conquered laws,
not the traveller ere he slays
asp, its sting, as he my face
ds, or so abhors.

rs on rocks, sweet Flower of Gnide,
wert not cradled, wert not born,
o has no fault beside
ld ne'er be signalized for scorn;
tremble at the fate forlorn
xárete, who spurned
weeping Iphis from her gate,
, scoffing long, relenting late,
a statue turned.

yet soft pity she repelled,
st yet she steeled her heart in pride,
er friezed window she beheld
st, the lifeless suicide;
nd his lily neck was tied
reed his spirit from her chains,

And purchased with a few short s
For her immortal agonies,
Imperishable pains.

Then first she felt her bosom bleed
With love and pity; vain distress
Oh what deep rigors must succeed
This first sole touch of tenderness
Her eyes grow glazed and motion
Nailed on his wavering corse, each
Hardening in growth, invades her
Which, late so rosy, warm, and fi
Now stagnates into stone.

From limb to limb the frost aspire,
Her vitals curdle with the cold;
The blood forgets its crimson fire,
The veins that e'er its motion rol
Till now the virgin's glorious mot
Was wholly into marble changed,
On which the Salaminians gazed,
Less at the prodigy amazed,
Than of the crime avenged.

Then tempt not thou Fate's angry s
By cruel frown or icy taunt;

thy perfect deeds and charms
 ets' harps, Divinest, grant
 es worthy their immortal vaunt;
 st our weeping strings presume
 lebrate in strains of woe,
 ustice of some signal blow
 rikes thee to the tomb.

—*J. H. Wiffen.*

CHANGE

he sweets of life's luxuriant May,
 rious Age is hastening on his way
 snowy wreaths to crown the beaute-
 ous brow;
 se will fade when storms assail the
 year,
 me who changeth not his swift career,
 stant in this, will change all else
 below!

—*Felicia D. Hemans.*

ECLOGUE

~~4~~ 4 3

SALICIO AND NEMOROSO

weet lament of two Castilian swains,
 's love and Nemoroso's tears,

In sympathy I sing, to whose loved
Their flocks, of food forgetful, cro
'round,
Were most attentive. Pride of S
peers!
Who by thy splendid deeds, hast ga
name
And rank on earth unrivalled,—w
crowned
With cares, Alvano, wielding now th
Of empire, now the dreadful bolt
tame
Strong kings, in motion to the tru
sound,
Express vice-regent of the Thracian
Or whether, from the cumbrous l
freed
Of state affairs, thou seek'st the e
plain,
Chasing, upon thy spirited fleet ste
The trembling stag that bounds abro
vain
Lengthening out life,—though deep
engrossed
By cares, I hope, so soon as I regain
The leisure I have lost,

ate, with my recording quill
 es and brave deeds, a starry sum,
 or age, or silent death turn chill
 's warm pulse, and I become
 to thee, whose worth the nations

ny sight and songless in thy praise.
 at day, predestined by the Muse,
 to cancel the memorial dues,
 thy glory and renown,—a claim
 upon me, but which belongs
 ie spirits that transmit to fame
 g deeds in monumental songs,—
 reen laurel whose victorious boughs
 ndearment thine illustrious brows
 eak ivy give permissive place,
 ooted in thy shade, thou first of
 s,
 e by slow degrees,
 r aloft, supported by thy praise;
 me to thee sublimer strains shall
 g,
 my shepherds, as they sit and sing.
 , from rosy billows risen, had rayed
 ld the mountain tops, when at the
 t

Of a tall beech romantic, whose great
Fell on a brook, that, sweet-voiced
lute,
Through lively pastures wound its
ling way,
Sad on the daisied turf Salicio lay;
And in a voice in concord to the stream
Of all the many winds, and water
As o'er the mossy stones they swiftly
Poured forth in melancholy song
Of sorrow with a fall
So sweet, and aye so mildly music
None could have thought that such
seeming guile
Had caused his anguish, absent
while,
But that in very deed the unhappy
Did, face to face, upbraid her quivering
truth.

—*J. H. W.*

GIL VICENTE (? —1557)

CANTIGA

GIL VICENTE passed his life in Portugal. He was of good family, although his history is far from certain. During his years at the Portuguese court he wrote many plays, a large number in Spanish and with Spanish motives. See Menéndez y Pelayo's *Antología de poetas líricos castellanos* (Madrid, 1890-1908, vol. ii).

Full of grace exceedingly,
As she hath charm and loveliness;
Speak, O sailor of the sea,
And from out thy bark, confess
That never ship nor sail can be
Beautiful as she.
Speak, thou knightly man-at-arms,
Boasting of thy panoply,—
Are horse or sword or war-alarms
Beautiful as she?
Speak, thou shepherd of the hills,

Where thine idle flocks are free,—
Are there peaks or vales or rills
Beautiful as she?

—*Thomas Wals*

THE NIGHTINGALE

The rose looks out in the valley
And thither will I go!
To the rosy vale where the nightingale
Sings his song of woe.

The virgin is on the river-side
Culling the lemons pale;
Thither,—yes! thither will I go
To the rosy vale where the nightingale
Sings his song of woe.

The fairest fruit her hand hath culled
'Tis for her lover all,
Thither,—yes! thither will I go
To the rosy vale where the nightingale
Sings his song of woe.

In her hat of straw, for her gentle smile
She has placed the lemons pale;

—yes! thither will I go
 e rosy vale where the nightingale
 : song of woe.

—*John Bowring.*

SONG

urt sleeping, maiden,
 e and open thy door.
 break of day, and we must away
 eadow, and mount, and moor.

t to find thy slippers,
 ome with thy naked feet;
 l have to pass through the dewy
 rass
 /aters wide and fleet.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

SAINT TERESA (1515-1582)

LINES WRITTEN IN HER BREVIARY

SAINT TERESA of Ávila, was born Teresa de Cepeda y Ahumada, at Ávila. In 1534 she became a Carmelite nun and began her reforms and foundations. Known as the *Madre Teresa de Jesús*, she gave evidence of the highest practical talents and of inspiration as a mystical writer. Her style is simple but passionate with sincerity and elevation. She was canonized in 1612 and was declared co-patron of Spain with Santiago. The best edition of her works was edited by Vicente de la Fuente at Madrid in 1881. Mrs. Cunningham Grahame has published *Saint Teresa, her Life and Times* (London, 1891).

Let nothing disturb thee,
Nothing affright thee;
All things are passing;
God never changeth;
Patient endurance



Saint Teresa
(*Teresa de Cepeda y Ahumada*)

Attaineth to all things;
Who God possesseth
In nothing is wanting;
Alone God sufficeth.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

ORD, THY LOVE FOR ME IS
STRONG”

, Thy love for me is strong
which binds me unto Thee,
olds me from Thee, Lord, so long,
olds Thee, Lord, so long from me?

what then desirest thou?
I would see Thee, who thus choose
e.
ars can yet assail thee now?
at I fear is but to lose Thee.

whole possession I entreat,
ake my soul Thine own abode,
ill build a nest so sweet
not be too poor for God.

n God hidden from sin,
ore desires for thee remain,

Save but to love, and love again,
And, all on flame with love within,
Love on, and turn to love again?

—*Arthur Symon*

“LET MINE EYES SEE THEE

Let mine eyes see Thee,
Sweet Jesus of Nazareth,
Let mine eyes see Thee,
And then see death.

Let them see that care
Roses and jessamine;
Seeing Thy face most fair
All blossoms are therein.
Flower of seraphim,
Sweet Jesus of Nazareth
Let mine eyes see Thee,
And then see death.

Nothing I require
Where my Jesus is;
Anguish all desire,
Saving only this;
All my help is His,

He only succoreth.
 Let mine eyes see Thee,
 Sweet Jesus of Nazareth,
 Let mine eyes see Thee,
 And then see death.

—*Arthur Symons.*

“TO-DAY A SHEPHERD”

To-day a shepherd and our kin,
 O Gil, to random us is sent,
 And He is God Omnipotent.

For us hath He cast down the pride
 And prison wall of Satanas;
 But He is of the kin of Bras,
 Of Menga, also of Llorent.
 O is not God Omnipotent?

If He is God, how then is He
 Come hither and here crucified?
 —With His dying sin also died,
 Enduring death the innocent.
 Gil, how is God Omnipotent!

Why, I have seen Him born, pardie,
 And of a most sweet shepherdess.

—If He is God how can He be
With such poor folk as these content?
—Seest not He is Omnipotent?

Give over idle parleyings
And let us serve Him, you and I,
And since He came on earth to die,
Let us die with Him too, Llorent;
For He is God Omnipotent.

—*Arthur Symons.*

"SHEPHERD, SHEPHERD, HARK"

Shepherd, shepherd, hark that calling!
Angels they are, and the day is dawning.

What is this ding-dong,
Or loud singing is it?
Come, Bras, now the day is here,
The shepherdess we'll visit.
Shepherd, shepherd, hark that calling!
Angels they are, and the day is dawn-
ing.

Oh, is this the Alcalde's daughter,
Or some lady come from far?

SAINT TERESA	173
<p>e daughter of God the Father, shines like a star. l, shepherd, hark that calling! hey are, and the day is dawning. —<i>Arthur Symons.</i></p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

GREGORIO DE SILVESTRE

(1520-1569)

LOVE'S VISITATION

GREGORIO DE SILVESTRE was born at I the son of a royal physician. He adopt fashion of Castillejo in abusing the Ital writers, but later wrote poems in that ner. He died as organist of the cathe Granada. See *Biblioteca de autores esp* (vol. xxxv).

Certain Verses very weary
On their laggard footsteps coming
In the Tuscan manner dreary,
Chanced upon a lover humming
Of his woes and bitter sorrows
In the heavy-footed measures
And the leaden-weighted treasures
That were used in ancient morrows—
Heaven forgive our Castillejo
For having praised these oldtime lays

nence," said Love in passion,
 easure so o'erweighted
 have so much hated?"
 swered in this fashion:
 a foreign gabble,
 ject without reason,
 non-sense such treason
 e lady doubts the rabble
 sing her or praising
 ie hears its voices raising."
 ough the device are using
 so and Boscán,
 utmost soarings choosing,
 a Roland is each man,
 ey find insufficient
 se artificial plan.
 your own damage making
 rse, mad, undertaking,—
 i my kingdom idly spreading
 e coinage they are shedding."

: chatelaine or maiden
 asks) what rash pretender
 the cares with which he's laden
 eech no mind can render?
 or I, nor she, are able

176	HISPANIC ANTHOLO
	<p>To feel very comfortable, When we see the very ladies That we die for, and each maid is Quite unsure if it's a joke Or a satire that we poke In this rigmarole from Hades.” —<i>Thomas Wal</i></p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

LUIS VAZ DE CAMOËNS (1524-1580)

ADIEU TO COÏMBRA

LUIS VAZ DE CAMOËNS, the glory of Portuguese literature, is also famous for his poetry in Spanish. He was born and died at Lisbon and through birth occupied a distinguished place at court until an unhappy love affair banished him from the city in 1547. He joined the army and later lost an eye at the naval battle of Ceuta. Returning from Goa in 1570, after persecution and imprisonment, he fell into poverty and obscurity and so died. His great work the *Os Lusíadas* was published first in 1572.

Sweet lucent waters of Mondego's stream,
Of my Remembrance restful jouissance,
Where far-fet, lingering, traitorous Esper-
ance
Longwhile misled me in a blinding Dream;
From you I part, yea, still I'll ne'er mis-
deem

That long-drawn Memories which your
charms enhance

Forbid me changing and, in every chance,
E'en as I farther speed I nearer seem.

Well may my Fortunes hale this instrument
Of Soul o'er new strange regions wide and
side,

Offered to winds and watery element;
But hence my Spirit, by you 'companied,
Borne on the nimble wings that Reverie
lent,

Flies home and bathes her, Waters, in your
tide.

—*R. F. Burton.*

VILLANCICO—"I'LL BE A MARINER"

I'll go to yon boat, my Mother;
O yes! to yon boat I'll go;
I'll go with the mariner, Mother,
And be a mariner too.

Mother, there's no withstanding;
For whereso'er I am driven
It is by the will of heaven,



From a print in the Hispanic Society of America

Luis Vaz de Camoens

Or the infant god's commanding;
 He plays with my heart at will,
 I feel it with love o'erflow;
 I'll go with the mariner, Mother,
 And be a mariner too.

Mother, 'tis vain complaining;
 Omnipotence is his boast;
 I feel that my soul is lost,
 And nought but my body remaining;
 The mariner's dying, Mother—
 He must not die—I'll go—
 I'll go with the mariner, Mother,
 And be a mariner too.

He's a tyrant without example!
 This little usurping lord,
 With a single look or word
 A king in the dust will trample;
 If the mariner goes, my Mother,
 If the mariner's bent to go,
 I'll go with the mariner, Mother,
 And be a mariner too.

Tell me, ye waves, if ever
 A nymph so soft and fair
 Sped o'er your waters there;

Tell me, ye waves! O never!
 'Tis nothing to me, my Mother—
 What love commands I'll do;
 I'll go with my mariner, Mother
 And be a mariner too.

—*John Bowrin*

ON THE DEATH OF CATARINA
 ATTAYDA

Those charming eyes within whose
 sphere
 Love whilom sat, and smiled the
 away,—
 Those braids of light, that shamed
 beams of day,—
 That hand benignant, and that
 sincere,—
 Those virgin cheeks, which did
 appear
 Like snow-banks scattered with the
 of May,
 Turned to a little cold and worthless
 Are gone, forever gone, and perished!
 But not unbathed by Memory's w
 tear!

Death thou hast torn, in one unpitying hour,
That fragrant plant, to which, while scarce
a flower,
The mellow fruitage of its prime was
given;
Love saw the deed,—and as he lingered near
Sighed o'er the ruin, and returned to
heaven!

—*R. F. Burton.*

ON REVISITING CINTRA AFTER THE
DEATH OF CATARINA

Apparel of green woods and meadows gay;
Clear and fresh waters innocent of stain,
Wherein the field and grove are found
again,
As from high rocks ye take your downward
way;
And shaggy peaks, and ordered disarray
Of crags abrupt, know that ye strive in
vain,
Till grief consent, to soothe the eye of
pain,
Shown the same scene that Pleasure did
survey.

Nor as erst seen am I beheld by you,
 Rejoiced no more by fields of pleasant
 green,
 Or lively runnels laughing as they dart;
 Sown be these fields with seeds of ruth and
 rue,
 And wet with brine of welling tears, till
 seen
 Sere with the herb that suits the
 broken heart.

—*Richard Garnett.*

BABYLON AND SION (GOA AND
 LISBON)

Here, where fecundity of Babel frames
 Stuff for all ills wherewith the world
 doth teem,
 Where loyal Love is slurred with dis-
 esteem,
 For Venus all controls, and all defames;
 Where vice's vaunts are counted, virtue's
 shames;
 Where Tyranny o'er Honor lords su-
 preme;

blind and erring sovereignty doth
 æm
 d for deeds will be content with
 ames;

this world where whatso is, is
 rong,
 : Birth and Worth and Wisdom
 egging go
 doors of Avarice and Villainy,—
 lled in the foul chaos, I prolong
 ays, because I must. Woe to me!
 oe!
 1, had I not memory of thee!
 —*Richard Garnett.*

SONNET

ne, all sweet refrains my lip hath
 ade;
 : me, all instruments attuned for
 ong;
 : me, all fountains pleasant meads
 mong;
 ie, all charms of garden and of glade;
 ie all melodies the pipe hath played;

Leave me, all rural feast and sportive
throng;
Leave me, all flocks the reed beguiles
along;
Leave me, all shepherds happy in the shade.

Sun, moon and stars, for me no longer
glow;
Night would I have, to wail for vanished
peace;
Let me from pole to pole no pleasure
know;
Let all that I have loved and cherished
cease;
But see that thou forsake me not, my Woe,
Who wilt, by killing, finally release.
—*Richard Garnett.*

SONNET

Time and the mortal will stand never fast;
Estrangéd fates man's confidence es-
trange;
Aye with new quality imbued, the vast
World seems but victual of voracious
change.

New endless growth surrounds on every
 side,
 Such as we deemed not earth could ever
 bear,
 Only doth sorrow for past woe abide,
 And sorrow for past good, if good it were.

Now Time with green hath made the
 meadows gay,
 Late carpeted with snow by winter frore,
 And to lament hath turned my gentle lay;
 Yet of all change this chiefly I deplore,
 The human lot, transformed to ill alway,
 Not chequered with rare blessing as of
 yore.

—*Richard Garnett.*

FRAY LUIS DE LEÓN (1528-

IMITATIONS OF VARIOUS
AUTHORS

FRAY LUIS DE LEÓN was born at B of Cuenca, of presumably Jewish. At an early age he entered the Augustinian Order at Salamanca and rapidly became one of the most distinguished figures in the literature and history of that university. In 1557 his enemies had him imprisoned and tried by the Inquisition on charges of irregularities regarding the Vulgate Bible, and he remained there almost six years before he regained his freedom by proving his orthodoxy and innocence. He was at first esteemed as a great theologian, but in later years he has been recognized as the greatest lyric poet, in Castilian, and as one of the great masters of the world in devotional song. His poems, of which there are many merable editions, were first published by Juan de Quevedo. The best edition is that of Merino (Madrid, 1816).



oughty tyranny of thine,
neck unbending, Love shall take,
w, and victim of thee make
sh subjection to repine.
at thy vain and care-free days,
bitter ways
harge the measure of my score,
of thy sorrow none shall more
ny notice whoso pays.

through the golden locks that crown
brows the scattered snows shall run,
thy twin daystars have begun
n their lights of old renown;
the first wrinkle line shall sear
isage clear,
eauty's time is done and over,
e is fugitive—the lover
found the rose so fresh and dear;

thou shalt see thy cause is lost,
l findst thy loving is but weeping,
ou then shalt know the woe unsleeping
e that with no love is crossed;
then with grief shalt say,
hapless day:—

**"Would I had now, alas, my fate!
That beauty that was mine of late,
Or that old love I cast away!"**

**The thousands whom your coldness spurned
And left to sorrows, on that day
Of vengeance shall be glad and gay
When they have thy discomfort learned;
And Love himself shall take the wing
And publishing
The novel tale of thy disgrace,
To all who mock shall show thy face
To warn them 'gainst the loveless thing.**

**Alas, by heaven, my lady fair,
Behold thyself in flower so pure
And gracious that cannot endure,
But left unplucked is lost fore'er;
And since no less discreet thou art
In equal part
Than fair and scornful to the view,
Look thou how everything is due
And subject to the loving heart!
'Tis Love that governs all the skies
With law eternal and most sweet;
Thinkst thyself strong enough to meet**

in this poor world of lies?
gives movement and delight
by its might,
every sweet of life;
the fate with it at strife
ended with a pauper's blight.

avail the golden cup,
when vesture and brocade,
glistening with its gems inlaid,
of treasures mounting up?
avail the fertile breast
which's best,
adorning—if in fine,
umbering be thine
where the cold couch is dressed?
—*Thomas Walsh.*

AT THE ASCENSION

Alast Thou, Holy Shepherd, leave
us back within this vale of woe
made to grieve,
Thou through ambient skies
how low
standest where death and sorrow cannot
!

But they—so blesséd in the past,
Yet now with hearts afflicted sore—
Thy little ones, outcast,
Bereft of Thee their guide of yore—
Whither shall turn they when Thou
leadst no more?

What now remains to glad the eyes
That once Thy comeliness have known?
What longer can they prize?
What voices, but discordant grown
To them who hearkened to Thy loving
tone?

The waves of yon perturbéd deep,
Whose hand shall curb?—Who now
assuage
The blasts and bid them sleep?
In Thine eclipse,—what star presage
For our benighted bark the harborage?

Alas! swift cloud unpitying
That bidst our joys no more endure,—
Whither thy silvery wing?

e bliss thou dost secure!—
ed wilt thou leave us, how

—*Thomas Walsh.*

DET JUAN DE GRIAL

oveliness withdrawn
sorn; now the heavens are

e fading lawn;
branches' lifeless hold
f unto the ground is doled.

rns on sunlit tread
shores; the coursing day
ontide is bespread
of the fleeces gray
his blustery way.

go the cranes
ating with
he bullock
with sh
ut for

AS

To noble studies would the hours,
Griâl, convene us; now the voice
Fame
Calls upward to her sacred towers,
And to that summit bids us aim
Where never yet the breath of pain
came.

And at her calling, bolder strides
The foot upon the mountain, so it
The final peak whence purest glides
The fountain without worldly stain
Drink there thy fill, and thirst no
remains.

Then naught to thee is golden lure
That snares mankind upon a false
quest
For that which can no more endure
Than gossamer the zephyr's breast
Is wafting light and fickle without

Doth God Apollo smile?—then write
Be peer with olden poets,—take
stand
Above our newer bards in might;

I, dear friend, not hand in hand
 t hope to clasp me on that songful
 rand!

om whirlwinds have assailed,
 reachery from high adventuring
 the very grime hath haled,
 roken—I a wounded thing—
 re belovèd and my soaring wing.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE NIGHT SERENE

contemplate o'er me
 eaven of stars profound,
 rk the earth before me
 rkness swathed around,—
 reless slumber and oblivion bound;

ve and longing waken
 anguish of my soul;
 yes with tears are taken
 founts beyond control,
 voice sighs forth at last its voice
 of dole:—

O Temple-Seat of Glory,
Of Beauteousness and Light,
To thy calm promontory
My soul was born! What blight
Holds it endungeoned here from s
height?

What mortal aberration
Hath so estranged mankind
That from God's destination
He turns, abandoned, blind,
To follow mocking shade and
rind?

No thought amid his slumber
He grants impending fate,
While nights and dawns keep numbe
In step appportionate,
And life is filched away—his poor

Alas!—arise, weak mortals,
And measure all your loss!
Begirt for deathless portals,
Can souls their birthright toss
Aside, and live on shadows vai
dross?

Oh, let your eyes beholding
Yon pure celestial sphere,
Unmask the wiles enfolding
The life that flatters here—
The little day of mingled hope and fear!

What more can base earth render
Than one poor moment's pause,
Compared with that far splendor
Where in its primal cause
Lives all that is—that shall be—and
that was!

Who on yon constellation
Eternal can set gaze,—
Its silvery gradation,
Its majesty of ways,
The concord and proportion it displays,—

In argent wonder turning
The moon doth nightly rove,
Squired by the Star of Learning
And melting Star of Love,
She trails with gentle retinue above—

And lo! through outer spaces
Where Mars is rolled aflame!

Where Jupiter retraces
The calmed horizon's frame
And all the heavens his ray b
acclaim!

Beyond swings Saturn, father
Of the fabled age of gold;
And o'er his shoulders gather
Night's chantries manifold,
In their proportioned grade and
stoled!—

Who can behold such vision
And still earth's baubles prize?
Nor sob the last decision
To rend the bond that ties
His soul a captive from such
skies?

For there Content hath dwelling;
And Peace, her realm; and there
'Mid joys and glories swelling
Lifts up the dais fair
With Sacred Love enthroned
compare.

surable Beauty
 s cloudless to that light;
 ere a Sun doth duty
 knows no stain of night;
 e Spring Eternal blossoms without
 blight.

s of Truth-Abiding!
 n pasturelands and rills!
 ines of treasures hiding!
 yous-breasted hills!
 choing vales where every balm
 distils!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

TO RETIREMENT

, O thou serene retreat
 n all my wanderings! Thou balm
 desired
 g, that bringst me healing sweet
 m wounds naught else can heal!
 Inspired
 usion, gracious welcome for the
 tired!

At last, thou little thatch of straw
Beneath whose eaves no lurking
hath stayed,
Where none within a comrade's glance
The gleam of Envy e'er displayed
Nor voice was perjured, not
betrayed!

Fair upland, sloping to the skies
With peace beyond the thought of
endowed—
Beyond where in death's grapple vie
The creature of the fevered crowd
With thirst of dissolution and
shroud!—

Receive me, mountain, oh receive
Within thy fastness! For I come
sued
By slander!—yea, unfinished leave
The tasks that bring ingratitude,
The peace that mocks, and
unhappy brood!—

Where one, who late at haven-bar
Hath lain to anchor calm, is now th

Of winds that buffet him afar
And waves that gulf him in their spray
And rack his hapless timbers with dismay!

Another meets the lurking rock
And instant down the yawning waters
goes

Calamitous unto the shock!
For one, becalmed, no life-breath blows;
On Syrtean shoals the squall another
throws;

Whilst others are despairing prey
To sudden midnight and the dread
typhoon,

And to the hungry Neptune pay
Their lives in tribute mid the swoon;
Some, bold to swim, are down the ocean
strewn!

Strive or surrender to the flood,
What end must ultimate be his, who
rides,

Death-gripping through the foaming scud,
Some broken spar his wreck provides
Adown such vast abysm of roaring tides?

Alas!—how often and how often thou
 Unfailing haven, hast been my des
 Then of thy refuge fail not now—
 Fail not when I would so require
 'Mid such a sea of troubles blind and
 —*Thomas Wals*

WRITTEN ON THE WALLS OF DUNGEON

Lo, where envy and where lies
 Held me in the prison cell;
 Blesséd was the lot that fell
 To the humble and the wise
 Far from earth's chagrins to dwell
 Who with thatch and homely fare
 Rests him in some sylvan spot,
 Lone with God abiding there,
 And none else his thought to share
 Envyng none, and envied not.
 —*Thomas Wals*

THE VALLEY OF THE HEAVEN

Resplendent precinct of the skies,
 Fair sward of gladness neither snow

Nor parching breath of noonday tries,
Domain whose sacred uplands show
Its peace ungarnered deathlessly aglow!

His brows in white and azure crowned
Athwart its pastures softly wends,
O flock endeared with thee around,
The Holy Shepherd; thee He tends
Unarmed with staff or sling where naught
offends.

He leads, and happy sheep o'erflow
Around Him in a loving feud,
Where the immortal roses blow
And verdure ever is renewed
Howe'er the flock may graze, in pleni-
tude.

And now upon the mountain ways
Of Bliss He guides; now by the stream
To bathe them in His grace He strays;
Now grants them banqueting agleam—
Himself the Giver and the Gift Supreme.

And when the eye of noon attains
The zenith of its fiery powers,

Amid His fondlings He remains
To drowse away the torrid hours
And cheer with voice serene the
bowers.

He wakes the viol's melting tone
And sweetness trembles through the
Unto such golden joy unknown;
Enraptured then beyond control
It casts itself on Him, its only goal.

O Breath! O Voice!—mightst Thou
Some little echo for my breast
That—self-surrendering in that strain
To Thee—of Thee 'twould be possible
O Love, and on Thy shoulder find
rest!

Where Thou dost linger at the noon,
Sweet Spouse, Oh, would my
knew!—

And breaking from this prison swoon
Of Thy far flocks might come in vision
And stray no more, save paths
leadst them through.

—*Thomas Walsh*

THE PROPHECY OF TAGUS

In dalliance Roderic the King
Delayed with fair La Cava by the side
Of Tagus' gorge, till clamoring
The river-god from out the tide
Emerged, and in a voice prophetic cried:—

“Licentious despot,—would you choose
Such hour for weakness! Now when
thunders sound
And trumpetings of death confuse!—
When clash and shout of Mars astound
Our land, and conflagrations spread
around!

“Alas, for thy mere pleasure, how
Our country groans! That lovely one
(O day
Unhallowed of her birth!) doth now
On Spain bring weeping and dismay,
To sweep the sceptre of the Goths away!

“Flames, supplications, shouts of war,
Laments of death and anguish and dis-
grace,—

That brief embrace is twining for!—
Involving you and all the race
In shame the ages never shall effa

“A yoke of slavery on the lands,
They till at Constantina, whe
stream

Of Ebro, where Sansueña's strands
And Lusitania's reach extreme—
On all the spacious Spains,—a
supreme!

“Hark, out of Cadiz raging calls
Count Julian's voice to speak a f
wrongs!

No shame of treachery appals—
He conjures up avenging throngs
To waste the kingdom that to y
longs!

“Adown the morn the trumpet's thr
Proclaims the doom! See, on Mo
shore

What thronging, when his banners f
Upon the winds conspired to pour
So swift on Spain the Mosler
queror!

“The cruel Arab lifts his lance
And shakes his gleaming challenge to
the wind;

Swiftly his light flotillas dance
Upon their way of warfare blind—
See all their numbers swarming on my
mind!—

“The trembling earth is hidden where they
tread;

Their sails blot out the intervening sea;
Their clamors strike the heaven with
dread;

The sun from out the noon would flee
Before the dust cloud and obscurity!

“Alas, how ardently their prows
Surmount the waves! What sinews
bend the oar

As every galley onward plows
And how the deeps must foam and roar,
When they glide hissing on the Spanish
shore!

“To Æolus their sails are given
And over Hercules’s unguarded straits

Their sharpened prows of steel are driven
Where Neptune, the great father, waits
To grant them ingress by his open gates.

“Alas!—poor wretch, that bosom dear
Can still bewitch you?—that you draw
no sword,

When such calamities you hear?—
When even upon the sacred ford
Tarifa falls already to the horde!

“Out in the saddle! Spread your wing
Across the mountains! Spare not on the
plain

Your bloody spurs! There brandishing
The goad, come thundering amain
Upon them, Roderic, with blade in-
sane!

“But oh! what travail now prepares,—
What years of sweat and carnage are
ordained

On him who shield and breastplate bears,
On princeling who might else have
reigned,—

On horse and rider to destruction chained!

“Thou Stream of Betis,—shalt be dyed
With mingling blood of kinsmen and of
foes!

Unto the sea how soon thy tide
With broken wrack of helmets flows,
And surge of corpses kingly in their
woes!—

“Five days of blood infuriate
The God of war unloosens on the plains,
Where meet the swarming hordes of hate;
The sixth, alas, thy doom ordains!—
O land belovéd,—in barbaric chains!”

—*Thomas Walsh.*

BALTASAR DE ALCÁZAR
(1530-1606)

THE JOLLY SUPPER

BALTASAR DE ALCÁZAR was a native of Seville, who saw service with the Marqués de Santa Cruz and later became steward of the Conde de Gelves. See his poems in the edition of F. Rodríguez Marín (Madrid, 1910).

In Jaën where I'm abiding
Don Lope de Sosa dwells,
And my story, Ines, tells
Wonders past your mind's providing.
On this gentleman attended
A young squire from Portugal—
But to supper let us fall
So my hunger may be ended.
For the table is awaiting
Where together we may sup;
Forth are set the steaming cup
And the glass,—no more debating,—



From "Pacheco's Album"

Baltasar del Alcázar

Cut the bread, ah, what a savor!—
This *hors d'œuvre* is Paradise!
From the *salpicón* arise
Odors of a heavenly flavor.
Pour the wine into the glasses
And invoke a blessing now;
Every time I drink I vow
And bless each ruby drop that passes.
That was sure a healthy portion,
Ines, pass the bottle here;
Every mouthful would appear
Worth a florin,—no extortion.
In what tavern do you buy it?
From the place by the ravine;
Ten and six a measure, clean,
Fresh and good and cheap to try it.
By the Lord, it is a treasure
That Alcocer tavern wine;
Certainly, I think it's fine
To have at hand so just a measure.
Whether old or new invention,
On my faith, I do not know,
But this I see that here below
The tavern came with good intention.
For 'tis there I go a-thirsting,
Order up the newest brew,

Mixing it they serve to you,
You pay and drink yourself to bursting.
This, my Ines, is its merit,—
There's no need to sing its praise—
The one objection that I raise,
The fleeting joy that we inherit.
Now, the lighter dishes over,
Tell me what is coming now?
The meat-pie!—O blessed brow,
Worthy of such noble cover!
What a dish it is, how hollow!—
What meat and luscious fat it holds!—
It seems, Ines, that it unfolds
Its depths for you and me to swallow.
But onward, onward, without question,
For straight and narrow is the road;
No more water,—let the load
Of wine, Ines, invite digestion.
Pour out the three-year vintage freely,
'Twill aid your stomach in its work.
How good to see you do not shirk
But take a grown man's portion, really!
Now tell me, is it not delightful
To have a dish so fine and rare,
With all its biting flavors there,
And all its spices fresh and spiteful?

its in its luscious dressing
he brave dame's meat-pie sweet;
asted by her there's a treat
ding pig that is a blessing.
e as heaven 'tis fit to honor
ry table of the King;
t, Ines,—the sweetest thing
er delicious tripe upon her!
ry heart is filled with rapture;
t know how it is with you,
king now and then a view,
æm contentment here to capture.
heavens! I am full of liquor;
would make a sage remark;
rought one lamp to light the dark,
wo before me seem to flicker.
ese are really drunken notions;
v of course it had to be,
with this heavy drink I'd see
ghts increasing with the potions.
et us try the tankard's juices,
ial beverage refined,
or to what we bind
ks, it livelier joy produces.
smoothness and what glassy clear-
ess!

What taste and odor rarified!
What touch! What color there beside
And all that makes for luscious dearness!
But now there come the cheese and berry
To take their place upon the board;
And both it seems would claim award
Of cup and tankard passing merry.
Try the cheese,—the choice from many,—
Quite as good as Pinto's best;
And the olives—for the rest
They can hold their own with any.
Now then, Ines, if you're able
Take six mouthfuls from the flask—
There is nothing more to ask;
Clear the covers from the table.
And as we have supped and rested
To our very hearts' content
It would seem the moment meant
For the story I suggested.
'Tis a tale, Ines, to win you—
For the Portuguese fell ill—
Eleven striking?—Wait until
To-morrow, I'll the tale continue—
—*Thomas Walsh.*

100



From a print in the Hispanic Society of Amer

Alonso de Ercilla y Zúñiga

DE ERCILLA Y ZÚÑIGA
(1533-1594)

OM THE ARAUCANA

: ERCILLA Y ZÚÑIGA was born at
ere he died after a life of soldier-
venturing in South America. He
years in Chile with the Gover-
mo de Alderete. In 1562 he re-
pain, and in 1569 he published the
his *Araucana*, a fine heroic poem,
t written amid the scenes and
escribes.

defenders of our country, hear!
envy wounds my tortured sight,
serve these struggles, who shall
r
n's badge,—which had been mine
ight;
my brow in aged wrinkles dight,
mb tells me I must soon be there;

'Tis love inspires me!—patriotism! zeal!—
Listen! my soul its counsels shall unveil!

To what vain honors, chiefs, aspire ye now?
And where the bulwarks of this towering
pride?

Ye have been vanquished,—trod on, by
the foe;

Defeat is echoed round on every side.

What! are your conquerors thus to be
defied,

That stand around with laurels on their
brow!

Check this mad fury! wait the coming fray

Then shall it crush the foe in glory's day.

What a wild rage is this that bears you
on,

Blindly to sure perdition,—to despair!

These murderous, fratricidal swords throw
down,

Or point them at the tyrant! He is here

The Christian felons, noble chiefs! are
near.

Spill their base blood! but spare, O spare
your own!

Die if you will,—like men, like patriots
die;

But dread a death of shame, of infamy!

Madden your weapons with the enthusiast
soul!

O let them probe the invader's inmost
breast;

He who would chain you to his proud
control,—

To slavery, insult!—O 'twere wise,
'twere best

To stay his fettering hand, nor tamely
rest

While strength and valor on your efforts
call!

Your blood, chiefs, is your country's!—
guard it then

For her!—It is not yours, heroic men!

It grieves me not to see a warlike rage,—

I hail the rapturous fury of the brave!

But never let its violence engage

In struggles leading on to freedom's
grave;

Such madness loses what it seeks to save;

Discord's deep wounds, not valor can
assuage.

I cannot bear it, chiefs!—if it must be,
Come wreak your waking violence on me.

Let me fall first; for I am sick of life,
And wearied with misfortune;—let me
die!

Devote my bosom to the horrid knife,
Since these sad thoughts end not my
misery!

Happy the dying babel!—O why was I
Thus made the victim of this vain world's
strife?

Yet will I raise my voice, though weak and
rude,—

The tears of age may touch the brave and
good.

In strength and valor ye all equal are;
To each a noble heritage was given!

And power and wealth and bravery in war
Were equally conferred by bounteous
heaven.

In greatness,—strength of soul,—ye all
are even,

might rule the world, they blaze
ar.

e your worth by valiant hero-
ds;

o time for words! your country
eds!

r arms,—your hearts; nor aught
pect;

ure smiles; there is no thought
ear!

re wise some chieftain to elect
may govern and whom all revere.

e he who yon vast log can bear
pon his shoulder, firm, erect.

lth and fortune made ye equal all,
strongest chief the lot shall fall!

—*John Bowring.*

FERNANDO DE HERRERA

(1534-1594)

IDEAL BEAUTY

FERNANDO DE HERRERA was a native of Seville, where, on taking orders he was attached to the church of San Andrés. His love poems celebrate a famous Platonic love-affair with the Countess of Gelves the mother of the patron of Baltasar de Alcázar. In 1580 he published an annotation of the poems of Garcilasso de la Vega; in 1582 he published his poems, *Algunas Obras*; his *Life of Sir Thomas More* was published in 1592. See *Fernando de Herrera el Divino*, by M. A. Coster (Paris, 1908).

O light serene! present in him who
breathes
That love divine, which kindles yet
restrains
The high-born soul—that in its mortal
chains



From "Pacheco's Album"

Fernando de Herrera

ward aspires for love's immortal
wreaths!
olden locks, within whose clustered
curls
stial and eternal treasures lie!
ice that breathes angelic harmony
; bright coral and unspotted pearls!

marvelous beauty! Of the high
estate
nmortality, within this light
ransparent veil of flesh, a glimpse
is given;
i the glorious form I contemplate
hough its brightness blinds my feeble
sight)
he immortal still I seek and follow
on to Heaven!
—*H. W. Longfellow.*

THE DISEMBODIED SPIRIT

spirit! that within a form of clay
e veiled the brightness of thy native
sky;

In dreamless slumber sealed thy burning
eye,
Nor heavenward sought to wing thy flight
away!
He that chastised thee did at length un-
close
Thy prison doors, and give thee sweet
release
Unloosed the mortal coil, eternal peace
Received thee to its stillness and repose.

Look down once more from thy celestial
dwelling,
Help me to rise and be immortal there—
An earthly vapor melting into air;—
For my whole soul with secret ardor
swelling,
From earth's dark mansion struggles to
be free,
And longs to soar away and be at rest
with thee.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

THE LOVER'S COMPLAINT

Sun! that flaming through the
 midday sky
 t with light heaven's blue, deep-
 vaulted arch,
 hast thou seen in thy celestial march
 e to rival this blue tranquil eye?
 Summer Wind, of soft and delicate
 touch
 ing me gently with thy cool, fresh
 pinion,
 hast thou found in all thy wide
 dominion,
 s of gold that can delight so much?

 honor of the night! Thou glorious
 choir
 wandering Planets and eternal Stars!
 ay, have ye seen two peerless orbs
 like these?
 r me, Sun, Air, Moon, and Stars of
 fire—
 r ye my woes, that know no bounds
 nor bars?
 e ye these cruel stars, that brighten
 and yet freeze?—*H. W. Longfellow.*

**BACHILLER FRANCISCO DE LA
TORRE****(1534-1594?)****ODE**

BACHILLER FRANCISCO DE LA TORRE, an elusive personality in Spanish poetry, is said to have been born at Torrelaguna, and to have received his education at Alcalá de Henares. Disappointed in love, he enlisted for service in the army in Italy, and on his return to Spain found his "Filis" the wife of an elderly man of wealth. His poems were first published by Quevedo in 1631, and a facsimile edition was published by the Hispanic Society of America (New York, 1903).

**Tirsis, O Tirsis, turn and seek again
The safety of the port; behold what skies
Descend about thy fragile little bark
And warn thee not to go!**

Boreas, the South Wind's
s,
d the seas to an appalling rage;
troubled marge no sail can run
ppy course.

unhappy man!—the heavens
,
your bitter moans and shouts
oll
s shaking o'er the brows
sturbèd face!

tell me that thy ardent breast
onate disorders so commands
adventure on thee, but to break
ess of thy youth!

happy, how the South Wind's

hirling mocks the fickle wings
d blast of satire, and the head
ture and bold!

how its fiercest breath is stirred
e burning mountain, where below

Lie in their living death the boastful twain,
Encéladus and Typhæus?

Be warned upon thy fortunes, and repair
Thy threatened ills; in time be wise
Nor let mishaps encroach too near, for all
Their sudden charge.

Why shouldst thou perish? ah, return,
Tirsis, return! On land, yea, on the land
Let thy ship be the prison and the cave
Of the infuriate winds!

Afar, the vengeance of the sea, afar,
The raging ordnance of fierce Eolus
Upon the heads of hardy mariners
Who dare to brave his powers.

From off the shore let us behold the storm
And watch the angry heavens, where they
least
Are furious against the heads that least
Oppose their vaunted strength.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

NCISCO DE FIGUEROA	235
FRANCISCO DE FIGUEROA (1536?-1620?) SONNET SCO DE FIGUEROA was a native of de Henares, returning there after of service in the army in Italy. He both in Italian and Spanish and was the to establish blank verse in Castilian. ems (incomplete) were first published on in 1625. A facsimile of the edition was published by the Hispanic Society erica (New York, 1903). where the sun forever hides his face l moon ne'er whitens on thy gloomy brows; ere Nature, avarous step-dame, scarce allows nt provision for the human race; that a destiny! were I to trace	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

(Since I have wandered from my natal
boughs)
And end in lone and melancholy drowse
My days of life amid thy snowbound place!

Where never would an amorous shepherd
turn
With rose and violet garlands for my
tomb
And 'mid his sighs memorial declare:—
“Thy hapless ending doth thy Filis learn,
O Tirsis, and two tears she sheds in
gloom
More precious than all Niobe's weep-
ing rare.”

—*Thomas Walsh.*

DECERVANTES SAAVEDRA
(1547-1616)

ONNET ON GOLETTA

DECERVANTES SAAVEDRA, the immortal author of *Don Quixote* and *The Exemplary Novels*, was born at Alcalá de Henares, served in the army and lost his left hand at the battle of Lepanto. He was captured by Moorish pirates and spent five years in captivity in Algiers. He was ransomed and returned to Spain, where he lived in poverty for the rest of his life. He died at Madrid. His verse is not distinguished, but his work in prose is of the highest quality.

Thou art discharged of life's oppressive weight,
Thy virtue proved your passport to the skies,
Thou hast procured a more propitious fate
For your faith you bravely fell to rise.

When pious rage diffused through
 vein,
 On this ungrateful shore you shed
 blood;
 Each drop you lost was bought
 crowds of slain,
 Whose vital purple swelled the nei
 ing flood.

Though crushed by ruins and by odds
 claim
 That perfect glory, that immortal fa
 Which like true heroes nobly you pu
 On these you seized, even when
 deprived,
 For still your courage, even your
 survived;
 And sure 'tis conquest, thus
 subdued. —*P. Mott*

SONNET

When I was marked for suffering,
 forswore
 All knowledge of my doom; or else
 Love grows a cruel tyrant, hard to

hastisement exceeding sore
 n hath brought me. Hush! No
 ore!

a god! All things he knows and
 s,
 ds are bland and mild! Who then
 rees
 lful woe I bear and yet adore?

I say, O Chloe, that 'twas thou,
 I speak falsely since, being wholly
 d

Heaven itself, from thee no ill can
 ne.

no hope; I must die shortly now,
 owing why, since, sure, no witch
 h brewed

drug that might avert my martyr-
 n.

—*Edmund Gosse.*

CANCIÓN

kes me languish and complain?—
 tis disdain!

t more fiercely tortures me?—
 jealousy.

How have I patience lost?—
crossed.

Then hopes farewell, there's no
I sink beneath oppressing grief
Nor can a wretch, without des
Scorn, jealousy, and absence b

What in my breast, this angui
Intruding love.

What could such mighty il
Blind fortune's hate.

What cruel powers my fate
The powers above.

Then let me bear and cease to
'Tis glorious thus to be undone
When these invade, who dares
Heaven, love, and fortune are

Where shall I find a speedy ci
is sure.

No milder means to set me fi
stancy.

Can nothing else my pains
Distracting age.

What! die or change?—Lucine
Oh, let me rather madness cho

lge, ye gods, what we endure
leath or madness is the cure!
—*P. Motteux.*

SONNET ON FRIENDSHIP

ed friendship, Heaven's delight,
ch, tired with man's unequal mind,
o thy native skies thy flight,
le scarce thy shadow's left behind!
thee, diffusive good below,
ce and her train of joys we trace;
lsehood, with dissembled show,
oft usurps thy sacred face.

d genius, then resume thy seat!
oy imposture and deceit,
ich in thy dress confound the ball!
onious peace and truth renew,
the false friendship from the true,
nature must to Chaos fall.

—*P. Motteux.*

OM "THE JOURNEY AROUND
PARNASSUS"

are made of clay of dainty worth,
; ductile, and of delicacy prime,

And fond of lingering at a neighbor's
hearth;
For e'en the wisest poet of his time
Is ruled by fond desires and delicate,
Of fancies full and ignorance sublime;
Wrapped in his whimsies, with affection
great
For his own offspring, he is not designed
To reach a wealthy, but an honored state.
So let my patient readers henceforth
mind—
As saith the vulgar impolite and coarse—
That I'm a poet of the self-same kind;
With snowy hairs of swan, with voice of
hoarse
And jet-black crow, the rough bark of my
wit
To polish down Time vainly spends its force;
Upon the top of Fortune's wheel to sit,
For one short moment hath not been my
fate,
For when I'd mount, it fails to turn a whit;
But yet to learn if one high thought and
great
Might not some happier occasion seize,
I travelled on with slow and tardy gait,

aten loaf, with eight small scraps of
 eese,
 ll the stock my wallet did contain,
 for the road, and carried with great
 se.

well," quoth I, "my humble home
 id plain!

ell, Madrid, thy Prado, and thy
 rings

ing nectar and ambrosial rain!

ell, ye gay assemblies, pleasant
 ings

er one aching bosom, and delight

housand faint, aspiring underlings!

ell, thou charming and deceitful site,

erst two giants great were set ablaze

underbolt of Jove, in fiery might!

ell, ye public theatres, whose praise

on the ignorance I see becrown

untless follies of unnumbered plays!"

—*James Young Gibson.*

SAINT JOHN OF THE CROSS
(1549-1591)

THE OBSCURE NIGHT OF THE SOUL

SAINT JOHN OF THE CROSS was born Juan de Yepes y Álvarez, at Ontiveros. He joined the Carmelite Order in 1563, and soon became an energetic reformer of monastic life, gaining renown as a mystic and saintly character. He became known as the "Ecstatic Doctor" through the inspired nature of his prose writings. His poems are few, but among the greatest productions in all literature. See the *Biblioteca de autores españoles* (vol. xxvii). He was canonized in 1726.

Upon an obscure night
Fevered with love in love's anxiety
(O hapless-happy plight!),
I went, none seeing me,
Forth from my house where all things quiet
be.



St. John of the Cross

secure from sight,
the secret stair, disguisedly,
s-happy plight!)
and privily,
from my house where all things
be.

at of wandering,
where by none might I be spied,
anything;
a light or guide,
which in my heart burnt in my

it did lead me on,
ely than the shining of noontide,
all I knew that one
my coming bide;
e abode, might none but He abide.

hat didst lead thus,
more lovely than the dawn of
,
hat broughtest us,
lover's sight,
th loved in marriage of delight!

Upon my flowery breast
Wholly for Him, and save Himself for none,
There did I give sweet rest
To my belovèd one;
The fanning of the cedars breathed thereon.

When the first moving air
Blew from the tower and waved His locks
aside,
His hand, with gentle care,
Did wound me in the side,
And in my body all my senses died.

All things I then forgot,
My cheek on Him who for my coming came;
All ceased, and I was not,
Leaving my cares and shame
Among the lilies, and forgetting them.

—*Arthur Symons.*

O FLAME OF LIVING LOVE

O flame of living love,
That dost eternally
Pierce through my soul with so consuming
heat,

Since there's no help above,
Make thou an end of me,
And break the bond of this encounter sweet.

O burn that burns to heal!
O more than pleasant wound!
And O soft hand, O touch most delicate,
That dost new life reveal,
That dost in grace abound,
And, slaying, dost from death to life
translate!

O lamps of fire that shined
With so intense a light
That those deep caverns where the senses live,
Which were obscure and blind,
Now with strange glories bright,
Both heat and light to His belovèd give!

With how benign intent
Rememberest thou my breast,
Where thou alone abidest secretly;
And in thy sweet ascent,
With glory and good possessed,
How delicately thou teachest love to me!

—*Arthur Symons.*

FRANCISCO DE ALDANA

(1550-1578)

THE IMAGE OF GOD

FRANCISCO DE ALDANA, was a soldier-poet born at Tortosa. He perished in the African disaster that overtook the Portuguese King, Dom Sebastian, in 1578. The body of his writings has been lost, although he was much esteemed as an author of mystical poetry, some of which has survived.

O Lord! who seest from yon starry height,
Centered in one the future and the past,
Fashioned in thine own image, see how fast
The world obscures in me what once was
bright!
Eternal Sun! the warmth which thou hast
given
To cheer life's flowery April, fast decays;
Yet, in the hoary winter of my days,
Forever green shall be my trust in heaven.

Celestial King! oh let thy presence pass
Before my spirit, and an image fair
Shall meet that look of mercy from on
high,
As the reflected image in a glass
Doth meet the look of him who seeks it
there,
And owes its being to the gazer's eye.
—*H. W. Longfellow.*

MY NATIVE LAND

Clear fount of light! my native land on
high
Bright with a glory that shall never fade!
Mansion of truth! without a veil or shade,
Thy holy quiet meets the spirit's eye.
There dwells the soul in its ethereal essence,
Gasping no longer for life's feeble breath,
But sentinelled in heaven, its glorious
presence
With pitying eye beholds, yet fears not,
death.

Beloved country! banished from thy shore
A stranger in this prison-house of clay,

The exiled spirit weeps and sighs
thee!
Heavenward the bright perfections I
Direct, and the sure promise cheer
way,
That, whither love aspires, there
my dwelling be.
—*H. W. Longfellow*

EO VÁZQUEZ DE LECA
(About 1550)

SONNET

VÁZQUEZ DE LECA may be assumed
been a Sevillian, although no
acts of his life or dates are to be
e was secretary to Philip II, and
l works on genealogical and moral

a foolish, though an amorous
low,
r—had you for a boat but waited
and the devil might have both
en cheated
ry have been spared the pains to
l how
outh was drowned!—You might
ve gone
oted to your mistress, and have
sed her

In nuptial joy,—but no!—for driven
By an impatient passion's gust
missed her

And died.—A pity that!—In the
Seville

You've not a notion how we cheat the
And run no risk of colds nor disap
ments;

True, love may graze us,—but the dro
plan

Is a mistake, which neither o
ointments,

Nor wit, nor wisdom, can get over, r
—*John Bow*

LANCISCO DE MEDRANO
(Sixteenth Century)

ART AND NATURE

CO DE MEDRANO was a native of
luring the sixteenth century. Prac-
othing is known as to the date of his
death or the events of his life. He
1 to have visited Italy. His works,
nted in Pálermo in 1617, are to be
n the *Biblioteca de autores españoles*
; and 42).

rks of human artifice soon tire
urious eye; the fountain's sparkling
ill
gardens, when adorned by human
skill,
ch the feeble hand, the vain desire.
, the free and wild magnificence
ature in her lavish hours doth steal,
lmiration silent and intense,
al of him who hath a soul to feel.

The river moving on its ceaseless way
The verdant reach of meadows far
green,
And the blue hills that bound the
scene,
These speak of grandeur, that
decay,—
Proclaims the Eternal Architect
high,
Who stamps on all his works his
eternity.

—*H. W. Longfellow*

THE TWO HARVESTS

But yesterday these few and hoary
Waved in the golden harvest; far
plain
I saw the blade shoot upward, and
grain
Put forth the unripe ear and tender
Then the glad upland smiled upon them
And to the air the broad green
unrolled,
A peerless emerald in each silken
And on each palm a pearl of morn

as sprang up and ripened in brief
space

that beneath the reaper's sickle died,
that smiled beauteous in the summer-
e.

are we? a copy of that race,
harvest of a longer year!
how many fall before the ripened
!

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

VICENTE ESPINEL

(1551-1624)

LETRILLA

VICENTE ESPINEL was born at Ronda. After being sold into captivity by Moorish pirates he joined the Spanish army in Italy. Later, he returned to Spain, took orders, and obtained a post at the hospital at Ronda, where his irregular conduct led to his disgrace. He was a famous musician of the school of Salamanca and added the fifth string to the guitar, to the disapproval of Lope de Vega. His death occurred at Madrid. He is most famed as the author of the *Relaciones de la Vida del Escudero Marcos de Obregón* (1618), after which Le Sage copied his more famous *Gil Blas*. Espinel's *Diversas Rimas* were published in 1591.

A thousand, thousand times I seek
My lovely maid;
But I am silent, still, afraid

I speak
 and might frown, and then my heart
 would break.

I resolved to tell her all,
 or not—what a woe 'twould be
 doubtful favor's smiles to fall
 harsh frown of certainty.
 Once—her music cheers me now;
 unpurpled roses on her cheek,
 or restrains my tongue, for how,
 should I speak,
 if she frowned, my troubled heart
 would break?

Whether I'll conceal my story
 full heart's most secret cell;
 though I feel a doubtful glory
 in the certainty of hell.
 'Tis true, the bliss of heaven—
 my courage is but weak;
 weakness may be well forgiven,
 could she speak
 words ungentle, O my heart would
 break.

—*John Bowring.*

FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR
LADY

He who is both brave and bold
Wins the lady that he would;
But the courageless and cold
Never did and never could.

Modesty in women's game
Is a wide and shielding veil;
They are tutored to conceal
Passion's fiercely burning flame.
He who serves them brave and bold,
He alone is understood;
But the courageless and cold
Ne'er could win and never should.

If you love a lady bright,
Seek, and you shall find a way;
All that love would say—to say,
If you watch the occasion right,
Cupid's ranks are brave and bold,
Every soldier firm and good;
But the courageless and cold
Ne'er have conquered—never could.

—*John Bowring.*

ANONYMOUS

eenth or Seventeenth Century)

O CHRIST CRUCIFIED

ous sonnet, in spite of the ascription
 authorship to Saint Teresa of
 the *Biblioteca de autores españoles*,
 declared to be anonymous. (M. R.
 delbosc, *Revue Hispanique*, 1895, vol.
 as also been attributed, without suf-
 ason, to Saint Ignatius de Loyola,
 ncis Xavier, and Pedro de los Reyes,
 n hymn "*Deus ego te amo*" is simi-
 in many ways. The latter hymn,
 of Saint Francis Xavier, has been
 y rendered into English by Alexan-

The sonnet has also been transla-
 Dryden in his "O God, thou art the
 my love."

moved to love Thee, O my Lord,
 y longing for Thy Promised Land;
 / the fear of hell am I unmanned

To cease from my transgressing deed or
word.

'Tis Thou Thyself dost move me,—Thy
blood poured

Upon the cross from nailèd foot and
hand;

And all the wounds that did Thy body
brand;

And all Thy shame and bitter death's
award.

Yea, to Thy heart am I so deeply stirred
That I would love Thee were no heaven
on high,—

That I would fear, were hell a tale absurd!
Such my desire, all questioning grows vain;
Though hope deny me hope I still should
sigh,

And as my love is now, it should remain.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

PERCIO LEONARDO DE
ARGENSOLA
(1559-1613)

SONNET

O LEONARDO DE ARGENSOLA, together
with his brother Bartolomé, is considered
one of the greater poets of the seventeenth

century. He made some attempts at the
novel, but it is not until the publication of
his works in 1634 that we have a text to warrant
his great reputation. The Argensolas were
of noble descent and followed the methods of
the great poets, with a strong classical ten-
et, which saved them from the abuses of
the new, then at its height. Lupercio be-
came Chronicler of Aragon and, following
Alonso de Lemos to Naples, died there.

scatters the torn vines around,
the great floods their 'customed
bounds break o'er;

Drowning the plains their shoreless
waters pour,
Sweeping both bridge and bank in Spain's
whole bound.

Moncayo, as of old, lifts up his crowned
High forehead of the snows; the sun no
more

Than scarce appears with day's half-
portioned store,
When it is covered o'er with night profound.

The angry breath of tempests is abroad
Upon the seas and forests. Mankind
hastes

Into his ports and cabins wisely awed;
Whilst Fabio by the Tays lingering
wastes

His shamefaced tears, to mourn the sea-
sons' fraud,—

The fruits that wither ere the lip half
tastes.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

JOSÉ DE VALDIVIELSO

(1560-1638)

SEGUIDILLA

ALDIVIELSO was a native of Toledo, author of the excellent *Autos Sacra-* and *Comedias Divinas*. His *Vida de* is also noteworthy; but he is especially noted for his devotional lyrics. There was a publication of his *Romancero espiritual* at Madrid in 1880.

once was free,
 into death you see;
 not, *Mother dear,*
ungrateful here!
 with a honeyed smile,
 or, a false friend
 at banquet's end
 and within my dish the while,
 my lamb betrayed me vile.

*Trust not, Mother dear,
Hearts ungrateful here !*
I placed him at my side
And passed the dish to him;
I shared and did provide
The best unto the brim.
His bargain rare and grim,—
He sold Thy Son away,
*Trust not, Mother dear,
Hearts ungrateful here !*
The garden flowers were wet
With the tears I shed thereon;
'Twas Holy Thursday, yet
With me had Judas gone;
He gave unto Thy Son
The kiss I'll not forget—
*Trust not, Mother dear,
Hearts ungrateful here !*
—Thomas Walsh.



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From a bust in the

Hispanic Society of America

The bust is of

Luis de Góngora

Cardinal

station

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LUIS DE ARGOTE Y GÓNGORA
(1561-1627)

NOT ALL SWEET NIGHTINGALES

LUIS DE ARGOTE Y GÓNGORA was born of good family at Córdoba; he was educated at the University of Salamanca and received a benefice in 1577. In 1613 he removed to Madrid and became chaplain to the King. He returned to Córdoba in ill health and died there. His reputation as a poet was already established in 1600 at the publication of the *Romanesca general*. His earlier poems are free from affectations, but in his later style he adopted imitations known as *Marinism* in Italy, *Gallicism* in England and *Preciosité* in France, thereby establishing in Spain the School of *culteranismo* which afflicted Spanish literature for many generations. His poems may be found in the *Biblioteca de autores españoles*, vols. xvi, xxix, xxxii, and xxxv.

Not all sweet nightingales
Sing with songs the flowery vales;

*But they are little silver bells,
Touched by the winds in the smiling dale
Magic bells of gold in the grove,
Forming a chorus for her I love.*

Think not the voices in the air
Are from the wingéd Sirens fair,
Playing among the dewy trees
Chanting their morning mysteries;
Oh! if you listen, delighted there,
To their music scattered o'er the dale
They are not all sweet nightingales, etc

Oh! 'twas a lovely song—of art
To charm—of nature to touch the heart
Sure 'twas some shepherd's pipe,
 played
By passion fills the forest shade;
No! 'tis music's diviner part
Which o'er the yielding spirit prevails
They are not all sweet nightingales, etc

In the eye of love, which all things sees
The fragrance-breathing jasmine tree
And the golden flowers—and the sward
 hill—
And the ever melancholy rill—

all of holiest sympathies,
 all of love a thousand tales.
Are not all sweet nightingales,
fill with songs the cheerful vales;
they are little silver bells,
ed by the wind in the smiling dells,
of gold in the secret grove,
ing music for her I love.

—John Bowring.

ROMANCE

loveliest girl in all our country-side,
 y forsaken, yesterday a bride,
 ; her love ride forth to join the wars,
 breaking heart and trembling lips
 mplores:
 hope is dead, my tears are blinding me.
 me walk alone where breaks the sea!

told me, Mother, what too well I know,
 grief is long, and joy is quick to go,
 ou have given him my heart that he
 ; hold it captive with love's bitter
 ey,—
 ope is dead, my tears are blinding me.

270	HISPANIC ANTH
	<p> “My eyes are dim, that once grace, And ever bright with gazing But now the tears come hot and Since he is gone in whom my peace, My hope is dead, my tears are </p> <p> “Then do not seek to stay my To blame a sin my heart must For though blame were spo part, Yet speak it not, lest you sho heart. My hope is dead, my tears are </p> <p> “Sweet Mother mine, who wo to see The glad years of my youth se Although his heart were flint, stone? Yet here I stand, forsaken ar My hope is dead, my tears are </p> <p> “And still may night avoid m Now that my eyes are dull, my </p>
IV	HISPANIC NO

nce he is gone for whom they vigil keep,
 oo long is night, I have no heart for sleep.
 y hope is dead, my tears are blinding me,
 h let me walk alone where breaks the sea!"

—*John Pierrepont Rice.*

LET ME GO WARM

et me go warm and merry still;
 d let the world laugh, an' it will.

ot other muse on earthly things,—
 e fall of thrones, the fate of kings,
 and those whose fame the world doth fill;
 alst muffins sit enthroned in trays,
 l orange-punch in winter sways
 e merry sceptre of my days;—
 d let the world laugh, an' it will.

hat the royal purple wears,
 a golden plate a thousand cares
 th swallow as a gilded pill;
 sts like these I turn my back,
 t puddings in my roasting-jack
 e the chimney hiss and crack;—
 let the world laugh, an' it will.

And when the wintry tempest blows,
And January's sleets and snows
Are spread o'er every vale and hill,
With one to tell a merry tale
O'er roasted nuts and humming ale,
I sit, and care not for the gale;—
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

Let merchants traverse seas and lands
For silver mines and golden sands;
Whilst I beside some shadowy rill
Just where its bubbling fountain swells
Do sit and gather stones and shells,
And hear the tale the blackbird tells;—
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

For Hero's sake the Grecian lover
The stormy Hellespont swam over;
I cross without the fear of ill
The wooden bridge that slow bestrides
The Madrigal's enchanting sides,
Or barefoot wade through Yepes's tides
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

But since the Fates so cruel prove,
That Pyramus should die of love,
And love should gentle Thisbe kill;

his be an apple-tart,
word I plunge into her heart
both that bites the crust apart,—
let the world laugh, an' it will.
—*H. W. Longfellow.*

THE NATIVITY OF CHRIST

from the Aurora's bosom
k has fallen—a crimson blossom;
h, how glorious rests the hay
hich the fallen blossom lay!

silence gently had unfurled
nantle over all below,
rowned with winter's frost and snow,
t swayed the sceptre of the world,
the gloom descending slow,
the monarch's frozen bosom
k has fallen,—a crimson blossom.

only flower the Virgin bore
ra fair) within her breast,
ave to earth, yet still possessed
virgin blossom as before;
hay that colored drop caressed,—

Received upon its faithful bosom
That single flower,—a crimson blossom.

The manger, unto which 'twas given,
Even amid wintry snows and cold,
Within its fostering arms to fold
The blushing flower that fell from heaven,
Was as a canopy of gold,—
A downy couch,—where on its bosom
That flower had fallen,—that crimson blossom.

—H. W. Longfellow.

LETRILLA

*Riches will serve for titles, too,
That's true—that's true!
And they love most who oftenest sigh,
That's a lie—that's a lie!*

That crowns give virtue—power gives wit,
That follies well on proud ones sit;
That poor men's slips deserve a halter;
While honors crown the great defaulter;
That 'nointed kings no wrong can do,
No right, such worms as I and you—
That's true—that's true!

by a dull and sleepy warden
 guard a many-portal'd garden;
 woes which darken many a day
 moment's smile can charm away;
 if you think that Celia's eye
 has aught but trick and treachery,
a lie—that's a lie!

wisdom's bought and virtue sold;
 that you can provide with gold
 to buy a garter or a star,
 as valor fit for peace or war;
 purchase knowledge at the U-
 niversity for P. or Q.—
true—that's true!

must be gagged who go to court,
 less, beside, the gagger for 't;
 rankless must be scourged, and thank
 your scourgers when they're men of rank;
 humble, poor man's form and hue
 have both shame and suffering too—
true—that's true!

condemned favors to be done,
 glorious prizes to be won;

And downy pillows for our head,
And thornless roses for our bed;
From monarch's words—you'll trust and
try,
And risk your honor on the die—
That's a lie—that's a lie !

That he who in the courts of law
Defends his person or estate,
Should have a privilege to draw
Upon the mighty River Plate;
And spite of all that he can do,
He will be plucked and laughed at too—
That's true, that's true!

To sow of pure and honest seeds,
And gather nought but waste and weeds;
And to pretend our care and toil
Had well prepared the ungrateful soil;
And then on righteous heaven to cry,
As 'twere unjust—and ask it why?—
That's a lie, that's a lie!

—*John Bowring.*

"CLEAR HONOR OF THE LIQUID
ELEMENT"

Clear honor of the liquid element,
Sweet rivulet of shining silver sheen!
Whose waters steal along the meadows
green,
With gentle step and murmur of content!
When she for whom I bear each fierce
extreme,
Beholds herself in thee,—then Love doth
trace
The snow and crimson of that lovely face
In the soft gentle movement of thy stream.
Then, smoothly flow as now, and set not
free
The crystal curb and undulating rain
Which now thy current's headlong speed
restrain;
Lest broken and confused the image rest
Of such rare charms on the deep-heaving
breast
Of him who holds and sways the trident
of the seas.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

LOPE FELIX DE VEGA CARPIO

(1562-1635)

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

LOPE FELIX DE VEGA CARPIO, one of the greatest figures in Spanish literature, the "*monstruo*" of the critics, was born at Madrid, and after an irregular youth took part in the Invincible Armada, returning to receive priestly orders, but, also, to continue his dissolute courses. He is said to have written 1800 dramas of various kinds, establishing the style for all future writers for the Spanish theatre. His lyric talents are of the highest order, and his fluency makes him one of the most remarkable figures in the literature of the world. His *Obras sueltas* in twenty-one volumes appeared at Madrid in 1776. Menéndez y Pelayo died before completing the collection of his works which he was preparing for the Spanish Academy.

Shepherd! who with thine amorous, sylvan
song



From a print in the Hispanic Society of America

Lope Felix de Vega Carpio

broken the slumber that encompassed me,
mad'st Thy crook from the accursed tree

Oh Thy powerful arms were stretched
so long!

Lead me to mercy's ever-flowing fountains;
Thou my shepherd, guard, and guide
shalt be;

O obey Thy voice, and wait to see
What all beautiful upon the mountains.

Shepherd Thou who for Thy flock art
dying,

Wash away these scarlet sins, for Thou
hearest at the contrite sinner's vow.

Oh wait! to Thee my weary soul is crying.

Wait for me: Yet why ask it, when I see,
Thy feet nailed to the cross, Thou'rt
waiting still for me!

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

O NAVIS

Ark of Life, upon the billows hoarse
Tossed by storms of envy and deceit,
Pass what cruel seas in passage fleet

My pen and sword alone direct thy course!
My pen is dull; my sword of little force;
Thy side lies open to the wild waves' beat
As out from Favor's harbors we retreat,
Pursued by hopes deceived and vain
remorse.

Let heaven be star to guide thee! here below
How vain the joys that foolish hearts
desire!
Here friendship dies and enmity keeps
true;
Here happy days have left thee long ago!
But seek not port, brave thou the tem-
pest's ire;
Until the end thy fated course pursue!
—*Roderick Gill.*

TOMORROW

Lord, what am I, that with unceasing care
Thou did'st seek after me, that Thou
did'st wait
Wet with unhealthy dews before my
gate,
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?

ange delusion, that I did not greet
blest approach, and oh, to heaven
how lost
y ingratitude's unkindly frost
illed the bleeding wounds upon Thy
feet. .

ft my guardian angel gently cried,
ul, from thy casement look, and thou
shalt see

He persists to knock and wait for
thee!"

ad oh, how often to that Voice of
sorrow,

orrow we will open," I replied,

ad when the morrow came I an-
swered still "Tomorrow."

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

BARTOLOMÉ LEONARDO DE
ARGENSOLA
(1564-1631)

TO THE FATHER OF THE UNIVERSE

BARTOLOMÉ LEONARDO DE ARGENSOLA was the younger of the Argensola brothers of Aragon, who resisted the influence of Gongorism and who established their literary reputation in 1634 with the publication of *Rimas*.

Tell me, Thou common Father, tell me
why,
(Since Thou art just and good) dost
Thou permit
Successful fraud, securely throned, to
sit
While innocence, oppressed, stands weep-
ing by?
Why hast Thou nerved that strong arm to
oppose
Thy righteous mandates with impunity,



From a print in the Hispanic Society of America

Bartolomé Leonardo de Argensola

100

While the meek man who served and
reverenced Thee
at the feet of Thine and virtues's foes?

(said I, in despair) should vice con-
found

! nature's harmony; and tower above
In all the pomp, and pride, and power
of state?

! I looked upwards— and I heard a
sound

As from an angel, smiling through
heaven's gate,
s earth a spot for heaven-born souls to
love?"

—*John Bowring.*

TO MARY MAGDALEN

sed, yet sinful one, and broken-
hearted!

crowd are pointing at the thing forlorn,
onder and in scorn!

! weapest days of innocence departed;
! weapest, and thy tears have power
to move

Lord to pity and love.

The greatest of thy tollies is fo
Even for the least of all the tea
On that pale cheek of thine.
Thou didst kneel down, to Hi
from heaven,
Evil and ignorant, and thou s
Holy and pure and wise.

It is not much that to the frag
The ragged briar should change
Distil Arabian myrrh;
Nor that, upon the wintry dese
The harvest should rise plente
swain
Bear home the abundant grain

But come and see the bleak
mountains
Thick to their tops with roses;
Leaves on the dry dead tree.
The perished plant, set ou
fountains,
Grows fruitful, and its beaute
rise,
Forever, to the skies.

—*William Cull*

JUAN DE ARGUIJO	289
<p data-bbox="73 652 567 765">JUAN DE ARGUIJO (1567-1623)</p> <p data-bbox="7 816 712 862">THE TEMPEST AND THE CALM</p> <p data-bbox="7 907 774 1165">JUAN DE ARGUIJO was a native of Seville; his abilities and character procured him a high position in the Sevillian school of poetry. His sonnets are to be found in the <i>Antología</i> of J. Colón y Colón (Seville, 1841).</p> <p data-bbox="7 1223 774 1911"> When I saw the ruddy sun to turn In cloudy trouble and to disappear; To pass his hidden face the lightning To drear The darkness then began to burn. When on the furious south-wind came to To churn The airy and tormenting far and near; Where the shoulders of great Atlas To rear, As he shook beneath the thunder His stern. </p>	
END MONOGRAPHS	IV

But soon the heavy veil is swept away
By rains, and clear again the moon
shines
With gladness full-renewed across
skies;
Marking the freshened splendors of
day,
I murmur—These perchance may be
signs
Wherein the image of my fortune
—*Thomas Warton*

EGAS DE SAAVEDRA	291
<p>RO VENEGAS DE SAAVEDRA (1576-1609)</p> <p>PASTORAL CHARMS</p> <p>VENEGAS DE SAAVEDRA was born at r la Mayor, of a noble family be- to Seville. He died at Granada thirty-third year. His <i>Remedios de</i> was first published, together with the of Francisco de Medrano, in Palermo, It is an original poem written around neral scheme of Ovid's work of the tle.</p> <p>appy he, his idle thoughts unreined, here arrayed in calmness forth can go ong amid his peaceful oxen trained join his wearied flocks returning slow, ing the plough as evening's shadow falls aylight all its broken host recalls.</p>	
ND MONOGRAPHS	IV

Who when the earliest light
warns

And earth awakes, is glad from
Beneath the farm-house eaves, n
scorns

To trim his vines and train t
head

Of elms upon the hillsides tall a
Such as god Hymen takes for h

Or through the heavy furrows w
With ponderous team, and s
glad grain

In token of the Golden Age and
Of oldtime Bacchus and Silve
Till grateful gifts to Ceres here
And on her sacred altars sheave

Upon the earliest day the floods
From icy bondage, there he li
To seek his Filomena lovingly
When the sun's waning light
burns,

And heifers bleat, and doves'
song

Is music to the ears attentive l

ves the busy husbandman prepares
ees are out and soon the honey
ows;

1 with covered face and arms he
ares

smoke and fire invade their treasure
ose,

s their gatherings of sunny hours,
y themselves have robbed the
ragrant flowers.

heir ranged pastures graze the cows
locks upon the sloping hills afar;

their yards, and folds, and cattle-
ouse

eir accustomed stalls they gathered
re;

n their fragrant floods of milk arise
tar and the cheeses that we prize.

that never blasphemy profanes
falsehood, blows an ample breath
round;

ds induce repose for all our pains,
silence weaves its woof of balm
profound,

Here where Astrea in her heavenward
flight
Left her last footprint ere she passed from
sight.

What nobler love can honest bosoms find
Than this sweet solitude and bland con-
tent?

Peace and no troubles for the weary mind,
Nor Fortune's fickleness nor blandish-
ment;

Where high above the accidents of Fate
Man lives and dies, without a fear or hate

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE MARTÍN DE LA PLAZA

(1577-1625)

MADRIGAL

MARTÍN DE LA PLAZA was a native of
era. His education was obtained
University of Osuna, and he was or-
a priest in 1598. His poems may be
in *Flores de poetas ilustres de España*,
ro Espinosa.

the green margin of the land
Guadalhorce winds his way
ady lay.
golden key, Sleep's gentle hand
losed her eyes so bright,—
yes, two suns of light,—
ade his balmy dew
sy cheeks suffuse.
liver God in slumber saw her laid,
ised his dripping head
weeds o'erspread,

Clad in his wintry robes approached the
 maid,
And with cold kiss, like Death,
Drank the rich perfume of the maiden's
 breath.
The maiden felt that icy kiss;
Her suns unclosed, their flame
Full and unclouded on the intruder came.
Amazed the bold intruder felt
His frothy body melt,
And heard the radiance on his bosom hiss;
And, forced in blind confusion to retire,
Leapt in the water to escape 'the fire.

—*Robert Southey.*

10



From "Pacheco's Album"

Rodrigo Caro

RODRIGO CARO

(1573-1647)

THE RUINS OF ITÁLICA

CARO was the son of distinguished of Utrera. He was graduated at the of Osuna in 1596, being later named of the Archepiscopal estates, and be-amous as a lawyer. He formed part erary circle of Francisco Pacheco in nd is supposed to be represented in ait marked as that of the unknown is *Antigüedades* of Seville appeared

He left some few sonnets beside us ode on *The Ruins of Itálica*. See on of his works published by the *de Bibliófilos Andaluces* (Seville, d *Rodrigo Caro*, by Santiago Montoto 1915).

I

this region desolate and drear,
olitary fields, this shapeless mound
ce Itálica, the far-renowned;

For Scipio the mighty planted here
His conquering colony, and now, o'er-
thrown,
Lie its once-dreaded walls of massive stone,
Sad relics, sad and vain
Of those invincible men
Who held the region then.
Funereal memories alone remain
Where forms of high example walked of
yore.
Here lay the forum, there arose the fane—
The eye beholds their places, and no more.
Their proud gymnasium and their sumptu-
ous baths,
Resolved to dust and cinders, strew the
paths;
Their towers that looked defiance at the sky,
Fallen by their own vast weight, in frag-
ments lie.

2

This broken circus, where the rock-weeds
climb,
Flaunting with yellow blossoms, and defy
The gods to whom its walls were piled so
high,

agic theatre, where Time
great fable, spreads a stage that
3

deur's story and its dreary close.
nd this desert pit,
; the applauding rows
e great people sit?
sts are here, but where the com-
its?

bare arms, the strong athleta
e?

leparted from this once gay haunt
crowds, and silence holds the

is spot, Time gives us to behold
le as stern as those of old.

ily I gaze, there seem to rise,
the mighty ruin, wailing cries.

3

ole in war, the pride of Spain
is country's father, here was born;
rtunate, triumphant, to whose

d the far regions, where the morn

Rose from her cradle, and the shore
 steeps
 O'erlooked the conquered Gades
 deeps.
 Of mighty Adrian here,
 Of Theodosius, saint,
 Of Silius, Virgil's peer,
 Were rocked the cradles, rich in g
 quaint
 With ivory carvings, here were
 boughs
 And sprays of jasmine gathered f
 brows
 From gardens now a marshy, thorny
 Where rose the palace, reared for
 yawn
 Foul rifts to which the scudding
 haste.
 Palaces, gardens, Cæsars, all are go
 And even the stones their name
 graven on.

4

Fabius, if tears prevent thee not, st
 The long-dismantled streets, so th
 of old,

The broken marbles, arches in decay,
Proud statues, toppled from their place
and rolled

In dust when Nemesis, the avenger, came,
And buried in forgetfulness profound,
The owners and their fame.

Thus Troy, I deem must be,
With many a mouldering mound;
And thou, whose name alone belongs to
thee,

Rome, of old gods and kings the native
ground;

And thou, sage Athens, built by Pallas,
whom

Just laws redeemed not from the appointed
doom—

The envy of earth's cities once wert thou—
A weary solitude and ashes now!

For Fate and Death respect ye not; they
strike

The mighty city and the wise alike.

5

But why goes forth the wandering thought
to frame

New themes of sorrow, sought in distant
lands?

Enough the example that before me stands;
For here are smoke wreaths seen, and
glimmering flame,

And hoarse lamentings on the breezes die;
So doth the mighty ruin cast its spell
On those who near it dwell.

And under night's still sky,

As awe-struck peasants tell,

A melancholy voice is heard to cry:

"Itálica is fallen!" the echoes then

Mournfully shout "Itálica" again.

The leafy alleys of the forest round

Murmur "Itálica," and all around

A troop of mighty shadows at the sound

Of that illustrious name, repeat the call

"Itálica" from ruined tower and wall.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

ORPHEUS

Oblivion's misty prison ceased its moan

Before the Thracian youth; ceased too
the lyre

Its consonance; the tears and fond desire

used in their gentle sweetness to intone.
 phus, at hearing, rests his stone;
 and Tantalus might have eased his
 hunger dire
 With that elusive apple, and no ire
 end him from dread Radamanthus'
 Throne.

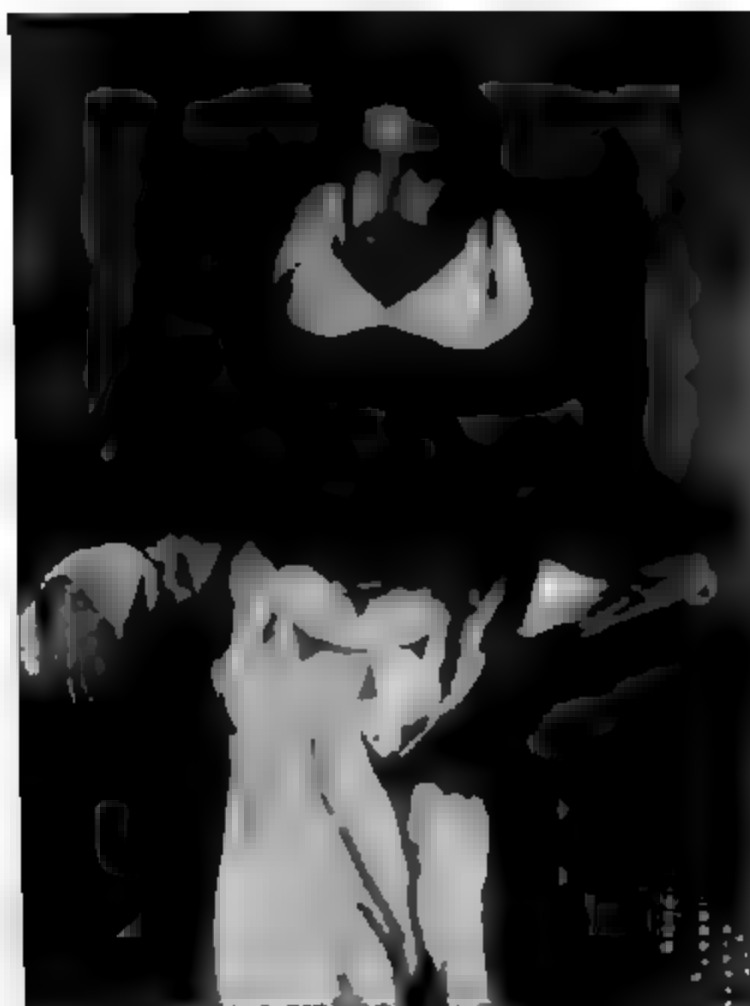
t see, Eurydice is passing through
 The deeps of Orcus, oh, behold her doom!
 They turn, he to his moan, she to her
 chains!
 Love, how good and ill are joined in you!
 In one poor lover how could you presume
 To give his voice such power,—his
 eyes such pains?

—*Thomas Walsh.*

FRAY HORTENSIO FELIS DE PARA-
VICINO Y ARTEAGA
(1580-1633)

SONNET ON THE TOMB OF THE
PAINTER WHO WAS *EL GRECO*
OF TOLEDO

FRAY HORTENSIO FELIS DE PARAVICINO Y ARTEAGA was born at Madrid of a distinguished family. He studied with the Jesuits and graduated with honors at the University of Salamanca. At the age of nineteen he joined the Order of the *Trinitarios Calzados* and obtained the Doctorate of the University in 1601. In 1605 he preached the address of welcome to Philip II on his visit to Salamanca; after which he was called to court and made preacher to the King, on whose death he was made preacher to Philip III. He was a famous *predicador*, following the style of Góngora; he was also a friend of *El Greco* and noted for his wit and fancy. His poetical works did not appear until after his death,



From the painting by "El Greco"

Fray Hortensio
(F. de Paravicino y Arteaga)



itled *Obras póstumas divinas y*
de Fray Felix de Arteaga (Madrid,

of Greco that can be confined
Piety lay; here buries, and here
als;

dispose him, gently, so he feels
steps stir the part he left behind!
no silence upon earth shall bind
men are born; though envy's
east be steel's
st it; for no other star reveals
iant glow on our horizon blind.

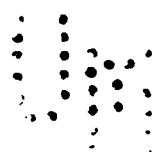
her life he wrought,—nöt mere
oplause,—
r Apelles!—and the wonderment
ages shall invoke his stranger
ays!—
ve him birth; the brush with which
e draws,
;—and a better land is bent
grant him rest eternal to his days!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE DIVINE PASSION

Pierced are Thy feet, O Lord, pierced are
Thy hands;
Thy head a shaggy grove of bitter thorn;
Thou hangest on the shameful tree of
scorn;
Thy woe my feeble sense half understands!
You who love God and who would light the
brands
Of righteous vengeance 'gainst such
outrage lorn,
Look, these are things of wonder made
to warn
The hearts of Jew and Greek and Roman
lands!
'Tis you have caused this anguish, of which
you,
Dishonest, are a witness, judge and part—
Your sin against this innocence makes
war!
O mortal, to your ceaseless wrongs are due
This silent victim—I would charge your
heart
With malice that against its God it
bore.

—*Thomas Walsh.*





From "Pacheco's Album"

Francisco Gómez Quevedo y Villegas

Alonso

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accuse

He who

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Villan

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any

ANCISCO DE QUEVEDO Y
VILLEGAS
(1580-1645)

ILLA: THE LORD OF DOLLARS

ISCO DE QUEVEDO Y VILLEGAS was born Madrid, the son of good family. His education was received at Alcalá de Henares, after a duel he fled to Italy and took refuge under the Duke of Osuna, in whose household he was involved in 1618. Returning to Spain, he found no favor with Olivares, and was accused of having lampooned that favorite.

He was imprisoned for four years in the monastery of San Marcos of Leon. He died at Villanueva, leaving a great reputation as a statesman, scholar, and poet. His poems may be found in the *Biblioteca de autores españoles* (vol. 69). The *Sociedad de Bibliófilos andaluces* began the publication of his complete works at Seville in 1897.

*ings and priests and scholars
he mighty Lord of Dollars.*

Mother, unto gold I yield me,
He and I are ardent lovers;
Pure affection now discovers
How his sunny rays shall shield me!
For a trifle more or less
All his power will confess,—
*Over kings and priests and scholars
Rules the mighty Lord of Dollars.*

In the Indies did they nurse him,
While the world stood round admiring
And in Spain was his expiring;
And in Genoa did they hearse him;
And the ugliest at his side
Shines with all of beauty's pride;
*Over kings and priests and scholars
Rules the mighty Lord of Dollars.*

He's a gallant, he's a winner,
Black or white be his complexion;
He is brave without correction
As a Moor or Christian sinner.
He makes cross and medal bright,
And he smashes laws of right,—
*Over kings and priests and scholars
Rules the mighty Lord of Dollars.*

NCISCO DE QUEVEDO	313
<p>are his proud ancestors his blood-veins are patrician; alties make the position Orient investors; hey find themselves preferred the duke or country herd,— ings and <i>priests and scholars,</i> <i>the mighty Lord of Dollars!</i></p> <p>standing who can question n there yields unto his rank, a Castillian Doña Blanca, follow the suggestion?— that crowns the lowest stool, to hero turns the fool,— ings and <i>priests and scholars,</i> <i>the mighty Lord of Dollars.</i></p> <p>s shields are noble bearings; emblazonments unfurling w his arms of royal sterling s high pretensions airing; d the credit of his miner nds behind the proud refiner,— ings and <i>priests and scholars</i> <i>the mighty Lord of Dollars.</i></p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

314	HISPANIC ANTHOL
	<p>Contracts, bonds, and bills to ren Like his counsels most excelling Are esteemed within the dwellin Of the banker and the lender. So is prudence overthrown, And the judge complaisant gro <i>Over kings and priests and scholars</i> <i>Rules the mighty Lord of Dollars.</i></p> <p>Such indeed his sovereign standin (With some discount in the ord Spite the tax, the cash-recorder Still his value fixed is branding. He keeps rank significant To the prince or man in want,- <i>Over kings and priests and scholars</i> <i>Rules the mighty Lord of Dollars.</i></p> <p>Never meets he dames ungracious To his smiles or his attention, How they glow but at the men Of his promises capacious! And how bare-faced they becor To the coin beneath his thumb <i>Over kings and priests and scholar</i> <i>Rules the mighty Lord of Dollars.</i></p>
IV	HISPANIC NOT

ier in peaceful season
d in this his wisdom showeth)
his standards, than when bloweth
is haughty blasts and breeze on;
ll foreign lands at home,
al e'en in pauper's loam,—
ings and priests and scholars
the mighty Lord of Dollars.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

ROME IN HER RUINS

st these scenes, O Pilgrim, seek'st
thou Rome!
n is thy search—the pomp of Rome is
fled;
lent Aventine is glory's tomb;
walls, her shrines, but relics of the dead.
hill, where Cæsars dwelt in other days,
saken mourns where once it towered
sublime;
mouldering medal now far less dis-
plays
: triumphs won by Latium, than by
Time.

Tiber alone survives—the passing wave
That bathed her towers now murmurs
 her grave,
 Wailing with plaintive sound her
 fanés.
Rome! of thine ancient grandeur
 past
That seemed for years eternal frame
 last,
 Nought but the wave, a fugitive
 mains.

—*Felicia D. Hemans*

SONNET: DEATH-WARNINGS

I saw the ramparts of my native land
 One time so strong, now dropping
 decay,
 Their strength destroyed by this
 age's way
That has worn out and rotted what
 grand.
 I went into the fields; there I
 see
 The sun drink up the waters
 thawed;

on the hills the moaning cattle
pawed,
miseries robbed the light of day for
me.

into my house; I saw how spotted,
aying things made that old home
their prize;
ly withered walking-staff had come
to bend.
the age had won; my sword was
rotted;
l there was nothing on which to set
my eyes
That was not a reminder of the end.

—*John Masefield.*

FRANCISCO DE BORJA
(1581-1658)

CANCIÓN

FRANCISCO DE BORJA, Prince of Esquilache, was partly of Italian origin. His verse is simple and natural with an occasional lapse into the Gongoristic style. His poems are to be found in the *Biblioteca de autores españoles*.

Ye laughing streamlets, say,
Sporting with the sands, where do ye wend
 your way
From the flowerets flying,
To rocks and caverns hieing;
When ye might sleep in calmness and peace
Why hurry thus in wearying restlessness?

Whither is she going?—whither is she going?
Sweetest maid of sweetest maidens,—she,
 our village-pride,—

<p>ANCISCO DE BORJA</p>	<p>319</p>
<p> er than the daybreak,—lighter than e day,— er is she going? s gone to the greenest meadow's side, the sweet flowers are growing. thers and she scatters sweet flowerets her way; how the flowerets are blowing. e Day of Saint John,—the Evangel- 's Day,— er is she going? —<i>John Bowring.</i> </p>	
<p>ND MONOGRAPHS</p>	<p>IV</p>

JUAN DE TASSIS
(1582-1622)

TO A CLOISTRESS

JUAN DE TASSIS, Count of Villamediana, was born at Lisbon. In 1611 he was expelled from court for gambling. He returned to Spain in 1617, where he satirised the Duke of Lerma and other court favorites. As a gentleman-in-waiting to Isabel of Borbón, wife of Philip IV, he was assassinated, as is said, by order of the King, who had discovered him to be a lover of the Queen. His works are to be found in the *Biblioteca de autores españoles* (vol. xlii). See also *El Conde de Villamediana*, by Emilio Cotarelo y Mori (Madrid, 1886).

Thou who hast fled from life's enchanted
bowers
In youth's gay spring, in beauteous
glowing morn,

ing thy bright array, thy path of
flowers,
the rude convent-garb and couch
of thorn;

that escaping from a world of cares,
thou found thy haven in devotion's fane,
the port the fearful bark repairs,
thou shun the midnight perils of the main;

the glad hymn, the strain of rapture
pour
le on thy soul the beams of glory
rise!

the pilot hail the welcome shore
thou shouts of triumph swelling to the
skies,
how should'st thou the exulting paean
raise
heaven's bright harbor opens to thy
gaze!

—*Felicia D. Hemans.*

ESTEBAN MANUEL DE VILLEGAS
(1589-1669)

SPRING-TIME

ESTEBAN MANUEL DE VILLEGAS was born at Matute, where he practised law and was prosecuted by the Inquisition, being exiled to Santa María de Ribarredonda in 1659. His works reveal him as an opponent of the Gongorists and as a classical scholar. His *Eróticas*, edited by Vicente de los Ríos, appeared at Madrid in 1774 and again in 1797.

'Tis sweet in the green spring

To gaze upon the wakening fields
around;

Birds in the thicket sing,

Winds whisper, waters prattle, from the
ground

A thousand odors rise,

Breathed up from blossoms of a thousand
dyes.

and clear and cool,
and poplar keep their quiet
;
sh and full,
t their feet the thirst-inviting
k;
t herbage seems
a place of banquets and of
ns.

alone art fair,
m alone I love, art far away.
smile be there,
me sad to see the earth so gay;
the train
and flowers and zephyrs go again.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

[OTHER NIGHTINGALE

en a nightingale
g of thyme bewail
e dear nest which was
ie, borne off, alas!
orer. I heard,
outrage, the poor bird

Say a thousand mournful things
To the wind which on its wings
To the Guardian of the sky
Bore her melancholy cry,
Bore her tender tears. She spake
As if her fond heart would break,
One while in a sad, sweet note
Gurgled from her straining throat
She enforced her piteous tale,
Mournful prayer and plaintive wail
One while, with the shrill dispute
Quite outwearied, she was mute;
Then afresh, for her dear brood
Her harmonious shrieks renewed.
Now she winged it round and round
Now she skimmed along the ground
Now from bough to bough, in haste
The delighted robber chased,
And, alighting in his path,
Seemed to say 'twixt grief and wrath
"Give me back, fierce rustic rude
Give me back my pretty brood,"
And I heard the rustic still
Answer,—“That I never will.”—

—*Thomas R*

SAPPHIC ODE

gracious dweller of the woodland green,
panion ever of the April flowers,
living breath of mother Venus's heart,
O gentle zephyr!—

thou dost know the sorrows of my love,—
that dost bear afar my sad lament,—
tell me and frankly say to her I love
That here I perish!

who once my bitter yearnings knew,
who once my bitter yearnings wept,
did she love me, but, alas, I fear,
I fear her anger!

Let the gods with their paternal breasts,
the heavens with all their hearts benign
draw themselves, what time thy glad-
some wing

The snows uncover;

Let the dark clouds' burden, at the break
of dawn along the lofty mountain chain,
press thy shoulders, nor their bitter hail
Shatters thy pinions!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

FRANCISCO DE TERRAZAS
(Early Seventeenth Century)

TO A BEAUTIFUL BUT HEARTLESS
COQUETTE

FRANCISCO DE TERRAZAS was born in Mexico early in the seventeenth century, the son of one of the generals of Hernán Cortés in his campaign in Mexico. Francisco de Terrazas is therefore the first native-born poet of Spanish-America.

Renounce those threads of twisted gold
that close
In glinting ringlets round my captive will,
And on the virgin snowdrift in repose
The tinted whiteness of these roses spill.
Of pearls and precious corals that adorn
This mouth enticingly, be thou but shorn;
And to the heavens, by which thou'rt
envied still,
Return the stolen suns that thou hast worn.

The grace and wisdom, which as symbols
stand
Of knowledge springing from the Source
Divine,
Surrender to the far angelic sphere;
And thus renounced the gifts of Nature's
hand,
Behold, that which remains to thee is thine;
To be ungrateful, cruel, vain, austere!
—*Peter H. Goldsmith.*

330	HISPANIC ANTH
	<p>Ope to the wanderers now, an They well thy kindness may Time and eternity give scope For recompense. The wind Beat on,—relieve the stranger</p> <p style="text-align: right;">—A</p>
IV	HISPANIC NO

24



From a print in the Hispanic Society of America

Pedro Calderón de la Barca

RO CALDERÓN DE LA BARCA
 (1600–1681)

THE DREAM CALLED LIFE

From *La Vida es Sueño*

CALDERÓN DE LA BARCA, the supreme
 the Spanish stage, was born at Madrid.
 came the favorite dramatist of Philip
 io created him Knight of Santiago in
 He took part in the hostilities in
 nia in 1640, and became a priest in
 which did not, however, interfere with
 ting for the theatre until his death at
 1. Numerous translations of his plays
 ppeared in English, showing his superior
 gifts, even if his inventiveness does
 qual that of Lope de Vega. See his
 r (Cadiz, 1845); *Calderón und seine*
 by Gunther (Freiburg, 1888); and
 m, *His Life and Genius*, by R. C. Trench
 York, 1856).

m it was in which I found myself.

And you that hail me now, ther
king,

In a brave palace that was all m
Within, and all without it, mine
Drunk with excess of majesty ar
Methought I towered so big a
so wide

That of myself I burst the glitter
Which my ambition had about r
And all again was darkness. Su
As this, in which I may be walk
Dispensing solemn justice to yo
Who make believe to listen; bu
Kings, princes, captains, warri
and steel,

Ay, even with all your airy thea
May flit into the air you seem t
With acclamations, leaving me t
In the dark tower; or dreaming t
From this that waking is; or thi
Both waking and both dreami
doubt

Confounds and clouds our mortai
But whether wake or dreami
know

How dreamwise human glories co

momentary tenure not to break,
as one who knows he soon may
e,
carry the full cup, so well
ed insolence and passion quell,
ere be nothing after to upbraid
: or doer in the part he played;
tomorrow's dawn shall break the
l,
st trumpet of the Eternal Day,
eaming, with the night, shall pass
y.

—*Edward Fitzgerald.*

OM "LIFE IS A DREAM"

while we see the sun,
fe and dreams are as one;
ng has taught me this,
ams the life that is his,
; living is done.
g dreams he is king, and he lives
ecedit of a king,
ading and governing;
the praise he receives
en in wind, and leaves

A little dust on the way
When death ends all with a breath.
Where then is the gain of a throne,
That shall perish and not be known
In the other dream that is death?
Dreams the rich man of riches and fears,
The fears that his riches breed;
The poor man dreams of his need,
And all his sorrows and tears;
Dreams he that prospers with years,
Dreams he that feigns and foregoes,
Dreams he that rails on his foes;
And in all the world, I see,
Man dreams whatever he be,
And his own dream no man knows.
And I too dream and behold,
I dream I am bound with chains,
And I dreamed that these present pains
Were fortunate ways of old.
What is life? a tale that is told;
What is life? a frenzy extreme,
A shadow of things that seem;
And the greatest good is but small,
That all life is a dream to all,
And that dreams themselves are a dream.

—*Arthur Symonds.*

THE CROSS

Tree which heaven has willed to dower
With that true fruit whence we live,
As that other death did give;
Of new Eden loveliest flower;
Bow of light, that in worst hour
Of the worst flood signal true
O'er the world, of mercy threw;
Fair plant, yielding sweetest wine;
Of our David harp divine;
Of our Moses tables new;
Sinner am I, therefore I
Claim upon thy mercies make;
Since alone for sinners' sake
God on thee endured to die.

—*R. C. Trench.*

THE HOLY EUCHARIST

Honey in the lion's mouth,
Emblem mystical, divine,
How the sweet and strong combine;
Cloven rock for Israel's drouth;
Treasure-house of golden grain
By our Joseph laid in store,
In his brethren's famine sore

Freely to dispense again;
Dew on Gideon's snowy fleece;
Well, from bitter turned to sweet;
Shew-bread laid in order meet,
Bread whose cost doth ne'er increase,
Though no rain in April fall;
Horeb's manna freely given
Showered in white dew from heaven,
Marvelous, angelical;
Weightiest bunch of Canaan's vine;
Cake to strengthen and sustain
Through long days of desert pain;
Salem's monarch's bread and wine;—
Thou the antidote shalt be
Of my sickness and my sin,
Consolation, medicine,
Life and Sacrament to me.

—*R. C. Trench.*



From an old Painting

Baltasar Gracián y Morales

TASAR GRACIÁN Y MORALES
(1601-1658)

SUMMER

SAR GRACIÁN Y MORALES was a native monte near Calatayud. He became a , and obtained great renown as a opher. In his poetry he follows and ls Góngora in extravagance of style.

, in the celestial theatre
orseman of the day is seen to spur
e refulgent Bull, in his brave hold
ng for darts his rays of burning gold.
eauteous spectacle of stars—a crowd
rely dames, his tricks applaud aloud;
, to enjoy the splendor of the fight,
uin on heaven's high balcony of light.
is strange metamorphosis, with
purs
crest of fire, red-throated Phoebus
tirs,

Like a proud cock amongst the h
Hatched out of Leda's egg, the '
shine,
Hens of the heavenly field.
—*J. H.*

FER VIOLANTE DO CEO
(1601-1693)

E TO BETHLEHEM WE ARE
GOING"

OLANTE DO CEO was born, lived and
isbon where, in 1630, she made her
as a Dominican sister. Her works
e found in *Rimas varias* (Rouen,
in the *Parnaso Lusitano de divinos*
s versos (Lisbon, 1733).

to Bethlehem we are going,
e, Blas, to cheer the road,
e why this lovely Infant
l His divine abode?—

that world to bring to this
which, of all earthly blisses,
brightest, purest bliss."

ore from His throne exalted,
He on His earth to dwell—

All His pomp an humble manger,
All His court a narrow cell?—
“From that world to bring to this
Peace, which, of all earthly blisses,
Is the brightest, purest bliss.”

Why did He, the Lord eternal,
Mortal pilgrim deign to be,
He who fashioned for His glory
Boundless immortality?—
“From that world to bring to this
Peace, which, of all earthly blisses,
Is the brightest, purest bliss.”

Well then! let us haste to Bethlehem,
Thither let us haste and rest;
For of all heaven's gifts the sweetest
Sure is peace,—the sweetest, best.

—*John Bowring.*

THE NIGHT OF MARVELS

In such a marvelous night, so fair
And full of wonder strange and new,
Ye shepherds of the vale, declare
Who saw the greatest wonder? Who?

First. I saw the trembling fire look wan.
Second. I saw the sun shed tears of blood.
Third. I saw a God become a man.
Fourth. I saw a man become a God.

O wondrous marvels! at the thought,
 The bosom's awe and reverence move;
 But who such prodigies has wrought?
 What gave such wonders birth? 'Twas
 love!

What called from heaven that flame
 divine,
 Which streams in glory from above;
 And bade it o'er earth's bosom shine,
 And bless us with its brightness? Love!

Who bade the glorious sun arrest
 His course, and o'er heaven's concave
 move
 In tears,—the saddest, loneliest
 Of the celestial orbs? 'Twas love!

Who raised the human race so high,
 Even to the starry seats above,
 That for our mortal progeny,
 A man becomes a God? 'Twas love!

Who humbled from the seats of light
Their Lord, all human woes to prove;
Led the great source of day—to night;
And made of God a man? 'Twas love!

Yes, love has wrought, and love alone,
The victories all,—beneath,—above,—
And earth and heaven shall shout as one,
The all-triumphant song of love.

The song through all heaven's arches ran,
And told the wondrous tales aloud,—
The trembling fire that looked so wan,
The weeping sun behind the cloud.
A God—a God! becomes a man!
A mortal man becomes a God!

—*John Bowring.*

FRANCISCO MANUEL DE MELO

(1611-1667)

I ASCENDING A HILL LEADING
TO A CONVENT

FRANCISCO MANUEL DE MELO, an historian
poet, was born of an illustrious family at
Lisbon. His works may be found in *Obras
completas* (Lyons, 1665).

Do not with lingering foot, O pilgrim,
tarry here,
Nor pierce the deep shadows of the moun-
tain-side;
Nor be thy step, thy heart unknown to
fear,
Nor to brighter worlds this thorny path will
guide.

Nor shall thy foot approach the calm
abode
Nor near the mansions of supreme delight;

Pause not, but tread this consecrated road
'Tis the dark basis of the heavenly height.

Behold to cheer thee on the toilsome way,
How many a fountain glitters down the
hill!

Pure gales inviting softly round thee play,
Bright sunshine guides—and wilt thou
linger still?

Oh, enter there, where, freed from human
strife,

Hope is reality and time is life.

—*Felicia D. Hemans.*

SISTER MARCELA DE CARPIO DE
SAN FELIX

(Middle of Sixteenth Century)

AMOR MYSTICUS

SISTER MARCELA DE CARPIO DE SAN FELIX, a nun of the Trinitarian Order, was the daughter of the great poet Lope de Vega Carpio. She is a famous figure among the religious mystical writers of the period following that of Saint Teresa of Ávila. Her principal poem is *Soliloquios de un alma a Dios*.

Let them say to my Lover
That here I lie!
The thing of His pleasure,—
His slave am I.

Say that I seek Him
Only for love,
And weloome are tortures
My passion to prove.

350	HISPANIC ANTHOLO
	<p>Love giving gifts Is suspicious and cold; I have all, my Belovéd When Thee I hold.</p> <p>Hope and devotion The good may gain; I am but worthy Of passion and pain.</p> <p>So noble a Lord None serves in vain, For the pay of my love Is my love's sweet pain.</p> <p>I love Thee, to love Thee,— No more I desire; By faith is nourished My love's strong fire.</p> <p>I kiss Thy hands When I feel their blows; In the place of caresses Thou givest me woes.</p> <p>But in Thy chastising Is joy and peace.</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTE

O Master and Love,
Let Thy blows not cease.

Thy beauty, Belovéd,
With scorn is rife,
But I know that Thou lovest me
Better than life.

And because Thou lovest me,
Lover of mine,
Death can but make me
Utterly Thine.

I die with longing
Thy face to see;
Oh! sweet is the anguish
Of death to me!

—*John Hay.*

GASPAR DE JAEN: "GASPARILLO"
(Middle of Seventeenth Century)

DIALOGUE

(Between the Asistente of Seville and the River Guadalquivir, the latter being very swollen at the time.)

GASPAR DE JAEN, "GASPARILLO," was a poet of singular satirical bitterness who flourished in Seville about the middle of the seventeenth century. The date and place of his birth and of his death are unknown, but he is supposed to have been of mulatto blood, and to have been possessed of a real mania of hatred for the officials of the government at Seville. See *Gasparillo*, by Santiago Montoto (Seville, 1913).

ASISTENTE:

Know, Guadalquivir, I am master here!

GUADALQUIVIR:

I know it, Señor; what is your desire?

ASISTENTE:

That you suspend your floods and go no
higher;

Meseems you are excessive in career!

GUADALQUIVIR:

Your challenge is impertinent and queer,
For see you not, I am another's squire?

ASISTENTE:

So then you disobey me?—

GUADALQUIVIR:

Foolish, sire,

How can I stem my floods your course to
steer?

ASISTENTE:

In Count of Olivares' name, then cease;
He is your offspring and my chief su-
preme,—

And you shall have a decoration
high!

GUADALQUIVIR:

What, one of Manzanares' fripperies!—

I want it not, nor fear its hollow
gleam!

Confer it, please, on Tagarete nigh,
Which being but a stream of poor
supply

354	HISPANIC ANTHO
	<p>Would stoop its shoulders crime, And take your decoration as s —<i>Thoma</i></p>
IV	HISPANIC NOT

44



*From the painting in the Convent of S. Jerónimo,
Mexico City*

Sister Juana Inés de la Cruz

SISTER JUANA INÉS DE LA CRUZ
(1651-1691)

THE LOST LOVE

SISTER JUANA INÉS DE LA CRUZ was born, *Juana de Asbaje*, at San Miguel de Nepantla in Mexico. From childhood she showed literary ability and some of her poems are considered the product of the years prior to her entrance into the convent in 1667. She died of the plague in Mexico City. For her poems, see the edition by Juan Gamacho Gayna (Madrid, 1725), and for her biography, *Juana de Asbaje* by Amado Nervo (Madrid, 1910).

Ah! when shall I, my glory,
Discern thy light in radiance shining,
Thy presence illusory,
To bring me sweet release from grief and
pining?

When shall I see thine eyes, enchanting
rapture,
And yield thee mine, as tender capture?

When will thy voice awaken
Mine ears with thrilling accents from their
sadness,
And I, enthralled, o'ertaken
By the floods of its ineffable gladness,
Be swept away in ecstasy, and after
The marvel wanes, hasten to thee with
laughter?

When will thy light effulgent
Reclothe with roseate glamour all my being?
And when shall I, indulgent,
The anguish of my sighs exhaled and fleeing,
No more bemoan the pangs of my past
sorrow?
When thou shalt come, and glorify the
morrow!

Come then, my soul's dear treasure,
Since fast through weariness my life is
fading,
And absence without measure;

INÉS DE LA CRUZ	359
<p>then, lest, heeding not my soft persuading, wound my love; e'en yet, despite ine anger, ears of hope I will refresh my languor!</p> <p style="text-align: center;">—<i>Peter H. Goldsmith.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">CAPRICE</p> <p>rankless flees me, I with love pursue, oving follows me, I thankless flee; n who spurns my love I bend the ee, ve who seeks me, cold I bid him rue; as diamond him I yearning woo, f a diamond when he yearns for me; lays my love I would victorious see, slaying him who wills me blisses true. or this one is to lose desire, ve that one, my virgin pride to tame; her hand I face a prospect dire, ver path I tread, the goal the same: adored by him of whom I tire, e by him who scorns me brought to ame.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">—<i>Peter H. Goldsmith.</i></p>	
ND MONOGRAPHS	IV

360	HISPANIC ANTHOLO
	<p data-bbox="443 380 1129 428">ARRAIGNMENT OF THE M</p> <p data-bbox="370 476 1129 705"> Males perverse, schooled to condem Women by your witless laws, Though forsooth you are prime ca Of that which you blame in them: </p> <p data-bbox="370 753 1129 982"> If with unexampled care You solicit their disdain, Will your fair words ease their pai When you ruthless set the snare? </p> <p data-bbox="370 1042 1008 1271"> Their resistance you impugn, Then maintain with gravity That it was mere levity Made you dare to importune. </p> <p data-bbox="449 1319 1057 1343"> </p> <p data-bbox="370 1391 1129 1620"> What more elevating sight Than of man with logic crass, Who with hot breath fogs the glas Then laments it is not bright! </p> <p data-bbox="370 1680 1129 1909"> Scorn and favor, favor, scorn, What you will, result the same, Treat you ill, and earn your blam Love you well, be left forlorn. </p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

Scant regard will she possess
Who with caution wends her way,—
Is held thankless for her “nay,”
And as wanton for her “yes.”

.

What must be the rare caprice
Of the quarry you engage:
If she flees, she wakes your rage,
If she yields, her charms surcease.

.

Who shall bear the heavier blame,
When remorse the twain enthralls,
She, who for the asking, falls,
He who, asking, brings to shame?

Whose the guilt, where to begin,
Though both yield to passion's sway,
She who weakly sins for pay,
He who, strong, yet pays for sin?

Then why stare ye, if we prove
That the guilt lies at your gate?
Either love those you create,
Or create those you can love.

To solicitation truce,—

Then, sire, with some show of right
You may mock the hapless plight
Or the creatures of your use!

—*Peter H. Goldsmith.*

TO HER PORTRAIT

This that you see, the false presentment
planned

With finest art and all the colored shows
And reasonings of shade, doth but disclose
The poor deceits by earthly senses fanned!
Here where in constant flattery expand
Excuses for the stains that old age knows,
Pretexts against the years' advancing
snows,

The footprints of old seasons to withstand;

'Tis but vain artifice of scheming minds;

'Tis but a flower fading on the winds;

'Tis but a useless protest against Fate;

'Tis but stupidity without a thought,

A lifeless shadow, if we meditate;

'Tis death, 'tis dust, 'tis shadow, yea, 'tis
nought.

—*Roderick Gill.*

<p>GREGORIA FRANCISCA</p>	<p>363</p>
<p> TER GREGORIA FRANCISCA (1653-1736) </p> <p>ENVYING A LITTLE BIRD</p> <p> GREGORIA FRANCISCA was born, Gre- Francisca Queynoghe, at Sanlúcar de nedá, the daughter of wealthy parents panish, half Flemish. At an early age tered the convent and in 1669 became essed nun of the Order of Carmelites ed by Saint Teresa in Seville. She rose at eminence in her Order and left some as mystical poetry to be found in the <i>exemplar, etc. de la V. Madre Gregoria</i> <i>sca de Santa Teresa de Jesus</i>, by Diego res Villaroel (Salamanca). Her <i>Poesías</i> published by A. de Latour (Paris, See also <i>Discurso sobre Sor Gregoria</i> <i>sca</i> by Santiago Montoto (Seville, </p> <p> ing a little bird ight to heaven my heart is stirred, </p>	
<p>AND MONOGRAPHS</p>	<p>IV</p>

So hardy is the wing he finds
To breast the bluster of the winds,
So lightly pulsing doth he fare,
Enamored of the sunset there—
And swaying ever higher, higher,
He mounts unto the realms of fire!
Would I were with thee in thy flight,
Fair plaything of the breeze tonight,
And from thy heart such impulse kne
As spreads thy steadfast pinions so!
I follow with a lover's sighs
Impatient, where thou cleav'st the sk
Feeling my body's prison bars
Withhold my spirit from the stars.
For of the Sun supreme am I
A love-delirious butterfly;
By tender dawns I sip,—but claim
The blossom of His noontide flame.
O little bird, my dismal cell
Reflects His sunlit splendors well—
His glorious beauties are for me
But shadowed in my misery!
In envy of thy boundless flight
But one desire can requite
My heart,—a salamander's soul
To brave His flames without controll-

joyous, little bird.
 ison am interred;
 ee my soul is raised
 s thou seek'st amazed;
 i captive bound
 y darkness found;
 me mighty power would rend
 id my harsh durance end!
 ht would then be mine,
 shackle-weight resign!
 arm impulse of the skies
 inst thine own would rise!
 rt yon crimson tryst
 ry hath sufficed;
 id and free of care
 olden lattice fare;
 nowing, love and pine
 : is the Sphere Divine,
 only wings can make,
 one on sighings take!
 isity of light
 rulling blight;
 learnness of His sphere
 ses disappear.
 bids my wings expand
 it unto His hand,—

But, oh, my nature's heavy bond
Denies me freedom for beyond!
Do thou, fair bird, on tireless wing
Beyond the heavenly archway spring,
And breasting higher, higher, bear
This message of my fond despair;
Unto that Light and Sun to show
How love doth wound me here below;
Within the inaccessible sky
To say how of my love I die,
Since through my light of faith alone
His radiant beauteousness is known;
To say, the more His splendor shows
The more my dismal blindness grows;
And yet I glory in the dark
His steps in passing by me mark;
To say I wait the joyous hour
When He shall break the mortal power
That holds me prisoned here so long,
And loose me for the wingéd throng,
To say His rays through chink and bar
But only added torments are;—
That all the more His lights display
The more my wounds and burns by day
That all the noons are full of Him,
Filling joy's goblets to the brim,—

. GREGORIA FRANCISCA	367
<p> ll my soul is in decline, ling thus His glory shine! bird, if thou of love he sweet pain didst prove, ke upon my woes ourn o'er what my breasts disclose. to my sweet Lord on high, le may grant me liberty, nding thy fair wings the while may seek His distant isle, om this prison dire be gone, his captivity whereon y a tear and groan I shed y dark and exiled bed; gazing on thy happy flight e my bitter plight,— ve the more impatient glows ghter its far object shows! </p> <p style="text-align: right;">—<i>Thomas Walsh.</i></p>	
ND MONOGRAPHS	IV

JOSÉ IGLESIAS DE LA CASA
(1748-1791)

SONG

JOSÉ IGLESIAS DE LA CASA was a native of Salamanca who became a priest, and indulged in satires of local abuses, and purely lyrical compositions. His *Poesías* were published in Paris in 1821.

Alexis calls me cruel;
The rifted crags that hold
The gathered ice of winter,
He says are not more cold.

When even the very blossoms
Around the fountain's brim,
And forest-walks can witness
The love I bear to him.

I would that I could utter
My feelings without shame,

And tell him how I love him
Nor wrong my virgin fame.

Alas! to seize the moment
When heart inclines to heart,
And press a suit with passion,
Is not a woman's part.

If man come not to gather
The roses where they stand,
They fade among their foliage;
They cannot seek his hand.
—*William Cullen Bryant.*

TOMÁS DE IRIARTE

(1750-1791)

THE ASS AND THE FLUTE

TOMÁS DE IRIARTE was born at Orotava on the Island of Teneriffe. His death occurred at Madrid, where he had achieved great distinction with his *La música* in 1779 and his *Fábulas literarias* in 1782. See *Iriarte y su época* by E. Cotarelo y Mori (Madrid, 1897).

This little fable heard,
It good or ill may be;
But it has just occurred
Thus accidentally.

Passing my abode,
Some fields adjoining me
A big ass on his road
Came accidentally.

And laid upon the spot,
A Flute he chanced to see,
Some shepherd had forgot
There accidentally.

The animal in front
To scan it nigh came he,
And snuffing loud as wont,
Blew accidentally.

The air it chanced around
The pipe went passing free
And thus the Flute a sound
Gave accidentally.

“O then,” exclaimed the Ass,
“I know to play it fine;
And who for bad shall class
This music asinine?”

Without the rules of art,
Even asses, we agree,
May once succeed in part,
Thus accidentally.

—*James Kennedy.*

JUAN MELÉNDEZ VALDÉZ

(1754-1817)

ODA

JUAN MELÉNDEZ VALDÉZ was born at Ribera del Fresno, became a professor at Salamanca, and was patronized by Jovellanos. He is considered the leader of the Salamancan Gallic school; in the War of Independence he sided with the French, fleeing later to France where he died in dishonor. His *Poesías* were published at Madrid in 1785; and his *Life*, written by Quintana, may be found with his poems, in the edition of 1820. His poems are also to be found in the *Biblioteca de autores españoles* (vol. xix).

When first a gentle kiss
Upon Nisé I pressed,
Paradise-grain and cassia
Her lovely breath confessed.
And on her smiling lips
Such luscious sweets I found

As never knew the hills
Or bees of Hybla's ground.
To purify its balm
With love's essential dew,
A thousand and a thousand times
Each day her lips I choose;
Until the sum and total
Of all our score amount
To kisses more than Venus
Did from Adonis count.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

LEANDRO FERNÁNDEZ DE
MORATÍN
(1760-1826)

ODE: THE DAY AT HOME

LEANDRO FERNÁNDEZ DE MORATÍN, a son of the poet Nicolas Fernández de Moratín, was born at Madrid. He became involved in the revolutionary movements of his time, and spent his later years at Bordeaux in the circle of Goya. His dramas won complete success for the French school inaugurated by Luzan. His *Obras* were published at Madrid in 1830, and poems by his father and himself may be found in the *Biblioteca de autores españoles* (vol. xi).

Was there ever such a mess!
Just when I stay at home,
To find that such a press
Of visitors must come!
Boy,—go bar the door;
My neighbor now prepares



From the painting by Goya

Leandro Fernández de Moratín

With all her tribe and more
To climb my private stairs!
What then?—You cannot close—
The guests are now too near?
Doña Tecla and all those
Girls of hers I hear!
A coach has stopped below,
I hear it at the door.
'Tis Don Venancio
Who comes—that famous bore!
Then too comes in Don Luke
With stately twists and bows;
Don Mauro with his hook
Out for mitres for his brows;
Don Génaro, Don Zoile
And Doña Basilissas
And all their nurseries vile
Of masters and of misses!
What stupid compliments,
What speeches they are aping!
Be Mount Torozos bent
To shield me in escaping!
And now they settle down
(And seats are not enough!)
To nibble cakes and drown
Their thirst with sticky stuff.

.

The Devil!—I, who lead
A solitary life,
A bachelor, indeed,
Without a child or wife;
I who of wedded bliss
Resigned the calm delight,—
Must I give way to this
Invading insect blight?
And must I too submit
To this uproar and gabble,
And here in patience sit
Amid this endless rabble!—
But see, they all arise
And leave me in a hurry!—
Each fan, each bonnet flies;
And hats and hoop skirts scurry!—
Acknowledgments and thanks
For this your cordial visit—
Obliged—but should your ranks
Return,—I'll dodge and miss it!—
So they have peeped their measure,—
And they have had a chance—
Now if it be their pleasure
Let them go out and dance!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

MANUEL JOSÉ QUINTANA
(1772-1856)

DE TO SPAIN—AFTER THE REVOLU-
TION OF MARCH

MANUEL JOSÉ QUINTANA was born at Mad-. He became in declared opposition to : French domination in Spain. On the urn of Ferdinand VII to power, he was prisoned for six years, dying poor after lding many offices under the Liberal overnment. He and his friend Gallego omitted, however, to all the French rules composition, and he produced odes of great wer on patriotic subjects. His best edition *Obras* is that of Madrid, 1897. He is o represented in the *Biblioteca de autores ñañosles* (vol. xix).

hat nation, tell me, in the older day
oclaimed its destiny across the world,
rough all the climes extending its broad
sway

From east to west with golden pomp unfurled?

Where from the sunset the Atlantic swept
Its glorious fortunes—there was mighty Spain!—

America and Asia's confines kept
And Africa's upon its boundary main.

The hardy sail upon its fickle course
In vain would 'scape the reaches of its power;

All earth for mineral riches was its source,
All ocean was its pearls' and corals' bower.

Nor where the tempests raged the most
Met they on any but a Spanish coast.

Now to the depths of shame reduced,
Abandoned to the alien eye of scorn,
Like some poor slave unto the market used
To the vile whip and shackle basely borne!—

What desolation, God!—The plague re-spires

Its deadly breath of poison on the air
And Hunger scarce with feeble arms aspires
For a poor morsel there!

Thrice did the temple gates of Janus ope
And on Mars' trumpet was a mighty blast!

but oh see, where even without a
 trace of hope
 tutelary gods have passed,
 the sea and land have left us cast!
 without thy spreading realms what hast
 thou seen,
 what?—but bitter mourning spread,
 and misery between
 fruits of slavery full harvested?
 the sail rends, the hulk is smashed,
 broken goes the bark upon its way;
 every wave a torment it is lashed;
 flows no more their garlands old dis-
 cuss.
 None of hope nor of content appears;
 standard floats no more upon the air.
 The voyager's song is broken by his tears;
 the mariner's voice is hushed by weight
 of care,
 and of death comes ever on his heart,
 and of death in silence; there apart
 drifts where the destroying shoals
 prepare.
 At the fell moment! Reaching forth
 his hand
 the giant threatening the west, exclaims:

"Behold, thou now art mine, O Western
Land!"

His brow with barbarous lightning flames,
As from the cloud the summer tempest
brings

The horror spreading bolt's appalling wings.
His warriors afar

Fill the great winds with pæans of their war;
The anvils groan, the hammers fall,
The forges blaze. O shame, and dost thou
dream

To make their swords their toil, and that is
all?

See'st thou not where within their fiery
gleams

'Tis chains and bars and shackles they
prepare

To bind the arms that lie so limp and bare?

Yea, let Spain tremble at the sound,
And let her outraged ire

From the volcano of her bosom bound,
High justice for its fire,

And 'gainst her despots turn,

Where in their dread they hide,

And let the echoes learn

And all the banks of Tagus wide

e great sound of rage outcried,—
 unce!"—Where, sacred river, where
 ns who with pride and wrong
 l our weal so long?
 lories are no more, while ours
 pare;
 u so fierce and proud
 astile and thy Castilians there
 hy ruddy waves in seaward pour,
 aloud:—"The tyrants are no
 re!"
 h! and glory! O celestial time!
 that my tongue might speak our
 ntry's name
 e very winds sublime!
 ould I—but not on harp of gold—
 g acclaim; not in the prison hold
 he inspired breast
 weak and cold,
 eathless lips opprest.
 teus' lyre untomb,
 ight sun and the uplifting wind
 lad, rocky Fuenfría's bloom!
 my flight consigned
 e singing that shall rouse the plain
 ke Castilians to the sound again

Of glory and of war combined!
War, awful name and now sublime
The refuge and the sacred shield:
To stay the savage Attila's advance
With fiery steed and lance!—

War! War! O Spaniards, on the
Of Guadalquivir, see arise once more
Thy Ferdinand the Third's
brows!

See great Gonzalo o'er Granada rear
Behold the Cid with sword in mail
And o'er the Pyrenees the form of
Of brave Bernardo, old Jimena's son
See how their stormy wraiths are in
How valor breathes from out the
tombs

Where "War" upon the might
booms!

And then! Canst thou with face
Behold the fertile plains
Where endless greed would glean
Our heritage and gains,
And to destruction cast? Awake
O hero-race, the moment is at hand
When victory thou must take—
Our glory owning thine more grand

e a higher place than ours to
—

little day they raised
—the altar of our fathers grand;
n to keep its praise;
'Rather death than tyrants in the
"—

swear it, Venerable Shades,
the vow mine arm is stronger

n.

the lance, tie on my helm and
s,

y vengeance bid me swift be gone!
despairing bow his coward head
and shame! Perchance the
ty flood

ation on its course shall spread
: me on? What matter? One
hed

his mortal blood!

it go to meet

ty ones upon the field of old?
rior forefathers!" there to greet
ghty "Hail." Where hero-Spain
horror and the carnage cold
er bleeding head again,

And turns anew from her unhappy re
A Victress, her reconquered land
sign

With golden sceptre and device divin
—*Thomas Wa*

JOSÉ MARÍA BLANCO
(1775-1841)

NIGHT

ARÍA BLANCO was born of English at Seville where he became Canon of Cathedral. Succumbing to religious he resigned his ecclesiastical post and went to England where he joined nearly religious organization in search of a new mind. Cardinal Newman bears witness to the excellence of his moral character. He wrote both in Spanish and English but he lives in literature chiefly through his beautiful sonnet in English *Night*. See Menéndez y Pelayo's *de los heterodoxos en España*, III, and *The Life of Rev. J. B. White* (1845).

ous Night! when our first parent
new

Thce, from report divine, and heard thy
name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely
frame,—
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting
flame,
Hesperus, with the host of heaven came,
And lo! creation widened in man's view.

Who could have thought such darkness
lay concealed
Within thy beams, O sun! or who could
find,
Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood re-
vealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st
us blind!
Why do we then shun death with anxious
strife?
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not
life?

—*Anonymous.*

ANDRÉS BELLO
(1781-1865)

DIALOGUE

BELLO, a Venezuelan poet and pa-
s long considered the most important
South American letters. His *Obras*
s appeared at Santiago de Chile in
85; see also the work of M. L. Amu-
(Santiago de Chile, 1882).

TIRCIS
should love thee, Cloris, but—
CLORIS
But why?—
TIRCIS
ouldst thou have me tell thee?—
CLORIS
And why not?
TIRCIS
t annoy thee.—

CLORIS

What, annoyed! Not I!—

TIRCIS

Then I shall tell thee—

CLORIS

Quick—reveal the plot!—

TIRCIS

Fain would I love thee, Cloris, but I knew—

CLORIS

What knewst thou, Tircis?—

TIRCIS

That on Sunday last
Thou didst vow to love another lad that
passed—

And never change—

CLORIS

My vows I will renew!—

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE AGRICULTURE OF THE TORRID ZONE

Hail to thee, fertile zone,—

Where the enamored sun in daily round

Enfolds thee, where beneath thy kisses
shows

ch various climate grows,
 rth from out thy ground!—
 thou bindst her garlands of the

corn; thou giv'st the grape
 sopping cask; no form nor

red or yellow flower appears
 to thy soft bowers;
 of thy thousand flowers
 s delight afford;

' pasture sward
 less flocks go grazing from the

y boundary the horizon sets,
 surging mountains, where
 e snows into the inaccessible air
 their parapets.

st, too, the beauty of the cane
 ey sweet is stored
 es the beehive in disdain;
 hy coral urns bring'st forth the

on in chocolate in the cup is
 d;
 e of scarlet are thy nopals seen

Such as the Tyrian sea-shell never knew;
 Thy plant of indigo such hues afford
 As ne'er from out the sapphire's heart
 looked through.

Thine is the wine the piercéd agave stores
 To glad Anáhuac's joyous sons; and thine
 The fragrant leaf whose gentle steaming
 pours

With solace when their hearts aweary pine.
 Thy jasmines clothe the Arab brush,
 Whose perfumes rare the savage rage
 refine

And cool the Bacchic flush;
 And for the children of thy land
 The stately palm-tree's fronds are far
 displayed

And the ambrosial pineapple's shade.
 The yucca-tree holds forth its snowy
 breads;

And ruddy glow the broad potato beds;
 The cotton bush to greet the lightest airs
 Its rose of gold and snowy fleece prepares.

.

Within thy hands the passiflower blooms
 In branches of far-showing green;

And thy sarmentum's twining fronds afford
Nectarean globes and striped flowers'
perfumes.

For thee the maize, the haughty lord
Of all thy ripened harvests, high is seen;
For thee the rich banana's heavy tree
Displays its sweetest store—
The proud banana, richest treasury
That Providence in bounteousness could
pour

With gracious hand on Ecuador!
It asks no human culture for its aid,
Ere its first fruits are displayed,
Nor with the pruning-knife nor plough it
shares

The honorable harvest that it bears.
Not even the slightest care it needs
Of pious hands about it shed,
And to its ripeness so it speeds
That hardly is it harvested,
Ere a new crop is ripened in its stead.

.

Oh, youngest of the nations, lift your brow
Crowned with new laurels in the marveling
West!

Give honor to the fields, the simple life
endow,
And hold the plains and modest farmer
blest!

So that among you evermore shall reign
Fair Liberty enshrined,
Ambition modified, and Law composed,
Thy people's paths immortal there to find
Not fickle nor in vain!—

So emulous Time shall see disclosed
New generations and new names of might,
Blazing in highest light
Beside your heroes old!

“These are my sons! Behold!”—

(You shall declare amain)—

“Sons of the fathers who did climb
The Andes' peaks in years ago,—
Of those who great Boyaca's sands upon,—
In Maipu and in Junín sublime,—
On Apurima's glorious plain,
Did triumph o'er the lion of old Spain!”

—*Thomas Walsh.*

FRANCISCO MARTÍNEZ DE LA ROSA
(1787-1862)

ANACREONTIC

FRANCISCO MARTÍNEZ DE LA ROSA is principally known as a dramatist and statesman. He was among the first to introduce romanticism into Spanish literature. An edition of his *Poesías líricas* was published at Paris in 1847.

Let thunder burst,
Pour out and drink the wine!
Thou never saw'st a thunderbolt
Strike the tender vine.

Vesuvius himself
To Bacchus tribute pays,
And spares the vineyard flourishing
Where his lava sways.

In Italy in vain
I hero sought or sage;

Mine eyes but dusty ruins foun
Mouldering with age.

Of Rome the image scarce
Remains to be portrayed;
A tomb is Herculaneum,
Pompeii is a shade.

But I found Falernum,
His nectar rich remained,
And in memory of Horace
A bottleful I drained.

—*James Ken*

ANGEL DE SAAVEDRA

(1791-1865)

THE LIGHTHOUSE ON MALTA

ANGEL DE SAAVEDRA, Duke de Rivas, was a nobleman of Cordoba, whose work marks the beginning of romanticism in Spain. He spent several years in exile in France, England, and Italy, after his participation in the War of Independence. He returned to hold high offices of state in Spain and died at Madrid. He is principally known as a dramatist; his plays were published at Madrid in 1894-

the night enswathes the mighty world;
the hurricane and cloud confuse
piling shadows measureless
sweep, the sea, the land;
thou, invisible, lift'st up thy head,
and thy faithful crown of light,
thy dome old king of Chaos in the glow
shines for peace and life.

In vain the sea hurls up its peaks
And shrinks to nought beneath thy
Seeking amid its seething foam
The refuge of the port.

Thou with thy tongue of flame de
"Here, stand we!"—voiceless, to t
who

With pious eyes upon thee hails thy
As his divinity.—

Or night is calm, against its royal n
The gentle zephyr rustling on its s
stars

Whereon the moon rolls forth!
Then thou, in filmy vapor clothed,
Showest thy mighty beauty forth,
And lift'st thy diadem among the
The sea lies tranquil, and the hid
And treacherous shoals beneath
shifting gleam

Call to the passing ships;
But thou, whose splendor overcom
All else,—but thou upon thy
throne,—

Thou art the star to warn them
snare.

Thus Reason's torch amid the ragin

ion or of Flattery's soft whine,
 he straight gaze of the soul!
 om the airy refuge of thy reign
 , O rescue me from angry Fate,
 ant thy peaceful hospitality
 y troubled soul!
 nd often with my cares I've come
 for sweet oblivion in thine arms,
 before thee, lifting up mine eyes
 resplendent brows!
 ten, ah! from off the raging seas
 rned again to thee! With all in
 ence long
 ouse and sons,—
 all the fugitives, the poor, the
 urged,
 ek asylum here afar where thou
 eak with light of welcoming!
 rt the guiding star to nightly sails
 ear me from afar the news of wrongs
 rs writ of tears;
 irst mine eyes beheld thee shine
 v my breast upheaved with hopes
 ppy omens!
 atium's inhospitable shores
 e coming tossed by sea and wind,

From out the shoals I first beheld
That signaling divine;
The mariners too beholding it on high
Forgetting all their cares and frightened
vows
Amid the stormy darkness, murmured
fond:
"Malta! Malta! We are there!"—
Thou wast the aureole that enshrines
A holy image that the pilgrim seeks
Afar for healing comfort!—
Never shall I forget thee, nevermore!
Thy splendor now would I alone ex-
change,—
Thou unforgettable bright king of night,
Beneficent pure flame—
For that fair light and those refulgent
stars
That shine reflected in the morning sun
From off the gold Archangel on the dome
Of Cordoba's sweet tower!—

—*Thomas Walsh.*

MANUEL BRETÓN DE LOS
HERREROS

(1796-1873)

SATIRICAL *LETRILLA*

MANUEL BRETÓN DE LOS HERREROS was a prolific author of the romantic period of the Spanish stage. His *Poesías* appeared at Madrid in 1883. See also *Bretón de los Herreros* by the Marqués de Molins (Madrid, 1883).

Whene'er Don Juan has a feast at home
I am forgotten as if at Rome;
But he will for funerals me invite,
To kill me with the annoyance quite;
Well, be it so!

Coeleste, with a thousand coy excuses
Will sing the song that set she chooses,
And all about her that environ,
Though like an owl, call her a siren;
Well, be it so!

A hundred bees, without reposing,

Work their sweet combs, with skill c
posing;

Alas! for an idle drone they strive,
Who soon will come to destroy the hive
Well, be it so!

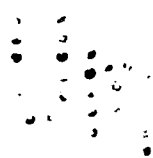
Man to his like moves furious war,
As if he were too numerous far;
Alone the medical squadrons wait
The world itself to depopulate;
Well, be it so!

There are of usurers heaps in Spain ,
Of catchpoles, hucksterers, heaps again
And of vintners too, yet people still
Talk about robbers in the hill;
Well, be it so!

In vain may the poor, O Conde, try
Thy door, for the dog makes sole reply
And yet to spend thou hast extollers,
Over a ball two thousand dollars;
Well, be it so!

Enough to-day, my pen, this preaching
A better time we wait for teaching;
If vices in vain I try to brand,
And find I only write on sand,
Well, be it so!

—James Kenned,





José María de Heredia

SÉ MARÍA HEREDIA

(1803-1839)

ODE TO NIAGARA

MARÍA HEREDIA was born at Santiago de Chile; hence he was exiled in 1823 for participation in political conspiracies. He went to the United States and, later, took up the practice of law in Mexico. He died in 1839.

There was an edition of his poems published at New York in 1875. A later edition of his poems is that of E. J. Gifford (1893).

Give me my lyre! My bosom

for inspiration. Oh, how long
I have been left in darkness, since this

I lift my brow! Niagara!

Thy rushing waters dost restore
My gift that sorrow took away.

Tremendous torrent! for an instant hush
The terrors of thy voice, and cast aside
Those wide-involving shadows, that my
eyes

May see the fearful beauty of thy face!
I am not all unworthy of thy sight,
For from my very boyhood have I loved,
Shunning the meaner track of common
minds,

To look on Nature in her loftier moods.
At the fierce rushing of the hurricane,
At the near bursting of the thunderbolt,
I have been touched with joy; and when the
sea

Lashed by the wind hath rocked my bark,
and showed

Its yawning caves beneath me, I have loved
Its dangers and the wrath of elements.
But never yet the madness of the sea
Hath moved me as thy grandeur moves
me now.

Thou flowest on in quiet, till thy waves
Grow broken 'midst the rocks; thy current
then

Shoots onward like the irresistible course
Of Destiny. Ah, terribly they rage,—

The hoarse and rapid whirlpools there! My
 brain
 grows wild, my senses wander, as I gaze
 upon the hurrying waters, and my sight
 vainly would follow, as toward the verge
 weeps the wide torrent. Waves innumer-
 able
 meet there and madden,—waves innumer-
 able
 surge on and overtake the waves before,
 and disappear in thunder and in foam.
 They reach, they leap,—the abyss
 swallows insatiable the sinking waves.
 A thousand rainbows arch them, and the
 woods
 are deafened with the roar. The violent
 shock
 shatters to vapor the descending sheets.
 A cloudy whirlwind fills the gulf, and
 heaves
 the mighty pyramid of circling mist
 to heaven. The solitary hunter near
 pauses with terror in the forest shades.
 What seeks thy restless eye? Why are
 not here,
 about the jaws of this abyss, the palms—

Ah, the delicious palms—that on the
plains

Of my own native Cuba spring and spread
Their thickly foliated summits to the sun,
And in the breathings of the ocean air,
Wave soft beneath the heaven's unspotted
blue?

But no, Niagara,—thy forest pines
Are fitter coronal for thee. The palm,
The effeminate myrtle and frail rose may
grow

In gardens, and give out their fragrance
there,

Unmanning him who breathes it. Thine
it is

To do a nobler office. Generous minds
Behold thee, and are moved, and learn to
rise

Above earth's frivolous pleasures; they
partake

Thy grandeur, at the utterance of thy
name.

God of all truth! in other lands I've seen
Lying philosophers, blaspheming men,
Questioners of thy mysteries, that draw
Their fellows deep into impiety;

Therefore doth my spirit seek thy face
Thy's majestic solitudes. Even here
Thy heart doth open all itself to thee.

Thy immensity of loneliness
Thy hand upon me. To my ear
Thy eternal thunder of the cataract brings
Thy voice, and I am humbled as I hear.

Thy torrent, that with wonder and with
Thy ar

Thy overwhelm the soul of him that looks
Thy thee, and dost bear it from itself,—
Thy how hast thou thy beginning? Who
Thy supplies,

Thy after age, thy unexhausted springs?
Thy power hath ordered, that when all
Thy thy weight

Thy winds into the deep, the swollen waves
Thy not and roll to overwhelm the earth?
Thy word has opened his omnipotent hand,
Thy and thy face with clouds, and given
Thy voice

Thy down-rushing waters; he hath girt
Thy terrible forehead with his radiant bow.
Thy why never-resting waters run

Thy bethink me how the tide of Time
Thy flows by eternity. So pass, of man,—

Pass, like a noonday dream—the blossoming days,
And he awakes to sorrow. I, alas!—
Feel that my youth is withered, and my brow
Ploughed early with the lines of grief and care.
Never have I so deeply felt as now
The hopeless solitude, the abandonment,
The anguish of a loveless life. Alas!
How can the impassioned, the unfrozen heart
Be happy without love? I would that one
Beautiful, worthy to be loved and joined
In love with me, now shared my lonely walk
On this tremendous brink. 'Twere sweet to see
Her sweet face touched with paleness, and become
More beautiful from fear, and overspread
With a faint smile, while clinging to my side.
Dreams,—dreams! I am an exile, and for me
There is no country and there is no love.

head Niagara, my latest voice!
 w years, and the cold earth shall
 ;

bones of him who sings thee now
 ingly. Would that this, my hum-
 erse,

e, like thee, immortal! I, mean-
 e,

ly passing to the appointed rest,
 aise my radiant forehead in the
 ds

to the echoes of my fame.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

THE HURRICANE

the winds! I feel thee nigh,
 hy breath in the burning sky!
 ait, with a thrill in every vein.
 oming of the hurricane!
 on the wind of the heavy gales
 the boundless arch of the heaven
 ails;
 d slow, and terribly strong,
 hty shadow is borne along,
 dark eternity to come;

While the world below, dismayed and
dumb.

Through the calm of the thick hot atmos-
phere.

Looks up at its gloomy folds with fear.

They darken fast; and the golden blaze

Of the sun is quenched in the lurid haze,

And he sends through the shade a funeral
ray—

A glare that is neither night nor day,

A beam that touches, with hues of death,

The clouds above and the earth beneath.

To its covert glides the silent bird

While the hurricane's distant voice is
heard

Uplifted among the mountains round,

And the forests hear and answer the
sound.

He is come! He is come! Do ye not behold

His ample robes on the wind unrolled!

Giant of the air! we bid thee hail!—

How his gray skirts toss in the whirling
gale;

How his huge and writhing arms are bent

To clasp the zone of the firmament,

at length in their dark embrace,
mountain to mountain the visible
.

still darker! the whirlwinds bear
of the plains to the middle air.

to the crashing, long and loud,
chariot of God in the thunder-
!

trace its path by the flashes that

rapid wheels where'er they dart,
lightnings leap to the world below,
fill the skies with a lurid glow.

What is that?—'Tis the rain that
as

flows away from the airy lakes,
poured on the shuddering ground
forming a nameless horror round.

Known woods, and mountains, and

,
every clouds!—ye are lost to my

vainly, and see in your place
how tempest that sweeps through
e,

A whirling ocean that fills the wall
Of the crystal heavens, and buries all,
And I, cut off from the world, remain
Alone with the terrible hurricane.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

FELIPE PARDO	415
<p>FELIPE PARDO (1806-1886)</p> <p>OUR SOVEREIGN KING</p> <p>Pardo was a Peruvian dramatist, all of work may be found in the <i>Poesias y en prosa de Don Felipe Pardo</i> (Paris,</p> <p>of topsy-turvy artifice s wandering like a monarch through our streets, hiskey-soaked, be-daggered king that meets t for whatever cause there is; ward autocrat, whose services earth seem but the deadly plagues he heats; otentate of such ignoble feats led the Saviour to that cross of His.</p> <p>an whom no bond of law restrains, n whose injustice there is no appeal;</p>	
ND MONOGRAPHS	IV

A king anoint with Satan's sulphur s
A red and white and black-faced
whose heel

America, our continent, profanes,—
And called "The Sovereign People"
for his pains.

—*Thomas Wa*

N EUGENIO HARTZENBUSCH
(1806-1880)

TO CALDERÓN

Eugenio Hartzenbusch was a romantic
tist known principally as the author of
nantes de Teruel. His *Poesías* may be
in the *Colección de escritores castellanos*,
(Madrid, 1887).

who, in accent of disdain profound,
ling man in all his littleness,
ed: "Life is a shade, a dream, no
ss
l the fantasy in living found!"
shone thy luminous star o'er Spanish
ound,
refulgent of our Stage, confess,
y doubt of genius e'er oppress
ind of its own inspiration's bound?
Tiber unto Manzanares, lo,
Rhine to Andes, universal shrines

And homage to your masterpieces
Thy name to such eternity has gr
That it should teach thee to an
lines:

“All is a dream, *except my fame*
—*Thomas*

44

*All shall melt at my piteous prayer:—
“An alms, for God’s sake, I entreat.*

The cabin, the palace,
Are my resort ;
If the threat of the thunder
Shall break from the mountain,
Or the torrent’s quick fountain
Shall drive me under,
Within their shelter
The shepherds make place,
Lovingly asking me
Food to grace;
Or by the rich hearthstone
I take my ease
Fanned by the odors
Of burning trees;
With the luscious banquet
And cushioned store,
Upon the couch
Of some proud *señor*.

And I say to myself:—
“Let the breezes blow
And the tempest rage

orld without:
ranches crack
e high winds go,
ber with nothing to trouble about.
It is mine; I am free as air! "

y patrons,
ll I ask
as I daily pray;
asant and noble
pay,
ke their favors
at and small.
sk them
/ be,
to task them
nks for fee.
esire
ne alms,
their duty
y palms.
alth is sinful
st see;
ly state
verty,
a miser

Who would deny
An alms, and a beggar
Blest am I.

For I am poor and they grieve to no
How I groan beneath my pain;
They never see that their wealth is
Where I my treasures gain.

The world is mine; I am free as air!

A rebel and a discontent
Amid my rags am I;
To satirise their ease I'm sent
And with a sour-set eye
I boldly stare at the potentate
Who dares to pass me in his state.

The lovely maid
Of a thousand scents
In her joy arrayed
With her love-locks blent—
'Tis she I follow
Till she turns around,
And my evil smells
Her sense astound.
At the feasts and spreads
My voice is heard

And they bow their heads
At my merest word.
Their joy and revel
I come to stay,
At the sight of my rags
And my voice's brags
Their music dies away.
Showing how near
Dwell pain and joy;
No joy without tear
No pain *sans* glad alloy.
The world is mine; I am free as air!

For me no morrow
Nor yesterday;
I forget the sorrow
And the welladay.
There's nought to trouble
Or weary me here,—
It's a palace tomorrow
Or a hospital's cheer.
I live a stranger
To thoughts of care;
Let others seek glory
Or riches rare!
My one concern

Is to pass today;
 Let the laws prevail
 Where the monarchs sway!
 For I am a beggar
 And a poor man proud;
 'Tis through fear of me
 There are alms allowed.

A soft asylum
 Where'er it be,
 And a hospital bed
 Will be ready for me;
 And a cosy ditch
 Where my bones shall lie
 Will cover me over
 When I die.

*The world is mine; I am free as air;
 Let others work that I may eat!
 All hearts must melt at my piteous prayer:—
 "An alms, for God's sake, I entreat!"
 —Thomas Walsh.*

▷ CANCIÓN OF THE PIRATE

The breeze fair aft, all sails on high,
 Ten guns on each side mounted seen,

s not cut the sea, but fly,
 ftly sailing brigantine;
 bark, the "Dreaded" named,
 surpassing boldness famed,
 y sea well-known and shore,
 de to side their boundaries o'er.
 on in streaks the waves illumines
 e groans the wind the rigging
 ough;
 e motion raised assumes
 ea a silvery shade with blue;
 inging gaily on the poop
 te Captain, in a group,
 rope here, there Asia lies,
 mboul in the front arise.

, my swift one! nothing fear;
 alm, nor storm, nor foeman's force,
 ke thee yield in thy career
 n thee from thy course.
 the English cruisers fleet
 ve full twenty prizes made;
 their flags beneath my feet
 dred nations laid.
sure is my gallant bark,
ly God is liberty;

*My law is might, the wind my mark,
My country is the sea.*

“There blindly kings fierce wars maintain,

For palms of land, when here I hold
As mine, whose power no laws restrain,
Whate’er the seas infold.

Nor is there shore around whate’er,
Or banner proud, but of my might
Is taught the valorous proofs to bear,
And made to feel my right.

My treasure is my gallant bark,

My only God is liberty;

*My law is might, the wind my mark,
My country is the sea.*

“Look when a ship our signals ring,
Full sail to fly how quick she’s veered!
For of the sea I am the king,

My fury’s to be feared;
But equally with all I share

Whate’er the wealth we take supplies;
I only seek the matchless fair,
My portion of the prize.

*ure is my gallant bark,
y God is liberty;
s might, the wind my mark,
ntry is the sea.*

ndemned to die !—I laugh;
my fates are kindly sped,
er from his own ship's staff
s I'll hang instead.

fall, why what is life?
t I gave it then as due,
m slavery's yoke in strife
r! I withdrew.

*ure is my gallant bark;
ly God is liberty;
s might, the wind my mark,
ntry is the sea.*

sic is the Northwind's roar;
ise when round the cable runs,
owings of the Black Sea's shore,
lling of my guns.
ne thunders loudly sound,
rious the tempests rave,
rest in sleep profound,
zed upon the wave.

*My treasure is my gallant bark,
My only God is liberty;
My law is might, the wind my mark,
My country is the sea."*

—James Kenn

BRIEL DE LA CONCEPCIÓN
VALDÉZ
(1809-1844)

PRAYER TO GOD

EL DE LA CONCEPCIÓN VALDÉZ (*Plácido*)
e son of a Spanish dancer and a mulatto
esser in Cuba, who was reared in the
 from which he takes his name. He
ped a great love for liberty, and with
ucation which he managed to obtain,
owed a roving literary career until he
cused of taking part in a negro con-
. He is said to have recited the
er to God" on his way to his execution.
oesías were published at Palma de
ca in 1847.

of love unbounded! Lord supreme!
rwhelming grief to thee I fly.
ng this veil of hateful calumny,
thine arms of might my fame redeem!

Thou King of Kings, my fathers' God and
mine,
Thou only art my sure and strong defence.
The polar snows, the tropic fires intense,
The shaded sea, the air, the light are
thine;
The life of leaves, the water's changeful
tide,
All things are thine, and by thy will abide.

Thou art all power; all life from thee goes
forth,
And fails or flows obedient to thy breath;
Without thee all is nought; in endless death
All nature sinks forlorn and nothing worth.
Yet even the Void obeys thee; and from
nought
By thy dread word the living man was
wrought.

Merciful God! How should I thee deceive?
Let thy eternal wisdom search my soul!
Bowed down to earth by falsehood's base
control,
Her stainless wings not now the air may
cleave.

th thine hosts of truth and set her
!

ou, O Lord, the oppressor's victory!

it, Lord, by that most free out-
ring

e own precious blood for every
ther

ost race, and by thy Holy Mother,
f grief, so loving, so adoring,

thed in sorrow followed thee afar,
g thy death like a declining star.

his lot thy love ordains to me,

l to foes most cruel and unjust,

nd leave my poor and senseless dust

ff and sport of their weak enmity;

hou, and then thy purposes fulfill;

my life, work thou thy perfect will.

—*Anonymous.*

GERTRUDIS GÓMEZ DE
AVELLANEDA

(1814-1873)

TO HIM

GERTRUDIS GÓMEZ DE AVELLANEDA was born at Camagüey, Cuba. Early in life she removed to Spain, where in 1841 she published her poems. She was twice married, dying at Madrid. She holds a high place among the novelists and dramatists of modern Spain; her early influences were of the French school but in her later work she reveals native Spanish influences. Her *Obras literarias* appeared at Madrid in 1869.

No bonds withhold,—for all that held are
broken;

So heaven ordained,—and blessed be its
name!

The bitter chalice I have drained in token,
And now is peace with nothing more to
claim.

I loved thee—but no more—not even in
fancy;

Never, if I have erred, the truth be said;
O'er all the dreary years in necromancy
I throw forgetfulness,—my heart is fed.

Thou hast made riot there with breast
unsparing,

Struck down my pride beneath thy blows
insane,

But never turned my lips reproaches bear-
ing

To bring a charge against thy tyrant
reign.

Of weighty faults, a scourge in venging
hour

Thou fill'dst thy mission here—Ah, knowst
it not?—

Not thine was all the irresistible power

Which left my forces conquered and
forgot.

'Twas God I sought,—unto His name be
glory!—

For all is over; I regain my breath.

Angel of Vengeance! Man, it was thy
story;
I see and fear thee not, nor seek thy
death!

Thy sceptre faller and thy sword-blade
rusted,
Alas!—is this the liberty I gain?—
I made a world of thee, in thee I trusted,—
Now life around me is an empty plain.
Be happy thou! If thou shouldst e'er
discover
This poor adieu that I address to thee,—
Know that the breast wherein thou once
wert lover.
Holds pardon for thee and sweet charity.
—*Thomas Walsh.*



'From a print in the Hispanic Society of America

José Zorilla

JOSÉ ZORILLA

(1817-1893)

THE SPRINGLET

ZORILLA was born at Valladolid. Early he achieved reputation as a poet of natural gifts. He emigrated to Mexico in 1847 after the execution of Maximilian. He was granted a small pension, and died in comparative poverty at Madrid. He is one of the most popular dramatists of the Spanish stage. His *Obras dramáticas y poéticas* appeared at Madrid in 1895. Another collection of his *Poesías escogidas* was published by the Real Academia de la Lengua (Madrid, 1904).

ting on, the springlet flows,
licking up its dark brown bed;
e and more its crystal grows
s its course is sped.
s the grasses, moistens the sand,
lays a thousand tricks a day;

Wave on wave its face is fanned
 With laughter light and gay.
 Couch of down it lends the vale;
 Cool its fan the birch-trees find;
 Reeds its quiet pathway trail
 To rest and shade resigned.
 Bursts it on the open sky!
 What was all its running for,
 If beneath the cliff it die
 Engulfed forevermore?

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE BULL AND THE *PICADOR*

Pawing the earth, and snorting in his
 rage
 The Bull is tossing up the torrid sand;
 The while the horseman's eye serene
 and bland
 Seeks out a point for his red lance to gauge.
 Steadied to take the charge, the fight to
 wage,
 The picador holds his impatient stand;
 His face, for all its blackness, whiter
 fanned
 To anger as the bull obstructs the stage.

sits; the Spaniard jeers at him;
 shakes his hornéd front; he tears the
 earth,
 ing great breaths and straining every
 limb;
 e taunter urges him to prove his
 worth;
 en he charges, fails, and bellows grim,
 shoulder bleeding, the great crowd in
 mirth!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

TOLEDO

ore the jousts and tourneys,
 ore the Moorish songs,
 ore dark battlements with throngs
 lden Moslem blades;
 y without their lattices,
 terraces and glades,
 ance, no fair sultana
 with the old *pavana*
 ultan's garden shades.

ore the golden chambers
 e palaces of kings;

Nor hidden halls of pleasurings
Of Orient devise;
Nor are there dark-eyed women
On the velvet couches lain,
Where the Faithful may obtain
Their hint of Paradise.

No more the eastern songbirds
In their cages made of gold
Fill the air as once of old
With the color of their songs;
While within his bath reclining,
Half-asleep, with odors shining,
Dreams of love their lord enfold.

No more an age of pleasure
Like the Moorish days gone by;
Age no rival can supply,
Two alike could hardly be;
But beneath the Gothic spire
Of the Christian temple hangs
A great bell whose mighty clangs
Speak of God in verity.

There's today a temple standing
On its hundred Gothic piles;

Crosses, altars in its aisles,
And a creed of holiness;
There's a people bending low,
Lifting unto God its prayer
In the light that's burning there
For the faith their hearts confess!

There's a God the winds have heard
Mid the foldings of the blast;
The earth trembles at His word,
And the future mocks the past.
The mere cipher of His name
On the sinful hearts of men,
Was adored of old the same
Through the Arab darkness then.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

RAMÓN DE CAMPOAMOR
(1817-1891)

TWO MIRRORS

RAMÓN DE CAMPOAMOR was born at Navia. He prepared to join the clergy, but changed his mind, becoming a physician and, later, devoting himself exclusively to poetry and politics. He died at Madrid, where his *Obras completas* were published in 1901.

Into my mirror's glass I gaze
At forty years of age,
And find myself so worn with days
I break the glass in rage.

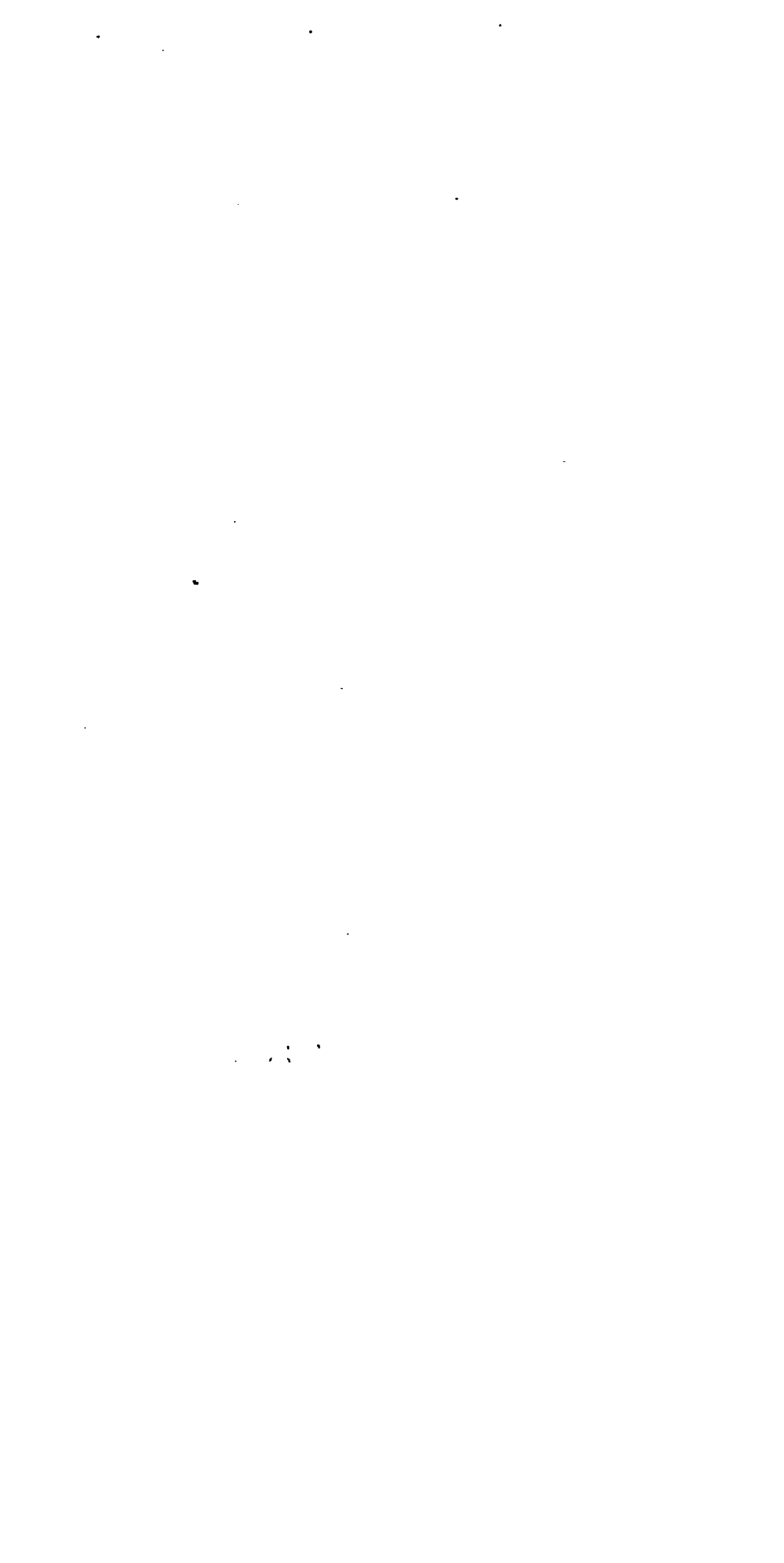
And then I turn my gaze and peer
Across my mirrored soul;
And see within my conscience clear
My woes beyond control.

The loss of faith, of love, of youth—
I see my mortal curse!—



From the painting by Sala in the Hispanic Society of America

Ramón de Campoamor



Within my mirror—evil truth;
And in my conscience—worse!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

IF I COULD ONLY WRITE

I

Please, Señor Cura, write a line for me—

I know for whom; and so you needn't
tell.

You know, because of that dark night when
he

And I encountered you together.—Well!

Excuse us but—I did not find it strange;

It was the night,—a chance for everyone.

Hand me the pen and paper. Thanks.

Arrange

Yourself while I begin—“*My dear
Ramón*”—

My dear?—You have it down in black and
white?—

But not if you object!—Yes, yes, I
vow!—

“*How sad I am*”—Does that not put it
right?—

It does. "*How sad I am without you now !*"

"*There is an anguish gnawing in my heart*"—

How do you know the sorrow that I feel?—

To an old man a maiden's secrets part
And show as though a crystal did reveal.

"*What is this world without you ?—Vale of tears !*

And at your side ?—An earthly Paradise !"

Be sure the writing there so clear appears
'Twill reach, good señor Cura, to his eyes!

"*The kiss I gave you when you went away*"—

But come, who then has told you all you know?—

When one arrives, or leaves or makes his stay,

Together—no offence—'tis always so.

"*And if your love delays you from my sight
You do not know the sorrow it will cost !*"

—no more?—No, Señor Cura,
rite,
tain my very life will soon be lost!

—and know you not you mock at
heaven?—

es, alas, Señor,—this life of mine!—
ot write it.—Man be unforgiven,—
uld only write, myself and sign!—

2

Cura, Señor Cura,—vainly
ll your efforts to oblige me prove,
r writing you will not state plainly
at I feel and all the power of love!

l's sake, write him that my very
pirit

ardly in my mortal body keep,
ery day new sorrows I inherit,
I can nothing do but sigh and
leep!—

y poor lips, whereon his breath
ound roses
adays can hardly open more;

That they forget to smile, so pain opposes
The joy my heart was cherishing of
yore;

That my poor eyes, that once he found so
tender,
Are clouded over with such weight of
pain,

That as they find no other eyes to render
Their loving glance they always close
again;

That of the many griefs with which I
languish,
His absence is the very worst of all—
That in my ears there sounds the ceaseless
anguish
Of echoes that his voice in vain recall.

And such my state because of him, with
blighting
My soul is falling into grief's decline;
My God!—the things my pen would be
inditing,
If I could only write, myself, and
sign!

EPILOGUE

fine!—Leave it to love!—Now the
addressing,

Don Ramón ”—Ah, me, how such a
call

me the uselessness of my professing
now my Greek, and Latin, after all!

—Thomas Walsh.

TRADITIONS

ed a cross upon a lonely spot
day when in the country I took air;
er told me—“A base robber shot
killed a soldier there.”

: tradition!—once again I passed
site upon that lonely plain;
er stranger told me, as the last—
robber here was by a soldier slain.”

—Thomas Walsh.

JOSÉ EUSEBIO CARO

(1817-1853)

ON THE LIPS OF THE LAST OF THE
INCAS

JOSÉ EUSEBIO CARO was a native of the Republic of New Granada, now Colombia, who, together with a fellow-poet José Joaquín Ortiz, founded the first literary journal of his country *La Estrella Nacional* in 1836. He was a man of lofty political ideals and a poet of advanced thought and practice.

Today arriving on Pichincha's slope,
The deadly cannon of the whites I flee,
Like the sun a wanderer, like the sun
aflame,
Like the sun free.

O Sun, my Father, hearken! Manco's
throne
Lies in the dust; Thy altar's sanctity

d; exalting thee alone I pray,
ut free.

my Father, hearken! A slave
ore
ions of the world I'll not agree
the mark. To slay myself I come,
hough free.

Thou wilt perceive me, when afar
st begin to sink into the sea,
Thy hymns on the volcano's top,
and free.

ow though, alas! when once again
wn throughout the east will shining

en splendor on my tomb will fall,
b though free.

y tomb the condor will descend
eaven, the condor, bird of liberty,
ilding there its nest, will hatch its
ing,
rn and free

—*Alfred Coester.*

PABLO PIFERRER Y FÁBREGAS
(1818-1848)

CANCIÓN OF SPRING

PABLO PIFERRER Y FÁBREGAS was born and died at Barcelona. He devoted a large part of his life to the cultivation of musical appreciation among the Catalonians. He published a volume of *Poesías*.

Here the springtime comes again,—

Wake the bagpipe—dance around—
Spreading o'er the hill and plain

Her green mantle—Hope is found!
There is sighing of the breeze,—

Wake the bagpipe—dance around—
And the cloud that swiftly flees

Shows the blue vault—Hope is found!
From its blossom laughs the flower,—

Wake the bagpipe—dance around—

murmur of its power
the streamlet—Hope is found!
is' trill is on the air,—
the bagpipe—dance around—
the swallow, there
nes winging—Hope is found!
art, little sweetheart mine,—
the bagpipe—dance around—
tealing through the vine,
ier promise—Hope is found!
ver all the land—
the bagpipe—dance around—
eath our hearts expand,
it rises—Hope is found!
orld is budding green,—
the bagpipe—dance around—
budding leaves between,
are growing—Hope is found!
odor, color grow—
the bagpipe—dance around—
ins of love to show
is stirring—Hope is found!
lightsome spring will die,—
the bagpipe—dance around—
ar the meadows nigh
e her mantle—Hope is found!

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HISPANIC ANTHOLO

Dear old days of innocence—
Hush the bagpipe—dance no mo
Lost, they never re-commence,—
Lost are mine—and Hope is o'er
—*Roderick*

IV

HISPANIC NOTE

AEL DE MENDIVE	457
<p data-bbox="110 652 762 777">AEL MARÍA DE MENDIVE (1821-1886)</p> <p data-bbox="154 833 618 881">A VIRGIN'S SMILE</p> <p data-bbox="110 934 837 1512">MARÍA DE MENDIVE, a native of Cuba, in 1847 a volume entitled <i>Pasionich</i> secured him a lasting hold upon his country at home and abroad. He traveled widely, returned to Cuba, and founded a <i>Revista de Habana</i> which did immense service to letters. He was exiled from the country in 1868, taking refuge in New York, and remained until the general amnesty of 1875 enabled him to return. He was greatly admired by the poet Longfellow.</p> <p data-bbox="110 1565 711 1911"> sweeter than the early breeze, than the faint perfume of flowers, than the sun! through thine angel hours than the thoughts of love; than the tender thought than the morning's gentle face, </p>	
D MONOGRAPHS	IV

On thy lips of maiden grace
Plays thy virgin smile.

Like a bird's thy rapture is,
Angel eyes thine eyes enlighten,
On thy gracious forehead brighten
Flashes from above;
Flower-like thy breathings are,
Free thy dreams from sinful strife,
And the sunlight of thy life
Is thy virgin smile.

Loose thou never, gentle child,
Thy spring garland from thy brow.
Through life's flowery fields, as now,
Wander careless still
Sweetly sing and gaily run,
Drinking in the morning air,
Free and happy everywhere,
With thy virgin smile!

Love and pleasure are but pains,
Bitter grief and miseries,
Withered leaves, which every breeze
Tosses at its will;
Live thou purely with thy joy,

With thy wonder and thy peace,
 Blessing life till life shall cease,
 With thy virgin smile.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

THE BROOK

Laugh of the mountain!—lyre of bird and
 tree!

Pomp of the meadow! Mirror of the
 morn!

The soul of April, unto whom are born
 The rose and jessamine, leaps wild in thee!
 Although where'er thy devious current
 strays

The lap of earth with gold and silver
 teems,

To me thy clear proceeding brighter
 seems

Than golden sands, that charm each
 shepherd's gaze.

How without guile thy bosom, all trans-
 parent

As the pure crystal, lets the curious eye
 Thy secrets scan, thy smooth, round
 pebbles count!

How, without malice murmuring,
thy current!

O sweet simplicity of days gone by
Thou shun'st the haunts of m
dwell in limpid fount!

—*H. W. Longfel*

ANTONIO DE TRUEBA

(1823-1889)

CANTABRIA

ANTONIO DE TRUEBA, a poet of the Basque provinces, won popularity through his pictures of the life of his own people and his own time. His *Libro de los cantares* appeared at Madrid in 1852.

Ancient groves from hardy days,
Sweeping rivers, fountains clear,
Breezes from high mountain ways,
Little valleys green and dear;
Houses white and turrets black,
Seas that ever heave and tumble,
Peace and joy in every track,
Holy dew on foreheads humble,—
This is what inspires my song,
This is my Cantabria fair!—
If you lose me, seek me long
'Twixt Higuer and Finisterre.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

NIGHTFALL

The moon is soft arising
Behind its lattice far,
Serene the air surprising
As where holy spirits are.
Calm is the sea untroubled,
And calm the azure skies.
Lord,—when at peace of even
Our soul to seek Thee flies
To tell to Thee our sorrows,—
Oh, what despairing morrows,
If nought to us replies!—

—*Thomas W*

OSÉ SELGAS Y CARRASCO

(1824-1882)

THE EMPTY CRADLE

SELGAS Y CARRASCO was a native of
who was prominent in Madrid as a
alist and editor. He enjoyed a great
ation during his lifetime. His *Obras*
ublished at Madrid in 1882-1894.

The angels bending
To kiss her brow,
Sang unending—
“Come with us now.”

The child replying,
The angels drew
To her cradle lying:—
“I’ll go with you.”

The angel faces
’Mid wings of gold,

466	HISPANIC ANTHOLOG
	<p data-bbox="410 361 1204 481">Because herself hath taught the wa Of conquest to the victor's heart.</p> <p data-bbox="410 529 1204 770">She gave her speech, she gave her blo And all her old traditions gave; In her we glory with the brave; In her our needs are understood.</p> <p data-bbox="927 770 1204 830">—<i>Roderick C</i></p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

MANUEL DEL PALACIO

(1832-1906)

SECRET LOVE

MANUEL DEL PALACIO was born at Lérida in Spain and received his education at Granada. He became very prominent in the literary circles of Madrid where he published many books of verse and prose.

Oft the confession of my changeless love
Your close-drawn lattice in the night
must hear:

The moon, befriending hearts bereft of
cheer,

Knows well my longing as she gleams above:
Your name is cooed to me by that wild dove
Whose haunts I visit when the eve is
near:

At morn my madrigals glad-voiced and
clear

Fill with their ecstasy the hill and grove.

To you alone my secret reaches never
Howe'er my heartbeat strives to tell
tale
Unbidden, ardent in a dear endeavor
Perchance for all time shall its mission
fail,
As falls unheard where Ocean throbs for
The rill's faint call that tinkles down
vale.

—*Joseph I. C. Clark*

RICARDO PALMA	469
<p>RICARDO PALMA (1833-1920)</p> <p>SUN AND DUST</p> <p>D PALMA is a native of Peru, who, born from his country, produced in 1853 a volume of poems entitled <i>Armonías de un desterrado</i>. It was peculiarly valuable on account of the number of <i>can-</i> which anticipated the author's best among the traditions and history of Peru. This may be found in his <i>Papeletas píficas</i>. His remarkable wit does not detract from the historical value of the material which he deals with.</p> <p>When the swift whirlwind rises to the sky Over the cloudy cloud of dust, confused and dun; And with its wings the glowing disc Of the far-shining sun.</p> <p>It speaks with mockery,—“Go upon your Wayward course!”</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

I have made dim your beams of
bright,
King of the sphere, I have broug
your pride,
I have obscured your light!

The sun makes answer: "Soon th
will fall

You will become base mire, despis
dumb,

While I light up the heavens a
earth,—

Today,—and days to come!"

So stupid envy, insolent and false,
The laurel crown of genius fain
blight.

It is foul dust: intelligence, the sun-
Immortal is its light.

—*Alice Stone Black*

RAFAEL POMBO
(1833-1912)

OUR MADONNA AT HOME

L POMBO, son of a family of mixed
nd Spanish blood, was born at Bogotá,
bia. He took part in the political
vals of 1854 and later came on diplo-
service to the United States. Here his
ice as a poet of romantic love came to
ness. He returned to Bogotá where he
his final years in honor. *Our Madonna*
ne was written originally in English
as much admired by William Cullen
t.

st thou portray that face whose
holy spell
l sheds its peace o'er all the loved at
home?
mine so long in other lands to roam
her smile only I remember well.

Hers at whose shrine, when sickness
 fell
 In childhood, suppliant thou
 kneel, my mother,
 And I saw both smile, weep, er
 each other,
 And which the sweeter was I cou
 tell.

When memory now in manhood
 recall
 Her features who with thee doth
 my heart,
 Her half-forgotten face seems
 thine;
 And both are still to me the source o
 That's best in me of poesy and art
 Nor either mother could my
 resign.

AT NIAGARA

Again I see thee!—once again I know
 Mine oldtime witchery as in years gon
 Titan of grace, white, fascinating, va
 Sultan of torrents, calm in matchless p

ally the same, Niagara!
al in thine ecstasy, awake
y tremendous sway,—unwearying
of thyself, as man untired
izing upon thee.—How couldst thou
ire?
ty, alive forever, acts and lives
rity and cannot fail!—O thou,
perfect daughter without human
ouch
is high Fiat, that perpetuates
aws inviolable in their course,—
sister of the skies, the light, the air!—
t unexpelled of Eden that we lost,
beauty is creation's constant work,
scending even its high Creator's
breath.
, something tells us, here is God!
ar of rapture, and of balm that sprang
mes of old; today beholding thee
e wake within our breast the seeds
divine;
ardent soul to Nature's wonder
swells;
warming love of family grips the heart
nal and indissoluble; thus

As to the sea the drop released from
earth,—

Thus for the mother's breast the babe
inclines,—

Dumb in our intimate delight we turn
To this communion with eternity.

Can God grow weary?—Ah, in things that
cloy

There is a deadly, fatal principle,
Inertia, the germ of death at war
With God, the gangrene of a soul apart
From His restoring floods—But where, O
mind,

Descendst thou?—O Niagara, recall,
And in thy image let me see, the boast
Of souls victorious, behold sublime
The hero in his martyrdom, and gaze
Upon the genius calm amid his powers!
Delight me, soothe me, O museum vast
Of cataracts, O foundry of the clouds!

O sea, without a depth despite thy waves,—
White colonnade some great Alcides reared
From out Olympus, here between the twain
Mediterranean oceans of the world!
Live on, eccentric giant, to delight
In solitary, immemorial mood

Of madness of the gods! Unchained fling
forth

Thine ocean floods along the sloping gorge,
And lost in rapture, drunken with the joys
Of thine own strength, mind not that man
has marked

Thy Titan play among the solitudes,—
No more than where the ant lifts up its
head

To join itself with thee—What difference?
The earth cannot contain thee, in a burst
Thou surgest on unto thine ocean couch!

From the globe's confines ultimate, men
come

To visit thee, to raise themselves on high
With contemplation of thy matchless
charms.

A thousand tongues along thy banks
acclaim

In Thee the grandeur of their God, the boast
Of nature's purest triumph over all.

Heredia came and paid his tribute here,
Hailing Niagara in his soul, in dread
More of himself than thee, for all thy
floods!

The Anglo-Saxon cyclops quick to prove
Unto the world that he is lord of thee,
Spans thy great gorges with his airy bridge,
Embracing thee as with an iron hand,
In sign that man (the insect of the hour,
The dizzying hour!) proclaims his reign
abroad!

'Tis heaven herself laid down beneath thy
feet

These angel pillows colored for the spheres
And for one bridge, hers are a thousand
round,-

To art of man opposing that of heaven,
Hangs tremulous here, as though the smile
of peace

Amid the heavy breathings about death,
Her tranquil bow amidst the wild abyss!

Sufficing glory is thy ceaseless spring
Of beauties, thou art shrine perpetual
Of man's deep wonder. What can I for
thee,

Save but to add my little name to thine?
I am the trifling shadow at the gates,
A day to hover silent, a light breath
In silence moving through thine icy mist-

he surge volcanic of thy breast
arth, thy trembling cradle, hears the
ind

through its stony hollows in reply,—
w not, for my heart is hushed, nor
tirs

n my soul the ardent flame of song.
hat is this to thee, who, changelessly
'st thy majesty and pomp,—while I
ars of exile stand and weariness
il? Today I gaze on thee with eyes
lness, Amphitheatre divine!—

e 'mid thy gusts and mists eternal
trifes

gs and whirlpools rage. In me there
tirs

mbat; nay, thy presence, rather than
ofty beauty wakes my wonderment,
es prostration,—yea, and chills my
oul!

nilky lake asleep beneath my feet,
curdling waves of emerald that cloak
a mantle's fold thy rocky bed
e floods are gasping—all unknowing
here

destinies are urging; the dread pool

And maelstrom that awaits them with
power

As of an angry sea they writhe and
Their heads, like some lethargic boa
In his majestic, noiseless coils and p
Magnetic for his dart; and so it is
With me; such is the mortuary sea
Of my existence, where the hidden
Sweeps in the whirlpool, gulping, dr
me.

Whence, O Heredia, thy dread? I
And find it not. Not so unhappy t
Hadst thou known real fear. Thy
Grew pale and trembled here unt
death.

Here over all rules desperation; here
She lifts her craggy altars; from thes
And Tartarous regions soars the migh
Of demon voices to infernal bliss!
No, Nature never overwhelms the s
With dread; her very worst is but a l
Her very tomb is but a couch of res
She is a child, forever innocent
And candorous; a gentle nurse
heaven

In goodness gave to man.—

To man, the asp,
The monster (O Heredia, how well
Thou knewst!) whose contact is affright to
me;

The asp that poisons soul and body both;
Satan eternal of our brothers' lives,
As well as of our own; disturber born
Of every Paradise that Nature yields,
Of every scene with ordered peace that
brings

His mind the memory of heaven,
His wasted destiny! Mankind, the link
Between the angel and the fiend, the foe
Of all who would ascend the heavenly stair
Toward the high model of Divinity!—
Away, abortion!—Here is Nature, here!
But at the sight of this vast, thunderous
stream,—

This splendid comet of the waterways—
I would not seek its arms, like that light
bow

That trembles o'er its radiant gates,—nor
yield

My thoughts nor feelings!—

Thou art so supreme,

He bless them, casting on the surge
 the white jasmine blossom of their
 paths!—

st! chaste visioning! Unto the
 id

thy parent rocks thee, rest!

shall be thy lullaby, O rest!

ross thy garlands come the voice

reat requiem he chants for thee.

soul take my blessing upon thee,—

as benediction in thy heart;

because thou lov'st; more blessed

ou no more art woman, when thou
 st,

ppear'st and fallest to repose—

l grows weary o'er thy silent
 re!—

omplished—all with perfectness,

decrees; today the absent turns

again to thee; again as one

l together,—thou within thy tomb,

d, they say!—And I perchance,

e dead

ou—surviving mine own heart!—

ce! Peace!

Let not my woes disturb thee in thy rest!
Yet easier would it be, Niagara,
To speak across the tumult of thy falls!—

Thy waters seem like the beginning world
That leaps from out the hand of the
Divine,

Inaugurating its eternal course
Throughout the ether deeps! Thou art
like heaven

That bends upon the earth amid thy clouds
Half-veiling here the majesty of God.

Forever new and brilliant in thy sweep;
Forever fertile, and magnificent,
The vital spring of mother Nature's
breasts

Shining with healthful savors,—thou dost
show

Thy grandeur in thy fall, and raisest high
From thine abyss the hymn of praise and
life.

But oh! to me life is a sarcasm now;
My world has finished, and my soul is
dead;

In my desire to sing speaks but the rime
Of hate, or *De profundis* as of death.

It is to lighten weary days,
Niagara, my steps I hither press;
To turn indifferent shoulders to thy ways,
My brows immersed amid thine icy sprays,
Rendering back to thee—forgetfulness.
—*Thomas Walsh.*

GASPAR NÚÑEZ DE ARCE

(1834-1903)

THE DELUGE

GASPAR NÚÑEZ DE ARCE was born at Valladolid. After the restoration of the Bourbons, he served in the Liberal cabinets. Retiring through ill health some years before his death, he devoted himself to poetic and dramatic literature, obtaining great success in Spain and Spanish America. His *Gritos del combate* appeared in 1875; *Un idilio* in 1879. There has been no complete collection published of his works.

MISERERE

It is midnight; the great dwelling
Reared at Philip Second's will
The world's wonderment to fill—
All his mighty story telling,
Lies in haughty shadows, spelling



Gaspar Esteban Núñez de Arce

2019

e history painfully
 vanished majesty,
 like some giant writhing
 the mountain, the last tithing
 is ruined glories see.
 he Guadarramas waking
 ill winds have left their caves,
 ng on the architraves
 shrine and ceaseless breaking.
 stars above are shaking
 red and sullen flame,
 times in sorrow's name
 the echo-starting bell
 ugubrious would tell
 ne convent prays the same.
 he church morose and sombre
 ers in its vast repose,
 cy silence close
 mb the ages cumber;
 e cresset lamps in umber
 ncertain gleam afar
 he figures now that are
 lvancing, half retreating,
 ng like the ghoct-forms meeting
 ild's or old man's slumber.
 from the royal fosses

Stirs a rumor strange and clear,
And an awesome form of fear
Lifts above the dust and crosses.
Charles the Fifth, the Cæsar, tosses
Back the clamping funeral stone,
And with face all fleshless grown,
Rises horrid from the mosses.
Striking hard his bony forehead,
As from lethargy so deep
He would shake his mind from sleep
And disperse his nightmare horrid.
And he stared upon the florid
Burial place so still and lone
Where there towered his funeral ston
Forth he from the tomb advanced
And took his stand and never glanced
Where his ragged shroud was shown.
“Hark ye!—” cried his warlike voice
In the tone the whole world knew
When the ancient ages threw
At his feet its trembling choice;—
“Throw back your sepulchre’s dark v
Ye glories of Imperial days,
Ye heroes of immortal rays,
Ye flames of old-time glory,
And from your places mortuary,

Come forth—'tis Cæsar's voice that
calls!"—

And answering the haughty word
The very depths with rumor stirred,
And from their marbles surged
Spectres half unpurged;
And the graves opened wide;
And in a line dead kings began
To file before him, each one wan
And soiled with years, though every man
Still wore his crown of pride.

Grave, solemn, and remote
Came Philip Second, from his wars
Scourged, yet unbeaten, by his scars;
His son beside him grim did float;
And then the King, the all devout,
His humbleness beyond a doubt,
Who saw great Spain, the victim, torn
Like some great granite mountain, scorn
Of earthquakes, blotted out.

Then came the monarch of the blight,
Whose reign did shame employ
All our grandeur to destroy,
And shaking still with fever's might—
Oh, the dread conspiracy
That the eye might still remark

'Twixt that monarch of the dark
And his wasted monarchy!—
With a terrible confusion
Silently they herd along,
Kings now dead who once were strong!—
Teeming with the grave's profusion.
And the vanished embers start
Gleaming in those brows' dead part,
Throwing uncertain lights upon
Eyepits where the eyes are gone,
And empty skulls that grieve the heart.
And following their monarchs after,
In answer to the mighty call
As though the very hours fall
On Judgement Day, from floor to rafter,
Thronging come Spain's ancient glories,
Through the cloistered corridors,
Princes, Lords and Grand Señores,
Prelates, friars, warriors,
Favorites and counselors,
Theologues and Inquisitors.
Then with Charles's mandate shaking
From the scepter that he bore,
To the organ tottered o'er
A poor skeleton all quaking;
Bony hands the keyboard waking

a torrent of accord
giant music poured
; and requiems making.
e voices all in one,
ne dead a holy chant,
shrine hierophant
r God and Maker ran.
e broken echoes, won
ne victims of the tomb,
and stirred the startled gloom,
such a fervor rose
seemed the very close
rld whose days were done.
ere as the mighty stream
er that is dry;
ne source can now espy;
d parched the channels gleam!
God, our little power
tinguished in an hour—
e!

curséd the device,
over land and sea,
reads the word of life so free
res ideas wings of price,
nted words that all suffice
und to death our Sovereignty.—

Miserere!

Curséd be the wire that starts
All lands and peoples into one,
By which to prayers and hopes are s
All the world's pulsating hearts.
Nought in silence can be done;
No injustice lurks or darts—

Miserere!

Now no more each people thrives
In solitary state alone;
To chains of iron they have grown
The bonds where human nature stri
No more are isolation's gyves
On liberty's strong muscles thrown—

Miserere!

A bitter and a brutal blow
Delivered with unsparing hand
Upon the shoulders of our band
Of priest and king, they did bestow.
And nought there is that we can kno
To heal the wound their rage has far

Miserere!

And see, alas, how human pride
Upon the heavens is placing hands!
In arrogance the haughty lands
Would even Thee, the Lord, deride!

not their voice blaspheming guide
 peace nor to contentment's strands—
ere!

not in hostile turmoil caught,
 in their dismal pit of woe
 Thy world perish, ere it know
 t in itself its wrong was fraught.
 itying they ceaseless brought
 death to us—they die also!—
ere!

ife, thou great and mighty river
 t hurries onward to the main,
 old, our channels dust-heaps vain,
 re once did rushing streams deliver!
 not the impious rule forever—
 evil have an endless reign—
ere!"

1 suddenly the organ ceased
 nighty rumble, and the light
 swiftly off the throng of blight,
 all to darkness was released.
 le in a vast and solemn feast
 read and tears the silence grew
 from the eyeless skulls poured through
 od of weeping never ceased.
 nwhile the light was fading out

Mysterious and vague, and all
The rumors died along the wall,
And the great vision shrank to doubt.
With daylight breaking from without,
The white procession paled away
And through the scattering mists of day
Came a far locomotive's shout.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

GUSTAVO ADOLFO BÉCQUER
(1836-1870)

"THEY CLOSED HER EYES"

GUSTAVO ADOLFO BÉCQUER was born at Seville. As a student of painting, he began a poverty-stricken career at Madrid, where, after an unhappy marriage, he died.

His *Obras* (Madrid, 1871) reveal a writer, who influenced greatly by Hoffmann and Heine, possessed one of the most original talents in Spanish literature. He is sometimes considered the founder of the modern Spanish school of poetry. His works have passed through many editions.

They closed her eyes
That were still open;
They hid her face
With a white linen,
And, some sobbing
Others in silence,

From the sad bedroom
All came away.

The nightlight in a dish
Burned on the floor;
It threw on the wall
The bed's shadow,
And in that shadow
One saw sometime
Drawn in sharp line
The body's shape.

The dawn appeared.
At its first whiteness
With its thousand noises
The town awoke.
Before that contrast
Of light and darkness,
Of life and strangeness
I thought a moment.
*My God, how lonely
The dead are!*

On the shoulders of men
To church they bore her,
And in a chapel
They left her bier.

There they surrounded
Her pale body
With yellow candles
And black stuffs.

At the last stroke
Of the ringing for the Souls,
An old crone finished
Her last prayers.
She crossed the narrow nave,
The doors moaned,
And the holy place
Remained deserted.

From a clock one heard
The measured ticking,
And from a candle
The guttering.
All things there
Were so dark and mournful,
So cold and rigid,
That I thought a moment:
*My God, how lonely
The dead are!*

From the high belfry
The tongue of iron

Clanged, giving out
A last farewell.
Crape on their clothes,
Her friends and kindred
Passed in a line
In homage to her.

In the last vault
Dark and narrow,
The pickaxe opened
A niche at one end;
They laid her away there.
Soon they bricked the place
And with a gesture
Bade grief farewell.

Pickaxe on shoulder
The gravedigger,
Singing between his teeth,
Passed out of sight.
The night came down,
It was all silent.
Alone in the darkness
I thought a moment,—
My God, how lonely
The dead are!

In the dark nights
Of bitter winter,
When the wind makes
The rafter creak,
When the violent rain
Lashes the windows,
Lonely I remember
That poor girl.

There falls the rain
With its noise eternal,
There the northwind
Fights with the rain.
Stretched in the hollow
Of the damp bricks,
Perhaps her bones
Freeze with the cold.

Does the dust return to dust?
Does the soul fly to heaven?
Or is all vile matter,
Rottenness, filthiness?
I know not, but
There is something—something—
Something which gives me
Loathing, terror,—

To leave the dead
So alone, so wretched.

—*John Masefield.*

THE WAITING HARP

There in the dusky alcove of the room,
Perchance forgotten by its owner now,
Silent beneath its covering of dust,
The harp was seen.

How many a song was slumbering in its
strings,

As in some bird-breast sleeping on the
boughs,

Waiting the snowy hand whose master touch
Shall waken it!

Alas, methought—how often genius halts
And drowns thus within the bosom's
depth,

Hoping to hear a voice, like Lazarus,
To say its message,—“Soul, arise and walk!”

—*Thomas Walsh.*

SONG

“I am a passion; I am a flame;
I am a symbol of loves that go,

I am that desire which transcends shame—
Is it I you seek?"

"Not you: no!"

"My brow is pale, my hair is gold;
I can make your dreams come true.
Treasures of tenderness I hold—
Is it I you call?"

"No: not you!"

"I am a mystery; I am a dream;
A fleeting phantom of light and gloom;
A mist; a shadow; not what I seem,—
I cannot love you!"

"Oh, come, come!"

—*Muna Lee.*

RIMAS

The very atoms of the air
Seem warmed and stirring everywhere;
The sky with golden light suffused:
The earth grown bright with dawn unused;
I hear in waves of carolings
The sound of kisses, sweep of wings;
I close mine eyes,—what happens there?—
—The passing-by of Love the fair!—

—*Roderick Gill.*

ROSALÍA DE CASTRO

(1837-1883)

THE CARILLON

ROSALÍA DE CASTRO was born at Santiago de Compostela. She is one of the greatest protagonists of regionalism in Spanish literature, and her intimate studies of the Galician province early brought her into literary prominence. Her *Cantares gallegos* appeared in 1863; her *En las orillas del Sar*, in 1884.

I love them—and I hearken
As the winds their notes prolong,
Like the murmur of a fountain,
Like a lambkin's distant song,

Like the birds serenely winging
On their way across the skies,
At the break of daylight soaring
To salute it with their cries.



Rosalía de Castro



OSALÍA DE CASTRO.	505
<p> eir voices saying ever er the plain and mountain peak ething that is frank and candid, at a soothing charm would speak. </p> <p> ld their voices cease forever, hat a sorrow for the air! t a silence in the belfries! d the dead—how strangely bare! —<i>Garrett Strange.</i> </p>	
HISPANIC NOTES	IV

OLEGARIO VICTOR ANDRADE
(1838-1883)

ATLÁNTIDA

Olegario Victor Andrade, who is generally considered the greatest poet of Argentina after some experience in politics, became editor of *La Tribuna*, the government organ of President Roca. His poems, mostly written within a period of about five years, display unusual patriotic fire and inspiration. His *Atlántida* won the national prize of Argentina in 1881.

The passing centuries the secret kept.
But Plato saw it dimly when beside
The Ægean Sea, he gazed upon the shadows
Falling softly on Hymettus' peak,
And spake mysterious words with restless
waves
That groaned beneath his feet. He knew
the name
Of this last child of Time, destined to be

EGARIO V. ANDRADE	507
<p> Future's bride, where dwells eternal spring; called it fair Atlantis. God thought best to give the mighty task Latin men, the race that tamed the world, fought its greatest battles. </p> <p> d when the hour was struck, Columbus came a ship that bore the fate of Man, westward made his way. wild tumultuous Ocean hurled against tiny Latin ship the black north wind, the whirlwinds roaring fiercely rode astride lightning's blood-red steed. and the vessel moved, and broke the seal mystery; and fair Atlantis woke at last, to find her in a dreamer's arms! </p> <p> then the victor over thrones and crowns, </p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

The restless spirit of the ancient race
Had found fulfilment of its noblest dream,—
Abundant space and light in distant
zones!

With armor newly forged, nor dragging
now

The blood-stained winding-sheet of a dead
past,

Nor weighted down by blackest memories
Once more it ventured forth in eager quest
(Of liberty and glory.

Before it lay a vast, unconquered world.
Here, resting on the sea, 'neath tropic
skies,

And bathed in the white light of rising
dawn,

The Antilles lift their heads, like scattered
birds

That utter plaintive cries,
And dry their snowy wings that they may
fly

To other, distant shores.

Here rises Mexico above two seas,
A granite tower that even yet would seem

by the Spanish fleet as it draws near
 ss the Aztec gulf;
 over there Colombia, lulled to sleep
 he deep roar of Tequendama's fall,
 in its bosom hides unfailing wealth.

ail, happy zone! Oh fair, enchanted
 land,
 véd child of the creative sun
 teeming home of animated life,
 birthplace of the great Bolívar,—hail!
 ee, Venezuela, all is great:
 flashing stars that light thee from above;
 genius and thy noble heroism,
 ch with volcanic force and deafening
 crash
 st forth on San Mateo's lofty peak!

stretched below the Andes' mighty
 chain,
 one who weeps above an open grave,
 Incas' Rome doth lie.
 word was broken in the bloody strife,
 in obscurity its face was sunk.
 still Peru doth live!
 in a virile race

Defeat doth spell a new, a nobler life.
And when propitious toil, which heals all
wounds,
Shall come to thee at last,
And when the sun of justice shines again
After long days of weeping and of shame,
The ripening grain shall paint with flowers
of gold
The crimson cloak that o'er thy shoulder
floats.

Bolivia, namesake of the giant born
At Mount Avila's foot,
Hath kept his lively wit and valiant
heart,
With which to face the storm and stress of
life.
It dreams of war today; but also dreams
Of greater things, when 'stead of useless
guns,
The engines made of steel
Shall boldly bridge the vales and scale the
hills.

And Chile, strong in war and strong in
toil,

gs its avenging arms upon the wall,
vinced that victory by brutal strength
in and empty if it be not right.

Uruguay, although too fond of strife,
sweet caress of progress ever seeks;
il, which feels the Atlantic's noisy
kiss,

a greater freedom were a greater state;
now the blessed land,
bride of glory, which the Plata bathes
which the Andean range alone doth
bound!

t all arise, for 'tis our native land,
own, our native land, which ever sought
me ideals. Our youthful race was
lulled

in the cradle by immortal hymns,
now it calls, to share its opulence,
hose who worship sacred liberty,
fair handmaid of science, progress,
art. . . .

country turns its back on savage war,
casts away the fratricidal sword,
it may bind upon its haughty brow
eath of yellow wheat,

Lighter to wear than any golden crown
The sun of ultimate redemption shines
On our beloved land, which strides ahead
To meet the future, and with noble
Offers the Plata's overflowing cup
To all the hungry nations. . . .

—*Elijah Clarence*

JOSÉ ROSAS MORENO

(1838-1883)

THE SPIDER'S WEB

JOSÉ ROSAS MORENO was born and died in Mexico. He was known for his dramas, as well as for his lyrical poetry of a simple domestic kind. His fables have been much appreciated.

A dext'rous spider chose
 The delicate blossom of a garden rose
 Whereon to plant and bind
 The net he framed to take the insect kind.
 And when his task was done
 Proud of the cunning lines his art had spun,
 He said, "I take my stand
 Close by my work, and watch what I have
 planned.
 And now, if heaven should bless
 My labors with but moderate success,
 No fly shall pass this way,

Nor gnat, but they shall fall an easy prey.'
 He spoke, when from the sky
 A strong wind swooped, and whirling
 hurried by,
 And far before the blast
 Rose, leaf and web and plans and hopes
 were cast.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

THE EAGLE AND THE SERPENT

A serpent watched an eagle gain
 On soaring winds, a mountain height
 And envied him, and crawled with pain
 To where he saw the bird alight.
 So fickle fortune oftentimes
 Befriends the cunning and the base,
 And many a groveling reptile climbs
 Up to the eagle's lofty place.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

THE CATERPILLAR AND THE BUTTERFLY

"Good-morrow, friend," so spoke, upon a
 day
 A caterpillar to a butterfly.

The wingéd creature looked another way,
And made this proud reply:

“No friend of worms am I.”

The insulted caterpillar heard
And answered thus the taunting word.

“And what wert thou, I pray,
Ere God bestowed on thee that brave
array?

Why treat the caterpillar tribe with scorn?
Art thou then nobly born?

What art thou, madam, at the best?

A caterpillar elegantly dressed.”

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

JOAQUÍN ARCADIO PAGAZA

(1839- ?)

IN THE NIGHT

JOAQUÍN ARCADIO PAGAZA, Bishop of Vera Cruz, Mexico, was a poet of the classic school. Many of his Castilian sonnets are much admired, although he is chiefly remembered as the translator into Spanish of the famous Latin poem *Rusticatio mexicana* by the Jesuit Rafael Landivar (1731-1793), a work sharing, with Balbuena's *Grandeza mexicana*, the merit of fixing the classical style of letters in Hispanic America.

It seems like noon, so bright the lustre
shed

On the damp forest by the moon's white
glow.

The breeze scarce moves yon oak tree to
and fro,

That mid a thousand others rears its head.

O'er Zempoala, on an azure bed,
The evening star rests just above the snow,
And dimly in the fields the brooklet's flow
Shows like a silver ribbon far outspread.

The heavens shine; the hoopoe's note of
pain

Sounds on the mountain, and the echoes
send

Its wail across the broad plains plaintively.

Phyllis, come follow me, for I would fain
Enjoy this night; shut up the cot, my
friend;

Upon the hillside I will wait for thee.

—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

TWILIGHT

Slowly the sun descends at fall of night,
And rests on clouds of amber, rose and red;
The mist upon the distant mountains shed
Turns to a rain of gold and silver light.

The evening star shines tremulous and
bright

Through wreaths of vapor, and the clouds
o'erhead
Are mirrored in the lake, where soft they
spread,
And break the blue of heaven's azure
height.

Bright grows the whole horizon in the west
Like a devouring fire; a golden hue
Spreads o'er the sky, the trees, the plains
that shine.

The bird is singing near its hidden nest
Its latest song, amid the falling dew,
Enraptured by the sunset's charm divine.

—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

ANTONIO SELLÉN

(1840-1888)

THE BROKEN BRANCH

ANTONIO SELLÉN, younger brother of the Cuban patriot and poet Francisco Sellén, was born at Santiago de Cuba. He became prominent in the periodical literature of the Cuban revolutionary period, publishing with his brother, *Estudios poéticos* (1882), and during his residence in New York *Cuatro poemas de Lord Byron* (New York, 1877).

Poor branch that broken from the tree
Is at the mercy of the wave—
How swift your flight, how rapidly,
It sweeps you to your grave!—

A moment in the angry pool
You struggle with its might in vain—
Amid the fury of its rule
How useless to complain!—

What matters it to me should tide
Arise and gulp me down below—
A withered branch and lone, beside
A world of which I nothing know?

When sharp winds blow in hurricane
The branches leafless sad and bare,
And lorn they strive against the strain—
What poor dried bough proves sturdy
there?

The branch that severs from the tree
From which it took its parent birth
Is a soul that in its misery
Is lost to love and life on earth.

—*Garret Strange*

DIEGO VICENTE TEJERA

(1848-1903)

JULIET

DIEGO VICENTE TEJERA was born and died in Cuba. He passed some years in the United States endeavoring to organize a socialist party to figure in the Revolution of 1895. His *Ramo de violetas* appeared in 1878.

“Another kiss, then, Juliette, farewell!—

Another, nay, another thousand more!—”

She holds him back with her adoring spell;

Careless of all, her ardent kisses pour.

O secret transports what mere words can
tell!—

O hour of love with all its promised
store!—

Through the still chamber how the quick
sighs spell

The ecstasies their hearts have thirsted
for!

Delight! — forgetfulness! — The dawning
 breaks
 Across the casement panes. The lover
 flies
 Before the coming of the ancient day,
 Down the high balcony where lightly
 shakes
 His ladder,—where the swallows' punc-
 tual cries,
 And swift and polished wings begin to
 play.—

—*Thomas Walsh.*

TO THEE

And art thou dead?—No, Death oblivion
 brings,
 And still I dream of thee!
 Death, gentle Mother, a dark ruin flings,
 Yet still thy face I see!
 But if thou haply hast not died as yet—
 To-morrow—shalt thou live?
 Oh, if to-day—there is no morrow set
 When Death the end can give.
 Never! Though destiny untimely wrought,
 Shalt thou his rigor know;

vert my all of glory,—now my
 thought
 be my love to show!
 out the lonely world by night and
 ay
 thou with me remain;
 hour I breathe, O Mother, may
 unto thee attain!
 ger still with me shalt live until
 d I seek thee far;
 y rays of heavenly bliss fulfil
 ight our double star.

the moans my broken accents
 aise—
 re art thou, Mother, now?—"

 the tear that ceaseless comes and
 ays,—
 ther, dead art thou?—
 ation of my inmost breast
 emoried form shall glow.
 ld may lay the mothers to Death's
 est,
 ot their children, no!—

—*Roderick Gill.*

LUIS MONTOTO Y RAUTEN-
STRAUCH

(1851-)

OUR POET'S BREED

LUIS MONTOTO Y RAUTENSTRAUCH was born at Seville, where he has always been prominently identified with all civic activities. His works embody the brilliant life of the Andalusian capital. His publications include *Noches de luna, Sevilla, La sevillana*, and most popular of all *Toros en Sevilla, Toros*. He is a member of the Spanish Academy.

"Now whither go ye?"—Would that we
did know—

But who can trace the leaves at midnight
torn

From off the storm-swept branches as they
go

Upon the mighty tempest's path of scorn?

“And where abide ye?”—In the refuse
heap,
Our walls and rafters rotting in the
dust,—

Dust watered only by the tears we weep—
Tears bitter with our need and broken
trust.

“Had ye no father?”—Yea, he dreamt of
fame
And scorned the thrifty hoardings of the
heart,—

He whom the midnight fever overcame
To sit, his brows with laurel crowned,
apart.

“What seek ye now?”—His legacy de-
creed,
The dreamer’s treasure buried in the sod;
We are the children of the poet’s breed—
Refuse us not an alms, for love of God!
—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE DAY’S ACCOUNT

Night closes fast my gloomy door,
The hour when I must make account

Of how the world has paid me for
My toilsome day, and what amount.

Ingratitudes, and mean disdain,
And friendship's smirking likelihood,
And promises no deeds sustain,
And many ills, and scanty good,

And all the bitter pangs that start,
And tears that are so prone to course,—
But O what blessing in my heart!
I carry home no grim remorse!

—*Roderick Gill.*

THE INGRATE

The traveller on his torrid way
Will quench his thirst at any spring
Whose cooling waters chance to stray
Beside his road of wandering.

Then on upon his way he goes
Without another thought or glance
Upon the fountain that bestows
Its all of joy and sustenance.

And so 'tis with the ingrate's heart;
 Who once he can his need obtain
 Will on his journey lightly start
 And never turn his cheek again.
 —*Thomas Walsh.*

THE BULLS IN SEVILLE

I

Bulls in Seville! Bulls in Seville!
 Come the shouts and flutter white
 Of the programmes they are selling
 To the experts of the fight.
 Bulls in Seville! Bulls in Seville!
 Murmur, touching glass to glass,
 All the patrons of the cafés
 While the weekly journals pass.
 Bulls in Seville! is the whisper
 Of the damsel in her best;
 Bulls in Seville! Bulls in Seville!
 Says the *grande dame* with the rest.
 Bulls in Seville! is the rumor
 Of the palace and the slum;
 Child and man and woman murmur
 That the noisy feasts have come.
 And the brilliant sun of Maytime
 And the gentle airs of spring,

The aroma of the flowers
And the orange breaths that fling,
O'er the gracious Guadalquivir
Where the crystal waters shine
And the shadows from the Tower
On the surface rest benign.
Then the joyous festivation
Of the lofty bells is heard,
And Giralda, the most lovely,
Speaks the loudest, highest word
And it seems as if the message
"Bulls in Seville" is refrain
Of the very winds ablowing
Through the length and breadth of

2

Dandy dons his little jacket,
Ties his double sash around,
Whispering "Now for the Bull-rin
Breathless hurries to the ground.
With her light shawl of Manilla
Mariquita makes her fair;
Puts a spray or two of flowers
To give scent and deck her hair,
And she murmurs,—“To the Bull-

As she hurries from her door,
Down the crowded streets and plazas,
In her gladness brimming o'er.
All the city's throng is hasting
Through the quarter on its way;
Every breast a bursting brasier
With the gladness of the day.
"To the Bull-ring! To the Bull-ring!"
Every tear is brushed and dried.
"To the Bull-ring! To the Bull-ring!"—
The to-morrows put aside!

3

In the shining blue of heaven
Not the slightest cloud is seen;
Spring with every dower is filling
All the world with joys serene.
All the great arena glitters
'Mid the crowds awaiting there,
Like a mighty bee-hive buzzing
For the sport that would prepare.
All the women in the boxes
With their shining shawls of white;
And their raven hair agleaming
With carnations red and bright.

Here are all Triana's neighbors,
And from Macarena too;
Many from San Roqué's parish,
And Calzada's not a few.
Here within the shade, awaiting
As in faculty of state,
All the bachelors and doctors
Of the bull-ring up-to-date.
All the bachelors and doctors
Who hold professorial seat
On the street where the Sierpes
And the proud Campaña meet.
Friends are they to the bull-fighters;
They the fates to-day can spell;
When the others shout, they're hissing;
When the others hiss, they yell.
And the peddlars hurry calling,
"Water of Tomares, buy!"—
"Almond cakes of cinnamon!"—
"Hazel-nuts and seeds, who'll try!"
The President gives salutation;
The gates of entry fling ajar;
See, the cavaliers are coming,
With their coats that shine afar!
Lightly spur the *alguaciles*,
Formal license to obtain,

Then return where their companions
 Wait to start with all their train.
 All the air with noise is ringing,
 As the entrance march is heard,
 And the bull-fighters are sighted
 Through the gateway at the word.
 "Blesséd be thy mother, brave one!"—
 "Mezquita, hail!" "Giralda hail!"—
 "Let us see thee, Manuelo!"—
 "Rafael, long may you prevail!"—
 First of all the gallant cohort
 You the matadors behold,
 Covered with their silken mantles
 And their garments wrought in gold.
 Two by two, their distance keeping,
Banderilleros then advance
 In their little capes distinguished
 By the people at a glance.
 Then upon their Baviecas
 Come the picadors along,
 With their monkey-like retainers
 And their badges in a throng.
 And the mules are driven after,
 Gay with all their fringe and bells;
 Red and yellow in their ribbons,—
 Nought their sorry duty tells.

Then the sounding of the trumpets,
Warns that the great bull arrives;
Bellowing the mighty monster
Down the sandy circle drives.
Lighter than the snake or lizard
Through the ranks of lads he goes,
While the crowd is growing frantic,—
“Let them catch him!” shouts arose.—
“Good for that *verónica*, bully!”—
“Bravo, that *navarra*’s fine!”
“Hurra for the Rondeña method.—
Sturdy foot and fearless sign!—”
Picadorès! Picadorès!
To your work, the bull is hot!
Good defence! But hold you steady!
He has not discharged his shot!
“On the sand a fighter’s lying!”—
“Is he injured?”—“Not at all!”
Picadorès! Picadorès!
“There’s another!—God, we call!”—
“Señor President, I offer
Toasts for you and all the band!
Toasts for all the strangers present!
Toasts for all from Seville grand!
Toasts for those who die in Cuba,
Fighting there the war for Spain!

ts for all the lovely ladies!
the gentlemen again!"—
the matador arises,
the bull at last grown still;
'twixt the horns and forehead
ed point designed to kill.
three, two *naturals*
le pecho that's for grace,
ering,—“Here's to your worships!”
the blade unto its place.
the bull in anguish rocking,
s the victor shouts around,
ling with the burst of music
the clapping hands that sound.
e the public in its frenzy
s both hat and parasol,
ing-stick and cloak and jacket,
e matador's control.—
another bull, another,
r horses, other cries!
e sands a fresher blood-stain,
e benches other sighs!
he afternoon is closing
the hollow night is near;
e joy of day is over,
the plaza dark and drear.

Whither goest? To the Bull-ring!—
Gaily Hope doth make reply.
Whence art coming?—From the Bul
Sad reality doth sigh.
To the Bull-ring! From the Bull-ri
Thus it is we live and die!

—*Thomas W.*

ALVADOR DÍAZ MIRÓN

(1853-)

TO PITY

ALVADOR DÍAZ MIRÓN is a Mexican poet of
force, showing force and originality in
, and expression. Rubén Darío paid
to his greatness in his *Azul*. His
knowledgeed work is entitled *Lascas*
, 1906).

me to me in pride of gentle beauty.
; various forms hath pride! It
shows to view
strong lion, rough mane and mighty
roaring,
in the dove, soft note and changeful
hue.

enly power comes with you to my
row;
awns upon the cavern's darksome
ght,

And enters in and spreads there
 music,
 Like a sweet fragrance, like a s
 light.

You give to sadness, like a good mag
 A happy truce; moved sweetly by
 graces,

I bless the wound because of its
 balsam;

I love the desert for its green oasis

—*Alice Stone Black*

SNOW-FLAKE

To soothe my pain because thou can
 love me,

Gazing upon me with an angel's air,
 Thou dost immerse thy fingers, co
 pallid,

In the dark mane of my tempestuous

'Tis vain, O woman! Thou dost no
 sole me.

We are a world apart, in naught the s
 If thou art snow, then why dost th
 freeze me?

do I melt thee not, if I am flame?
 e hand, so spiritual and transparent,
 it caresses my submissive head,
 the snow-cap crowning the volcano,
 e burning lava-depths beneath it
 pread!

—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

ENRIQUE HERNÁNDEZ MÍYARES

(1854-1914)

THE FAIREST ONE

ENRIQUE HERNÁNDEZ MÍYARES was a Cuban poet who contributed extensively to the *Revista Cubana* and whose sonnet, *La más hermosa*, has been greatly admired.

Keep on, O knight! with lance uplifted
ride,

To punish every wrong by righteous deed;
For constancy at last shall gain its meed,
And justice ever with the law abide.

Mambrino's broken helmet don with pride,
Advance undaunted on thy glorious steed;
To Sancho Panza's cautions pay no heed;
In destiny and thy right arm confide!

At Fortune's coy reserve display no fear;
For should the Cavalier of the White
Moon

arms 'gainst thine in combat dare
appear,
igh by adverse fate thou art o'er-
rown,—
lcinea even in death's hour swear
she will always be the only fair!
—*Alfred Coester.*

J. RODRÍGUEZ LA ÓRDEN

(1853-)

TO AN ANDALUSIAN FAN

J. RODRÍGUEZ LA ÓRDEN was born at S where for many years he has acted as of the journal *El Baluarte*. Under the name of "Carrasquilla" he has achieved success in poetry, criticism, and in the t His works include *El puñado*, and *Cu trozos literarios*.

I wish I were the little man
 So deftly painted on your fan,
 That when you smile, you'd press its
 To school the laughter of your lips;
 And I the secret kiss might hear
 And mock at them who think it queer
 That you with pictured rivals try us
 And give the fan what you deny us.

—Thomas Wa

JESÚS E. VALENZUELA

(1856-1911)

A SONG OF HANDS

JESÚS E. VALENZUELA was born at Guanacevi in the State of Durango, Mexico. He passed most of his life in Mexico City where he founded the *Revista Moderna*, in the pages of which most of his poems made their first appearance.

Hands—like soft blossoming buds—

Of children that search for the breast,
In the calm sea of love's gaze

Cradled and sweetly caressed!
Small hands of Jesus the Christ,
In glory ineffably bright;

Hands like soft blossoming buds,
Hands bathed in milk and in light.

Fairy hands, nimble and fair,

O'er the piano that stray
Like a vague dream of life, or the void—

A dream from some realm far away
The winged expression are ye
Of a sigh, or some cry on the air,
Floating in infinite space,
Fairy hands, nimble and fair.

Hands of an ivory white,
In the shade of the mantle obscur
Brightening prayer with their gleam
Gentle and starlike and pure!
Through their whiteness have passed
woes
That ever humanity knew,
With the rosary's beads, one by one
O hands of the ivory's hue!

Hands full of charity's grace,
Which to the hungry by night
Carry forth comfort and food,
Bread of hope's joy, of truth's light
Noble, mysterious hands,
Of kindness unending, sincere!
Brothers are we, one and all,
Hands full of charity dear!

O pale, perished hands of the dead
For love or as martyrs who died!

Leaves of one lily are ye,
Hands that were clasped or spread wide;
Hands full of questions, desires,
Aspirations and yearnings unsaid—
Hands to the heavens outstretched,
O pale, perished hands of the dead!

Hands with the sword in their grasp,
That by warfare a sceptre have won,
And fill the whole world with the flood
Of rivers of blood that o'errun!
Hands of the common folk, armed
When quarrels or battles have birth—
Hands with the sword in their grasp,
Red hands of the great of the earth! . . .

Hands that are bleeding and hard,
That plough up the stern, arid soil,
And scarce feel the flight of the hours,
So heavy and cruel the toil;
Hands in the workshop that sweat,
That set up the type in all lands,
Hands that meet death in the mines—
Hard, rough, and blood-spotted hands!
Hands that are wonted to toil,
Strong hands of the brave and the free!

When on the heights, in the depths,
Vibrates o'er land and o'er sea,
Stirring the world from its roots,
The anger of justice on fire—
Hands that are wonted to toil,
You shall that day hold the lyre!
—*Alice Stone Black*

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*From the painting by Sorolla in the Hispanic Society
of America*

Marcelino Menéndez y Pelayo

INO MENÉNDEZ Y PELAYO
(1856-1912)

ROME

MENÉNDEZ Y PELAYO was the
y scholar of modern Spain. Much
e work may be considered pure
vell as history and philosophy. His
nanistic bent comes out clearly in
l work, which may be found in
las y tragedias (Madrid, 1883).

devouring fingers spareth
ght,—
pulous realm, nor consecrated
;
an alien flock to pasture draws
shade where once the Tribunes
ght;
behind triumphant chariots
ght,

Go kings in chains to swell the victor
cause;
Nor the Clitumnian oxen—'mid the
pause
Move toward the altar pompously en-
wrought.

Like cloud or shadow or swift-fleeting bark
Laws, armies, glories, all, are swept away
Alone a cross above the ruins, see!
Tell me, O cross, what destiny you mark?—
Of old Rome's greatness shall the future
say,
'Twas human glory, or God's majesty?
—*Roderick Gill.*

MANUEL JOSÉ OTHÓN

(1858-1906)

THE RIVER

MANUEL JOSÉ OTHÓN was a Mexican poet famous for his studies of nature in poems arranged for the most part in sonnet-sequences. The best known of these is the *Noche rústica de Walpurgis*.

With graceful waves, ye waters, frolic free;
Uplift your liquid songs, ye eddies bright;
And you, loquacious bubblings, day and
night,
Hold converse with the wind and leaves
in glee!
O'er the deep cut, ye jets, gush sportively.
And rend yourselves to foamy tatters
white,
And dash on boulders curved and rocks
upright,
Golconda's pearls and diamonds rich to see!

I am your sire, the River. Lo, my hair
Is moonbeams pale: of yon cerulean sky
Mine eyes are mirrors, as I sweep along
Of molten spray is my forehead fair;
Transparent mosses for my beard have I
The laughter of the Naiads' is my song
—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

MANUEL GUTIÉRREZ NÁJERA

(1859-1895)

OUT OF DOORS

MANUEL GUTIÉRREZ NÁJERA, the Mexican precursor of the modernist movement in Spanish poetry, endeavored to amalgamate French spirit and Spanish form and so produce a type of poetry with the qualities of intellectual music. He was one of the founders of *La Revista Azul* and is generally considered one of the greatest of Mexican poets.

The Gardenia pleaded—"See how white
am I!"—

"White, but not so white as She!"—Was
my reply.

"My light is of the heavens!"—said Sirius
afar;

"But not so Paradisiac as hers!"—I told
the star.

The swallow twittered in the boughs,
 To nightingale amid the flowers,
 Singing in a glad carouse
 As I listened through the hours.
 "What a pair of tuneless voices
 When compared to notes of hers!
 Nor is there a star rejoices
 With the glow her soft glance stirs,
 Simply telling me—I love thee.
 Take away, O God, the light,
 The scents, the birds, the stars above me!—
 Take away all beauty bright,
 But leave her to my sight!"

—*Thomas Walsh.*

WHITE

What thing than the lily unstained is more
 white?
 More pure than the mystic wax taper so
 bright?
 More chaste than the orange-flower,
 tender and fair?
 Than the light mist more virginal—holier
 too

an the stone where the eucharist stands,
ever new,
In the Lord's House of Prayer?

the flight of white doves all the air now
is cloven;
white robe, from strands of the morning
mist woven,
Enwraps in the distance the feudal
round tower.
the trembling acacia, most graceful of
trees,
stands up in the orchard and waves in the
breeze
Her soft, snowy flower.

do you not on the mountain the white of
the snow?
the white tower stands high o'er the village
below;
The gentle sheep gambol and play, pass-
ing by.
lilies pure and unspotted now cover the
lake;
the straight lily sways as the breezes
awake;

The volcano's huge vase is uplifted
high.

Let us enter the church: shines the eucharist
there;

And of snow seems to be the old pastor's
white hair;

In an alb of fine linen his frail form
clad.

A hundred fair maidens there sit robed in
white;

They offer bouquets of spring flowers,
and bright,

The blossoms of April, pure, fragrant,
and glad.

.

Let us go to the choir; to the noontide
prayer

Propitiously listens the Virgin so fair

The white marble Christ on the crucifix
dies;

And there without stain the wax tapers
rise white;

And of lace is the curtain so thin and
light,

hich the day-dawn already shines
through from the skies.

let us go down to the field. Foaming
white,
stream seems a tumult of feathers in
flight,
s its waters run, foaming and singing in
glee.

s airy mantilla of mist cool and pale
mountain is wrapped; the swift bark's
lateen sail,
lides out and is lost to our sight on the
sea.

lovely young woman now springs from
her bed,
her goddess-like shoulders fresh water
to shed,
n her fair, polished arms and her
beautiful neck.

v, singing and smiling, she girds on her
gown;
ght, tremulous drops, from her hair
shaken down,
er comb of Arabian ivory deck.

O marble! O snows! O vast, wide
whiteness!

Your chaste beauty everywhere shines
pure brightness,

O shy, timid vestal, to chastity vowed
In the statue of beauty eternal are you
From your soft robe is purity born
new;

You give angels wings, and give men
shroud.

You cover the child to whom life
new,

Crown the brows of the maiden
promise is true,

Clothe the page in rich raiment
shines like a star.

How white are your mantles of ermine
queens!

The cradle how white, where the
mother leans!

How white, my belovéd, how soft
you are!

In proud dreams of love, I behold
delight

The towers of a church rising white in my
sight,
And a home, hid in lilies, that opens to
me;
And a bridal veil hung on your forehead so
fair,
Like a filmy cloud, floating down slow
through the air,
Till it rests on your shoulders, a marvel to
see!

—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

IN THE DEPTHS OF NIGHT

O Lord! O Lord!—how are the seas of
thought
Tonight with waves of direst tempest
torn!—
My spirit is in darkness terror-caught
Like Peter's, on Tiberiades borne!

The waves are cleaving so my little bark
That to its last destruction it seems nigh;
Thou who didst shed Thy light on blindness
dark,
Oh, let it now unto my faith reply!

Rise, rise, O Star of Jesus, on the world
That lightly mocks the weakness
arms!

My soul is chilled; our earthly hopes
furled;

Our eyes are closing 'mid the
alarms!

Appear across the blackness of the night
Our spirits call Thee!—here always
wait!—

And coming swiftly let Thy garments
Appease the waves where the
tumult late!

—*Thomas W*

RODRÍGUEZ DE TÍO	559
<p>OLA RODRÍGUEZ DE TÍO</p> <p>(1859-)</p> <p>MIST</p> <p>RODRÍGUEZ DE Tío is a distinguished in the history and literature of the s. She was born in Puerto Rico, but ssed many years of her life in Ha- Her several volumes of poems have d great appreciation.</p> <p>t remembrances of vanished days t stole away on such a velvet wing neads and groves, o'er plains and mountain ways, at grief and sorrow to my heart you bring!</p> <p>back without the shadow of your care, ne back in silence and without a moan,</p>	
ND MONOGRAPHS	IV

As the birds cross the unregarding air
Till none may tell the whence or whither
flown.

Come back amid the pallor of the moon
That silvers all the azure rifts at sea,
Or in the deadly mist that in a swoon
Engulfs afar the green palm's royal
tree.

Bring back the murmur of the doves that
made
Their little nests so neighborly to mine;
The vibrant airs—the fragrances that
played
Around the peaks that saw my cradle
shine.

Sing in my ear the melodies of old,
So sweet and joyous to my inmost
heart;
O faint remembrances two breasts should
hold,
Two breasts that Destiny was loath to
part!

matter if a sigh steals through the
dream
at shows the withered vine in flower
again?—
at remembrances in singing seem,
remulous lyre, to speak my endless
pain!

—*Roderick Gill.*

ENRÍQUE MENÉNDEZ Y PELAYO

(1861-)

THE CYPRESS

ENRÍQUE MENÉNDEZ Y PELAYO, the son of Marcelino Menéndez y Pelayo, was born in Santander. He wrote many successful dramas and comedies. For his poems, see *Don Juan de la Huerta* (1890) and *Cancionero de la vida inquieta* (1915).

There is a cypress in the neighborly
grove

As black as is the image of my pain
Whose topmost branches in the sky
attain

Such aspect as some ghostly world
prove.

Then vagrant fancy ceaselessly
move,
Transforming all the woodland
again;

Where yesterday a lawn, now sand-
wastes reign;

Where was a wood, today a road would
rove.

Alone it stands, resisting every change!—
And I, in agony from life's dire wound,
Gaze on its heights and all my moan is
hushed;

Learning that,—memory or hope!—there
range

To grow within my life's own garden
ground

High things that man nor wind hath ever
crushed!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

JULIÁN DEL CASAL

(1863-1893)

TO MY MOTHER

JULIÁN DEL CASAL was born in Habana, Cuba. He early became imbued with the ideas of the French decadent poets. He loved Greece as well as Paris, but never visited either. An early death closed a career marred by ill-health and pessimism. His works are *Hojas al viento* (1890), *Nieve* (1891), and *Bustos y rimas* (1893).

More than a mother as a saint to me
You were in truth. You gave me birth
and died,
But Oh! my mother when you left my side
God kissed an angel in eternity.
Today when in my dreams methinks I see
Your smiling face, I gaze on you with pride,
And sigh, sweet mother, as I oft have
sighed,
While tears I shed when I remember thee.



Julián del Casal

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And should we never, never meet again
How sad 'twould be, but I shall always
keep
Your image in my heart, and not complain;
For something tells me that you lie asleep
Because my suff'ring would have caused
you pain—
Because my weeping would have made
you weep.

—*Jorge Godoy.*

MY LOVES—SONNET *A LA POMPA-
DOUR*

My loves are bronzes, crystals, porcelains,
Windows aglow like jewelled treasures,
Hangings of florid, golden argosies,
And salvers brilliant with Venetian stains.
My loves are damosels of ancient reigns,
The old world's troubadour sweet
harmonies,
The steed that bounds to Arabic caprice,
The German ballad with its tear refrains,
The ivory-carved piano-keys aflood,
The sounding horn within the forest
glade,

The soft aroma from the censer f
The couch of ivory, gold, and sandal-
Where virgin loveliness at last is la
A broken flower of innocence
tombéd.

—*Roderick C*

CONFIDENCES

Why weepest thou, my sweetheart p
Why bendest down thy lovely head
A dread idea doth assail
My mind and turn my heart to lea

Tell me: have they not loved thee w
Never!—Come, tell the truth to me
Ah, then; one lover only I can tell
Was faithful.—Who?—My misery.

—*Thomas Wa*

THE PEARL

Hovering o'er a lovely pearl
That the depths of earth were guardi
As an offering divine

the hands of the Eternal,
 two birds of rapine set
 their eyes upon its gleaming,
 with plumage all of gold,
 with plumage black as jet.

g that the pearl was bursting
 shell within the slime,
 made ready with their beaks
 dissect its broken pieces,—
 e two birds of rapine set
 their eyes upon its gleaming,
 with plumage all of gold,
 with plumage black as jet.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

RAMÓN DOMINGO PERÉS

(1863-)

THE AEOLIAN HARP

RAMÓN DOMINGO PERÉS is a native of Havana but settled at Barcelona, where he has revealed his fine sense of critical values in *Musgo* (Barcelona, 1903). He has also written many poems.

Deep in my dreamland garden sways
A harp aeolian none remembers more;—
Who cares, or listens what it says
In music that is o'er?

No fingers wake it; 'tis by chance
Alone its notes unechoed wake;
Think you the flower of beauty's glance
Through its dim tones could break?

one to hearken, all alone
reathings fugitive it keeps;
he wind strikes a listless tone
her sings—or weeps.
—*Thomas Walsh.*

OLAVO BILAC

(1865-1919)

FROM *CAÇADOR DE ESMERALDAS*

OLAVO BILAC was born at R o de Janeiro. He devoted his entire life to the practice of letters in his native country, his earliest writings appearing in the *Gaceta de Noticias*. He also became famous as an orator. Among his works are *Cronicas e Novelas*, *Criticas*, *Conferencias literarias*, *Poesias infantiles*, *Cuentos patrios*, *A Patria Brasileira*. His greatest poem is entitled *Caçador de Esmeraldas*.

Over his dying head the shadowed veil of
heaven

Pales and grows thin, its nocturn darkness
riven

By the argent lance of the moon a-sail on
high.

His eyes, renewed with radiance, seek in
the lighted space,

The wraith of a smile hovers and passes
over his face;
Fernan Dias opens his arms to earth and
sky.

In a green heaven the stars break into
flames of green;
In the green forest glade green flowers
dance between
Emerald trunks, as oreads dancing on
grassy floors;
Lightning flashing green all the still heaven
fills,
The sullen flood of the river breaks into
emerald rills;
Green from out green skies a rain of
emeralds pours.

Now as a man from death raised by the
hands of a lover,
Resurrected, he rises; his dying eyes recover
Sight for the vision that tells again of his
seven-year seeking;
Life in his veins flows new; his eager senses
rejoice,

And to his hearing comes the sound of a
clarion Voice,
Clear in the hush of the night, from that
bright glory speaking:

"Diel As in thine hands the stones that
thou hast sought
Dissolve as a dream fades, in dust returned
to nought;
What matter? Sleep in peace! Sleep,
for thy toil is ended!
Link after link, over plain and on rugged
mountain slope
As a belt of emeralds strewn, as a shining
pledge of hope.
Green in the desert sands, the towns of thy
heart are extended.

Their hands in Fortune's hands, linked to
that whim of hers.
Led from the camp each dawn thy
band of wanderers:
North and south sought they, through
plain and forest maze,
Shelter and succor of care. Now on
each wild hillside.

The walls of a homestead stand erect with a
victor's pride,
And the beacon light of a hearth on the
desert sheds its rays.

"In all thy wandering, adventure compass-
less,
Thou, like the sun, wert a very fount of
fruitfulness;
Behind each weary step lay a highway for
man's tread;
Victory hailed thy name by every charted
stream;
And as thou wanderedst on, dreaming
thy selfish dream,
As stirred by the step of a god, the desert
blossomèd.

"Die! From each drop of sweat, from the
fount of each burning tear,
Fertile, a newer life shall spring in a newer
year;
Fruitful shall be thy thirst, thy vigil and
thy fast.
Under the kiss of the sun, harvests shall
ripening lie,

Under the kiss of love thy race shall
multiply,
And the land whereon thou liest shall
burgeon. Then at last

“In the voice of the plough thou shalt
sing, in the bell’s daily song
In the tumult of crowded streets, in the
midst of the laughing throng,
In hymns of blessed peace, in the clamour
of man’s endeavour;
Through veiling mists of time shall rise thy
bright renown,
Thou ravisher of the desert, thou planter
of many a town!
In the heart of thy fatherland thy name
shall live forever.”

The fateful voice is stilled. All the earth
hushes:
The fair high-sailing moon her silver fingers
pushes
Through the sleeping leaves of the forest
majesties;
In the maternal arms of Earth, content,
enwrapped,

OLAVO BILAC

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eternal peace of the starry spaces
oped,
r free from questing, Fernan Dias
s.

—*Lilian E. Elliott.*

ND MONOGRAPHS

IV

MIGUEL DE UNAMUNO

(1865-)

DOMESTIC SCENES

MIGUEL DE UNAMUNO is a native of Galicia who for many years has been attached to the University of Salamanca, where for some time he acted as Rector. His works on literature and philosophy are numerous, and he has published several books of travel.

I

When shades of night have come
And all my house is sleeping,
The silent peace of home
Its arms about them keeping,
And the only sound I hear
Is my children's measured breathing,—
Then my dream sees life appear
Toward a larger meaning wreathing;

Then their breathing seems a prayer
Through their voice of dream repeating,
While their consciousness is bare
In their God the Father meeting.
Dream, O Dream, thou art the sign
Of the life that knows no ending,
Of that stainless life divine
On this present life attending!

2

Look not upon me with such eyes, my son;
I would not have thee read my secret clear,
Nor would I so deceive my little one
That poison through thy fragile veins
should sear.

Never, O never, may thy father's gloom
Obstruct thee from the joy and glow of
day—

To speak of joy does voice presume?—

I do not wish thee joy,

For on this earth

To live in mirth

One must be saint or fool;—

And fool,—God save thee, boy!—

And saint—I know not of the school.

3

Go, stir the brazier coals, my child;
The fire is growing cold.
How brief today the sun has smiled!
To think the orb that you behold
One day shall cinder turn,
And God's great brow, the heavens, enfold
Its ashes like an urn.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

JOSÉ ASUNCIÓN SILVA

(1865-1896)

A POEM

ASUNCIÓN SILVA, one of the founders of the modernist school of Spanish poetry, was born in Bogotá, Colombia. He modeled some of his reforms on the practice of Edgar Allan Poe, and displayed unusual genius throughout his short and unhappy life, which was ended by his own hand. His works were translated in Paris by Baldomero Sanín Cano.

...ed one time to perpetrate a song,
... the new kind, pulsing, free and
...ong.

...ced subjects tragic and grotesque,
...ing all the rhythms unto my desk;

And then the skittish metres gathered
round

Joining in shadowy swing and leap and
bound

Metres sonorous, metres potent, grave,
Some with the shock of arms, some, bird-
songs brave;

From East and West, from South as well as
North,

Metres and stanzas bowing hurried forth.

Chafing their golden bridles, loose of rein,
Approach the Tercets, as if coursers vain.

And opening up amid the gallant ring,
Purple and gold, arrived the Sonnet king.

And all began to sing—Among the rabble
There rose the spirit of a charming gabble.

One pointed strophe wakened my desire
With the clear tinkling of a little spire;

So above all, I chose it for the bride
Adding my crystal, silver rhymes beside.

And thus I told a tale, with subtle grace,
A tragical, fantastic, never base,—

Though sad enough, a story straight and
terse—

Of a fair lady loved and in her hearse;

And to sustain the mournful note I added
Soft lips with *ex professo* kisses padded:

I decked the phrase with gold, and music
rare

Of lute and mandolin was sounded there.

I drew the light of distances profound
With solemn mists and melancholies bound;

And 'mid the dim obscure, as in a feast
Of mortals, dancers to the dance released;

Clothed them in words that cloud like
heavy veils,

With midnight masks of satin, velvet
trails;—

And in the background intertwining,
wound

The mystical and fleshly, as if bound.

Then in my author's pride, I added there
Heliotrope scent and light of jacinth
rare—

And brought the poem to a critic grand,
Who sent it back—"I fail to understand."

—*Thomas Walsh.*

NOCTURNE

One night,

One night all full of murmurs, of perfumes
and the brush of wings,

Within whose mellow nuptial glooms there
shone fantastic fireflies,

Meekly at my side, slender, hushed and
pale,

As though with infinite presentiment of
woe

Your very depths of being were troubled,—
By the path of flowers that led across the
plain,

You came treading,
And the rounded moon
Through heaven's blue and infinite pro-
found was shedding whiteness.

And your shadow
Languid, delicate;
And my shadow,
Sketched by the white moonlight's ray
Upon the solemn sands
Of the path, were joined together,
As one together,
As one together,
As one together in a great single shadow,
As one together in a great single shadow,
As one together in a great single shadow.—

Another night
Alone—all my soul
Suffused with infinite woes and agonies of
death,
Parted from you, by time, by the tomb
and estrangement,
By the infinite gloom
Through which our voices fail to pierce,

~~THEY ARE DEAD.~~

~~THEY ARE DEAD — DEAD —~~

~~THEY ARE DEAD WITH DEATH BRACING AT THE~~
~~DEATH~~

~~IN THE DARK — DEAD —~~

~~THEY ARE DEAD —~~

~~IN THE DARK —~~

THEY ARE DEAD WITH DEATH BRACING AT THE
DEATH

THEY ARE DEAD WITH DEATH BRACING AT THE
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THEY ARE DEAD WITH DEATH BRACING AT THE

As on that soft night of your springtime
 death,
 As on that night filled with murmurs, with
 perfumes and the brush of wings,
 Came near and walked with me,
 Came near and walked with me,
 Came near and walked with me—Oh,
 shadows interlaced!—
 Oh, shadows of the bodies joining in shadow
 of the souls!—
 Oh, shadows running each to each in the
 nights of woes and tears!—

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE SERENADE

The street is deserted, the night is cold,
 The moon glides veiled amid cloud-banks
 dun;
 The lattice above is tightly closed,
 And the notes ring clearly one by one
 Under his fingers light and strong,
 While the voice that sings tells tender
 things,
 As the player strikes on his sweet guitar
 The fragile strings.

The street is deserted, the night is cold,
A cloud has covered the moon from sight.
The lattice above is tightly closed,
And the notes are growing more soft and
light.

Perhaps the sound of the serenade
Seeks the soul of the girl who loves and
waits,
As the swallows seek eaves to build their
nests
When they come in spring with their
gentle mates.

The street is deserted, the night is cold,
The moon shines out from the clouds aloft
The lattice above is opened now
And the notes are growing more low, more
soft.

The singer with fingers light and strong
Clings to the ancient window's bar,
And a moan is breathed from the fragile
strings
Of the sweet guitar.

—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

IS MUÑOZ RIVERA	589
<p>LUIS MUÑOZ RIVERA (1865-1916)</p> <p>TO HER</p> <p>MUÑOZ RIVERA was a native of Puerto Rico who became prominent at the time that Puerto Rico became part of the United States. He was the editor of <i>La Democracia</i> and served as Commissioner of Puerto Rico to the United States Government. His poems, under the title <i>Tropicales</i>, were published in New York in 1902.</p> <p>On my lyre I touch the strings apart A march of melody serene and rare, Memory comes stealing o'er my heart And gentle thoughts in thousands gather There.</p> <p>Age floats before me in a glance Golden wonder hovering at my eyes; A sphere delirious would entrance Soul with perfumes out of Paradise.</p>	
ND MONOGRAPHS	IV

The sparkle of her glances sets aflame
The hearth-place of the inmost of my
soul;
It glows with inspiration; strings acclaim;
The chant begins and swells beyond
control.

Then as the radiant vision dies away,
As melts afar some white cloud full of
dew,
My verses through my mind begin to play,
And on the page my pen would catch a
few.

—*Roderick Gill.*

FABIO FIALLO

(1865-)

NOSTALGIA

FABIO FIALLO is a native of San Domingo, one of the leaders of the *modernista* movement, and known widely for his writings in prose and verse.

There we were and the good St. Peter
Who came to God on high—
A dauntless fellow of a crusader,
A pretty maid, and I.

The soldier prayed that he might ever
Fight as on earth he fought:
And St. Michael gave his own picked legion
As the boon he sought.

The maid sobbed out a stammering prayer
To return to her lover's sight,
And she became the kiss of dawn by day,
A ray of the moon by night.

My turn next; and God said bland
"Already I know your will;
You desire the harp of My singer D
—My pride leapt up—but still—

"Oh, no, Lord; another thing!
To be a tree on the tropic shore
Watered by my own Ozama,
And there, deep-rooted, to live
more!"

—*Muna*

11



Rubén Darío

RUBÉN DARÍO

(1867-1916)

TO ROOSEVELT

RUBÉN DARÍO, the leading modernist poet in Spanish, was born at León, Nicaragua. He devoted his early life to journalism in various parts of South America. Later he took up his residence at Madrid where he greatly influenced the writers of his generation. His principal publications are *Azul* (1888), *Prosas profanas*, and *Cantos de vida y esperanza* (1896), *El canto errante* (1907). Darío returned to León shortly before his death there.

I

'Tis only with the Bible or with Walt
Whitman's verse,
That you, the mighty hunter, are reached
by other men.

You're primitive and modern, you're simple
and complex,—

A veritable Nimrod with aught of Wash-
ington.

You are the United States;

You are the future foe

Of free America that keeps its Indian blood,
That prays to Jesus Christ, and speaks in
Spanish stil

You are a fine example of a strong and
haughty race;

You're learned and you're clever; to Tol-
stoy you're opposed;

And whether taming horses or slaying
savage beasts,

You seem an Alexander and Nebuchadne-
zar too.

(As madmen today are wont to say,
You're a great professor of energy.)

You seem to be persuaded

That life is but combustion,

That progress is eruption,

And where you send the bullet

You bring the future.

2

The United States are rich, they're powerful and great

(They join the cult of Mammon to that of Hercules),

And when they stir and roar, the very Andes shake. . . .

But our America, which since the ancient times . . .

Has had its native poets; which lives on fire and light,

On perfumes and on love; our vast America, The land of Montezuma, the Inca's mighty realm,

Of Christopher Columbus the fair America, America the Spanish, the Roman Catholic, . . .

O men of Saxon eyes and fierce, barbaric soul,

This land still lives and dreams, and loves and stirs!

Take care!

The daughter of the Sun, the Spanish land, doth live!

and from the Spanish Son a thousand
whence have sprung?

'Tis need of Roosevelt that you be God
himself . . .

Before you hold us fast in your grasping,
for a cause.

And though you count on all, one thing is
lacking God!

—*Eliza Clarence Hills.*

SONATINA

The Princess dreams—Why is the Princess
singing?

Why from her lips are song and laughter
spring?

Why does she droop upon her chair of
gold?

Hushed is the music of her royal bower;
Beside her in a vase; a single flower
Survives and forgets its petals to unfold.

The fool in scarlet pirouettes and flatters,
Within the hall the silly dueña chatters;

Without, the peacock's regal plumage
gleams.

The Princess heeds them not; her thoughts
are veering

Out through the gates of Dawn, past sight
and hearing,

Where she pursues the phantoms of her
dreams.

Is it a dream of China that allures her,

Or far Golconda's ruler who conjures her

But to unveil the laughter of her eyes?—

He of the island realms of fragrant roses,
Whose treasure flashing diamond hoards
discloses,

And pearls of Ormuz, rich beyond sur-
mise?

Alas! The Princess longs to be a swallow,

To be a butterfly, to soar, to follow

The ray of light that climbs into the sun;

To greet the lilies, lost in Springtime
wonder,

To ride upon the wind, to hear the thunder

Of ocean waves where monstrous billows
run.

Her silver distaff fallen in disfavor,
 Her magic globe shorn of its magic savor,
 The swans that drift like snow across the
 lake,

The lotus in the garden pool—are mourning;
 The dahlias and the jasmin flowers adorning
 The palace gardens, sorrow for her sake.

Poor little captive of the blue-eyed glances!
 A hundred negroes with a hundred lances,
 A hound, a sleepless dragon, guard her
 gates.

There in the marble of her palace prison
 The little Princess of the roving vision,
 Caught in her gold and gauzes, dreams
 and waits.

“Oh ” (sighs the Princess), “Oh, to leave
 behind me
 My marble cage, the golden chains that
 bind me,
 The empty chrysalis the moth forsakes!
 To fly to where a fairy Prince is dwelling—
 O radiant vision past all mortal telling,
 Brighter than April, or the day that
 breaks!”

RUBÉN DARÍO	601
<p> "little Princess," whispers the good fairy, sword and goshawk; on his charger airy, Prince draws near—the lover without blame. his wingéd steed the Prince is fleeting, conqueror of Death, to bring you greeting, with his kiss to touch your lips to flame!" </p> <p>—<i>John Pierrepont Rice.</i></p>	
<p> NIGHTFALL IN THE TROPICS </p> <p> is twilight grey and gloomy ere the sea its velvet trails; across the heavens roomy w the veils. </p> <p> and sonorous rises complaint from out the deeps, ne wave the wind surprises ps. </p>	
ND MONOGRAPHS	IV

Viols there amid the gloaming
 Hail the sun that dies,
 And the white spray in its foaming
 "Miserere" sighs.

Harmony the heavens embraces,
 And the breeze is lifting free
 To the chanting of the races
 Of the sea.

Clarions of horizons calling
 Strike a symphony most rare,
 As if mountain voices calling
 Vibrate there.

As though dread, unseen, were waking,
 As though awesome echoes bore
 On the distant breeze's quaking
 The lion's roar.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

CANCIÓN OF AUTUMN IN SPRING-
 TIME

Days of youth, my sacred treasure,
 Unreturning ye pass by!—

weep?—no tears I measure;—
tears—I know not why!—

heart hath been divided
days celestial here;
is a gentle maid, unguided
gh this world's affliction drear;

white dawn was her vision;
he flower her gentle smile;
dusky locks elysian
d of night and grief the style.

t a lad unknowing,—
; natural, would play
my love's fond ermine, showing
as and Salomé.

youth, my sacred treasure,
ing ye pass by!—
weep?—no tears I measure;—
tears,—I know not why!—

is another then, more tender,
sensitive, more subtly kind,
othing, more delight to render
ever I had thought to find;

But 'neath her gentleness unceasing
A violent passion was concealed
And through her filmy robe releasing,
A wild Bacchante was revealed.

To breast she took my young ideal,
And nursed it softly as a child;
Then slew it, left it sad, unreal,
Of all its light and trust defiled.

Days of youth, my sacred treasure,
Unreturning ye pass by!—
Would I weep?—no tears I measure;—
Then my tears—I know not why!—

There was another took my kisses
To be the casket of her flame;
She laughed amid our wildest blisses,—
Her teeth against my heart-strings car

Amid the maddest of her passion
She looked across with wilful eyes,—
As though our fond embrace could fashi
The essence of eternal skies;



ough our fragile flesh were tying
e boughs of endless Edens here;
ndful that with Springtime dying
e joys of body disappear.

of youth, my sacred treasure,
urning ye pass by!—
d I weep?—no tears I measure;—
my tears—I know not why!—

all the others! In how many
nds and climes,—they ever were'
xts for a rhyme,—or any
tion in my heart astir!—

my search for that high lady
r whom I have awaited long.
ife is hard and grim and shady,—
ere was no princess, save in song!

ite of Time's unyielding measure,
7 thirst for love has never died,—
ray head bends to scent with pleasure
e roses of the garden-side—

Days of youth, my sacred treasure,
 Unreturning ye pass by!—
 Would I weep—no tears I measure;—
 Then my tears—I know not why!—

Mine is still the Dawn of golden treas
 —*Thomas Wc*

PORTICO

I am the singer who of late put by
 The verse azulean and the chant pr
 Across whose nights a rossignol woul
 And prove himself a lark at morn a

Lord was I of my garden-place of dr
 The heaping roses and swan-ha
 brakes;

Lord of the doves; lord of the silver str
 Of gondolas and lyres upon the lak

And very eighteenth century; both o
 And very modern; bold, cosmopoli
 Like Hugo daring, like Verlaine half-
 And thirsting for illusions infinite.

From infancy, 'twas sorrow that I knew;
 My youth—was ever youth my own
 indeed?—

Its roses still their perfume round me strew,
 Their perfume of a melancholy seed—

A reinless colt, my instinct galloped free,
 My youth bestrode a colt without a rein;
 Drunken I went, a belted blade with me;
 If I fell not—'twas God who did sustain—

Within my garden stood a statue fair,
 Of marble seeming yet of flesh and bone,
 A gentle spirit was incarnate there
 Of sensitive and sentimental tone.

So timid of the world, it fain would hide
 And from its walls of silence issue not,
 Save when the spring released upon its tide
 The hour of melody it had begot—

The hour of sunset and the hidden kiss;
 The hour of gloaming twilight and
 retreat;

The hour of madrigal, the hour of bliss,
 Of "I adore thee" and "Alas" too sweet.

And 'mid the gamut of the flute, per-
chance,
Would come a ripple of crystal mysteries
Recalling Pan and his old Grecian dance
With the intoning of old Latin keys.

With such a sweep and ardor so intense
That on the statue suddenly were born
The muscled goat-thighs shaggy and
immense
And on the brows the satyr's pair of
horn.

As Góngora's Galatea, so in fine
The fair marquise of Verlaine captured
me;
And so unto the passion half divine
Was joined a human sensuality;

All longing, and all ardor, the mere sense
And natural vigor; and without a
sign
Of stage effect or literature's pretence—
If there was ever soul sincere—'twas
mine.

ivory tower awakened my desire;
nged to enclose myself in selfish bliss,
ungered after space, my thirst on
fire
heaven, from out the shades of my
abyss.

ch the sponge the salt sea saturates
ow the oozing wave, so was my heart
er and soft, bedrenched with bitter
fates
at world and flesh and devil here
impart.

through the grace of God, my con-
science
cted unto good its better part;
re were hardness left in any sense,
melted soft beneath the touch of Art.

tellect was freed from baser thought,
soul was bathed in the Castalian
flood,
heart a pilgrim went, and so I caught
harmony from out the sacred wood.

O sacred wood! O rumor, that profound
Stirs from the sacred woodland'
divine!

O plenteous fountain in whose p
wound
And overcome our destiny malign

Grove of ideals, where the real halts
Where flesh is flame alive, and
floats;

The while the satyr makes his old a
Let Philomel loose her azure-d
throats.

Fantastic pearl and music amorous
A-down the green and flowering
tops;

Hypsipyle stealthily the rose doth b
And the faun's mouth the
stalklings crops.

There, where the god pursues the
maid,
Where springs the reed of Pan fr
the mire,

The Life Eternal hath its furrows laid
And wakens the All-Father's mystic
choir.

The soul that enters there, disrobed should
go
A-tremble with desire and longing pure,
Over the wounding spine and thorn
below,—
So should it dream, be stirred, and sing
secure.

Life, Light, and Truth, as in a triple
flame
Produce the inner radiance infinite;
Art, pure as Christ, is heartened to exclaim:
*"I am indeed the Life, the Truth, the
Light!"*

The Life is mystery; the Light is blind;
The Truth beyond our reach both daunts
and tades;
The sheer perfection nowhere do we
find;
The ideal sleeps a secret in the shades.

Therefore to be sincere is to be strong
 Bare as it is what glitter hath the st
 The water tells the fountain's soul in s
 And voice of crystal flowing out a

Such my intent was,—of my spirit pu
 To make a star, a fountain music-d
 With horror of the thing called literat
 And mad with madness of the gloar
 dawn.

From the blue twilight such as give
 word
 Which the celestial ecstasies inspir
 The haze and minor chord,—let flut
 heard!
 Aurora, daughter of the Sun,—s
 lyres!

Let pass the stone if any use the slin
 Let pass, should hands of violence
 the dart.
 The stone from out the sling is fo
 waves a thing,
 Hate's arrow of the idle wind is pa

Virtue is with the tranquil and the brave;
The fire interior burneth well and high;
The triumph is o'er rancor and the grave;
Toward Bethlehem—the caravan goes
by!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

LUIS G. URBINA

(1867-)

THE MOONBEAM

LUIS G. URBINA is a Mexican poet of the modernist school, much of whose work has been inspired by the natural beauties of Cuba. His principal works are *Poema del lago* and *Poema del Mariel*.

Moonbeam, come in! Thou art a welcome
guest.

'Tis long since I have seen thy silver
flame.

Although I left the casement open wide,
Shadows alone into my chamber came.

Ungrateful comrade, thou art still the
same—

The beam transparent, gliding through the
night,

The beauteous gleam of splendor from on
high,
Diaphanous with amber's yellow light.

Come in! She is not here; naught canst
thou spy.
Moonbeam, thou canst not now be indis-
creeet,
Even if thou upon the nuptial couch
Shouldst cast thy pearly radiance, clear
and sweet.

O'erflow the carpet like a glittering rain,
Flood all the silent room from wall to wall,
And, clinging to the darksome drapery,
Give it the semblance of a silver shawl!

See'st thou, all things are dusty and un-
kempt;
The heart is chilled to view their mournful
air.
Upon the blackened nail the bird cage
hangs
Empty and hushed; the songbirds are not
there.

See'st thou, around the railing rough the
vine

Its faded blossoms wreathes; no flower we
spy

Upon the rose-tree; all the lilies now
Are withered, the sweet basil plants are
dry.

Thou brightness indiscreet, from heaven
above!

She loved thee in the past: I love thee now
How often have I seen thy glimmering
light

Reflected from her pure and pensive brow

The girl with golden hair is here no more,—
The dreamer, pale and white as ocean foam
Who said, as on thy shifting light she gazed
“It is the smile of God within our home!”

Ungrateful comrade, only thou and I
Are in this chamber, now a place of dole:
Yet welcome, heavenly brightness indis-
creet!

If thou would'st see her, come into my soul

—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

RUFINO BLANCO-FOMBONA
(1868-)

AT PARTING

NO BLANCO-FOMBONA is a Venezuelan whose political fortunes were bound up with those of President Cipriano Castro, who appointed him governor of the wild Territory of Guayana. He was imprisoned by President Gómez, and in later years has resided in Cuba, associated with the *Revista de América*. His poems appeared in *Pequeña ópera lírica* (1904) and *Cantos de la prisión y del exilio* in 1911. He has also published an annotated edition of the correspondence of Simón Bolívar for the Liberator.

My love had known fifteen springs—
I kissed, and I pressed to me
Her lips like a flower, her chestnut hair,
Beside a lyric sea.

“Think of me; never forget,
No matter where I may be!”
—And I saw a shooting star
Fall suddenly into the sea.

—*Muna Lee.*

<p>GÓMEZ RESTREPO</p>	<p>619</p>
<p> ANTONIO GÓMEZ RESTREPO (1869-) EYES GÓMEZ RESTREPO is a native an, prominent in the life and national Bogotá. Besides his own admirable poetry, he has edited for the Colom- government the writings of <i>Rafael</i> (Bogotá, 1917-18) and the work of <i>Antonio Caro</i> (Bogotá, 1918). are eyes so full of dreams at they show us scenes of yore; es whose pensive glances pour of other skies and streams; of grief that nourish themes nly seen, as from the shore lcyon wings that wander o'er en waves and clouded gleams. </p>	
<p>ND MONOGRAPHS</p>	<p>IV</p>

Eyes there be whose sorrows fair
 Teach oblivion from the skies
 To the hearts whose cross is there;
 Eyes that sweet old gladness prize,
 Whose ethereal cloudings bear
 Stars from a lost Paradise.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

TOLEDO

Perched on its yellow peak beneath a sky
 Inclement as of Africa, there lifts
 Toledo, with its brows of wrinkled rifts
 Crowned with the belfries of the long gone
 by.

The sacred city shuts its midday eye
 To take siesta 'mid the Orient wifts;
 Only from out the forge the rumor drifts
 Where on the sword-blade still the armorers
 ply.

Deep in the choir's ancient glooms, behind
 The Gothic lattices, there bends in
 prayer
 A pallid monk upon his ritual.

And on the balcony outside there wind
The garlanded carnations burning there
Fresh as the lips love's earliest sighs
enthrall.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE *GENERALIFE*

Alone it stands, an idle heap of dust,
The dreamland Arab palace on its hill;
And should Boabdil, its old lord, come
still,
His grief would find an equal in its rust.
The sweet Granada spring herself doth
trust
Ungrudging here, and her green charms
fulfil;
The fountains play, and dream would
have its will
Over the perfumes spilled on every gust.

Who in this gracious tower-retreat, remote,
Could muse an hour upon the languid
charm
Of beauty and the smiling thought of
love,

And find not through his drowsy senses
float
Another voice that sounds the soft alarm
Of tears, as in the nightingale's full
throat?

—*Thomas Walsh.*

JOSÉ MARÍA GABRIEL Y GALÁN

(1870-1908)

TO A RICH MAN

JOSÉ MARÍA GABRIEL Y GALÁN was born at Frades de la Sierra, Salamanca, Spain. He gave his life to school-teaching and farming. He enjoys great popularity among the Spanish peoples for his sincere and powerful singing of the simpler things of life. His *Obras completas* (Madrid-Sevilla, 1909) have gone into several editions.

Where did you get this money and estate?

'Twas by your labor honestly acquired,
Or left you when your relatives expired,
Else it is robber's booty, miser's bait.
That which you give the beggar at your
gate

Is noble if your arms to get it tired;
If 'twas a legacy, 'tis nobly squired,
If 'twas a theft—good sir, your pride abate!

I once beheld a wolf that from his feast
 Unto a starving cur the bones released
 When he himself was gorged and sated
 through;
 So thou, rich glutton, drop the leavings
 there,
 And let the pauper have the mongrel's
 share,—
 Unless the wolf be kinder still than
 you—?

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE LORD

In the name of God—who shall open—
 I close the doors of my ancestral dwell-
 ing—
 closing my life out from the horizons,
 closing my God as in a temple!

Oh, there is need of a heart of stone,
 blood of hyenas, and a breast of steel,
 to speak the farewells that in my throat
 are struggling from my brooding breast

Oh, there is need of a martyr's lips
 to meet today

7 chalice trembling in my hold
 ch my clouded eyes of hope.—

he house deserted;
 lers silently have stolen forth;
 it is for me to seek the loving
 ist,
 with His arms stretched wide—

—*Thomas Walsh.*

AMADO NERVO

(1870-1919)

TRANSLUCENCY

AMADO NERVO was a prolific poet of Mexico, much of whose life was passed in France and other parts of Europe. His *Perlas negras* and *Misticas* reveal the hidden character of the man, whose later poems took on a patriotic tone not so artistically effective.

I am a pensive soul. Do you know
What a pensive soul is?—Sad,
But with that cool
Melancholy
Of all soft
Translucencies.—All that exists,
Turning diaphanous, is serene and sad.

A Sabine pilgrim
Beholds in the quick
Transparencies of the voicy water



Amado Nervo

gitive
of his hair—
pilgrim!

making a twin of its image, a
the fountains, rises on high.

deep silences, God
Himself in the mirror of Himself—

is at the door
wild woman who wastes her

to me! It is time!
ears, listen
eternal noises!"
and listen
eternal voices! . . ."

does not hear her, my senses are
,
and my senses are slumbering

The river's sin is in its flowing;
Quietness, my soul,
Is the wisdom
Of the fountain.
The stars fear
To be shipwrecked in the perennial turmoil
Of water curling in spirals:
When the wave is in ecstasy, the stars
people its crystals.

Conscience,
Be clear;
But with that rare
Inconsistency
Of all projections on a mirror.
To importunate Life, return
Only a reflection
Of its furtive passage in the moonlight.

Soul, become deep;
That flower and foliage
May print on you their fugitive trace;
That star and hirsute cloud
May mistake their route
And in your clear stretches find
A divine prolonging of their own abyss.

he virtue of a singular fortune,
nite and you will be the same.

—*Ernest F. Lucas.*

THE CORTÉGE

. in a cortége perpetual—
of the cortége;—my footsteps fall
the Sacrament that leads ahead
ie temple. Are our minds at
ne—?
vidual—; Does the same sun
l?—O Lord!—what trifling prayers
said!—

. in a cortége perpetual,—
owing if my death shall end it all.
rough other cycles I am led;
with an exile's footsteps I shall go
a dusty roads forever,—or shall
ow,
le pilgrim, at the end, instead,
teful shoulder bending low
ny last rest is spread.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

MYSTICAL POETS

Bards of brow funereal
With your profiles angular
As in ancient medals grand,

Ye with air seignorial,
Ye whose glances lie afar,
Ye with voices of command;

Theologians grave and tried,
Vessels of love's meted grace,
Vessels full of sorrows found.

Ye who gaze with vision wide,
Ye whose Christ is in your face,
Ye in tangled locks enwound,—

My Muse—a maid marmoreal
Who seeks oblivion as her star,
Can find alone her raptures fanned

Amid your air seignorial,
Amid your glance that lies afar,
Amid your voices of command.

My soul that doth your spirits trace
Behind the incense's rising tide,
Within the nave's calm shadow ground.

Hath loved the Christ upon your face,
Hath loved your sweep of vision wide,
Hath loved your tangled locks en-
wound.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

ALLEGRO VIVACE

Listen, O child of woe,
What is the band below
Starting to play?
Where the great halls aglow
Gladness betray?

Let us begin the dance,
Waltz in a dizzy trance;—
Madame, the pleasure?—
In the mad whirl to prance
To the wild measure!

Waltzing and spinning,
In lovely beginning
To twirl to the brink;

With a kiss at the inning
Ere deathward we sink!

Paolo, thy memory,—
Thine too, Francesca, be
Clear in my mind;
Wild be our dance and free,
Dizzy and blind!—

Waltzing and spinning,
In lovely beginning
To twirl to the brink;
With a kiss for our sinning
Ere deathward we sink!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

SERAFÍN AND JOAQUÍN ÁLVAREZ
QUINTERO

(1871-)

(1873-)

PATRIA CHICA OR OLD ANDALUSIA

THE brothers Serafín and Joaquín Álvarez Quintero, were born at Utrera, near Seville, and have earned a commanding position in Spanish letters through their success in a long series of plays. Their poems are marked by great finish and dash. They are much admired as poets.

Of all Spain I'm the Don!
I hail from the opulent region
Of wine and of sun!
To build me a castle of fancy
I but need a cigar;
To take for a day to my pillow,
A touch of catarrh.

I'm a general—I that can conquer
 Without cannon or frays;
 I plan every winning maneuver
 While I sit in *cafés*.
 I'm a Turk with my wine without water—
 But Inquisitor too;
 I am off to the bulls in the *plaza*
 When the sermons are through.
 “*Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus*”—
 As I thump at my breast;
 “*Señor presidente*,—a word to your honor
 'Gainst this bull I protest!”—
 There's no time for repining,
 For of Spain I'm the Don!
 I hail from the opulent region
 Where they barter and barter forever
 for seats in the shade and the sun!
 —*Thomas Walsh*.

AT THE WINDOW

Within the little street the shadows hide
 And there a lattice wears a garden smile
 There is a rose behind its grate, the white
 A faithful gallant makes his court outside

My pair lets not a thought divide
The love that holds them in its honeyed
le;
The grating joys without a guile;
The post with ne'er a woe is tried.

She reads her veil o'er both; with
The latter bright
The laughter free they pass the hours
The day,
The young in love their mutual delight;
That lover you, perchance, would
Say:
"You heaven for your place tonight,"
Answer, "Heaven is here and here I
Say!"

—*Thomas Walsh.*

ABANICO

It is as a butterfly
In thy fingers lighted
Nowhere else it could espy
To take its loving eye
In thy hand it sighted.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

ENRIQUE GONZÁLEZ MARTÍN

(1871-)

THROTTLE THE SWAN

ENRIQUE GONZÁLEZ MARTÍNEZ was born in Guadalajara, Mexico. He became a professor of physiology and a politician. His poem represents the full revolt against European affectations among American poets, and he urges "that the swan's neck be wrung" intending an attack on the merely decorative writers. He is greatly admired throughout Spanish America.

Wring the neck of the lying-feathered
swan

That gives a white note to the fountain
blue:

Its prettiness is well enough, but on
The soul of things it can't say much
you.

away with every speech and every
shion

ich deep life's latent rhythm does
t live;

ife itself adore with passion,
ake Life feel the homage that you
ve.

re the sober owl that takes his flight
the Olympian refuge Pallas made,
ets himself in silence to that tree.

gh he has no swan's grace, you can
e

stless profile sharp against the shade,
reting the mystery of night.

—*Muna Lec.*

PRAYER OF THE BARREN ROCK

round my brow the winds of heaven
are hurled,

er the burning sun I bend my head;
cloud that passes, like a bird is
sped

to another world.

I know the Winter blasts that freeze and
sting,
The long monotony of Summer rain;
My eyes upturned to heaven implore in
vain

The miracle of Spring.

No forests crowd upon my barren crest,
No singing streams of water, running
bright

Through beds of moss and drowsy
flowers, invite

The traveller to rest.

But even as spectres in their tombs awake.
Haunted by dreams of paradise denied,
My dull heart stirs, and in my soul I hide
A thirst I may not slake.

My feet are buried in the mountain height,
My feet are chained; my hope soars to
the sky.

Men know me not, like strangers they
pass by

My prison bars of light.

And since I am denied the friendly flowers,
The fragrant beds of moss, the singing
stream,
Lord, let the nesting eagles mate and
scream
Above my mountain towers.

Yet by my loneliness would I express,
As in a symbol, that exalted mood
Which in impassioned, godlike solitude
Finds everlastingness.

—*John Pierrepont Rice.*

JOSÉ JUAN TABLADA

(1871-)

PRE-RAPHAELITISM

JOSÉ JUAN TABLADA was born in Mexico. He has given his whole life to political letters. He has also contributed widely to the reviews and has published *El Florilegio* (Mexico, 1899) *Florilegio* (Paris, 1900) *sol y bajo la luna* (1917).

You have the grace that through a brief
hours

Some patient monk enscrolls on vellum
fair;

Or in the imaged dawn and sunset hours

Your figure shines in holy windows

Your parted locks are radiance round the
brow;

White hosts and lilies are upon the
cheek;

Your forehead bears the starlight's crown-
ing glow;
Behind you, peacock wings of splendor
speak.

Your hands two lilies fold upon your
breast
Veiled as two lovely and half-hidden
flowers;
Cherubs with timbrels round your feet are
pressed,
And angels lost amid their viol's powers.
Thus as in some mysterious triptych
framed,
Your face adown from other ages shines;
Thus 'mid the gleam of some mosaic,
flamed
With gold and purples, rise your beauty's
shrines.

Soaring aloft to heaven in Gothic spires
Beyond the shadowed cypress groves on
high,
Surge from my dream the old Chartreuse's
choirs
Where you were virgin, and the abbot, I.

Putting aside my beads of olive worn,
My hands grew anxious for the brush
and paint;
Light from my ogive windowed cell was
borne;
The halls with laurel shadows were
acquaint.
There from the stroke of dawn, the sacred
hour
Of Eucharistic joy, until the bell
Of Angelus enswathed the cloister bower
With the vague sadness of its evening
spell,

I painted in a fever mystical
Thy breast's enchantment all in aureole;
Decking your robe with gems purpureal,
Forming your face of hosts and roses
whole.
And as I worked upon your gentle smile
And taught your forehead fairer, whiter
words,
From out a cornice spoke to me the
while
The singing voices of Saint Francis'
birds.

Alas, my habit white! My Gothic spire!
 My heavenly blues, my lilies all in
 flower!—
 This loneliness for that old Chartreuse
 choir
 Where you were virgin, mine the Abbot's
 power!—
 Today is dead, the Umbrian lily, dead!
 From off the friar's palette light hath
 fled,
 Nor doth the slightest gleam of joy
 remain;
 The bitter etching of his grief hath fed
 Upon the red blood of his heart's last
 vein.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

RAMÓN PIMENTEL CORONEL

(1872-1909)

JESUS

RAMÓN PIMENTEL CORONEL was born in Caracas, Venezuela, being at the time of his death, Venezuelan Consul at Hamburg, Germany. His poetry, which is well known in his native country, has never been collected.

Dear Sons of God,—of Him whom Sinai
saw
Mid rolling thunders trace the road of
Right,
Clear carven on the tables of the Law,—
A road, rough cast or smooth, for day and
night.

I come not from My Father to enslave,
But with the lamp of knowledge that ye
crave,

to hear the prayers of those who grace
implore,
drying wet eyes and soothing bosoms sore;
sea, dying on the Cross the world to
save.

Behold the King of whom the Prophet
told!
The Son of God—Messiah—see in Me.
quench the flame and quiet down the
sea,
guide the child and help the weak and
old!

to a stiffened corpse my cry “Arise
and live again” be spoken,
look where the cere-cloth fallen lies,
and death’s cold seal upon the tomb is
broken.

no kingly robe I wear; no golden sceptre
bear;
no haughty frontlet can My brows endure;
above and the lowly heart My treasures
rare;
[y law, the law of all the good and pure.—

• Mine is the army of the worn and sad,
Beaten by sun and wind,
No spearsmen have I in brave armor clad,
Yet thus I come to rule mankind!

The works that smile to God as things of
worth
Can lend no glow to the satanic fires:
Strike down the things of evil at their
birth,
And stifle in your robe-folds base desires.

Let little children gather at My knees;
Their snow-white innocence shall be
The garb of those who mount to Heaven
with Me.
Verily I say, be ye as one of these!

Drive from your soul the vengeful thought;
Vengeance is His who rules the realms
above,
Give good for evil that your foe has
wrought;
I am the Lord of Hope, the Lord of
Love!

To good, do good, but free of vaunt or boast,
 Without vainglorious show,
 So that of which your right hand knows the
 cost,
 Your left hand shall not know.

To golden key of wealth may ope the door
 Of God's great temple in the heavenly
 mead;
 Yea, I who give you precepts, go before,
 To give example of the deed;

Behold Me humbled and a-hungered, poor;
 The fishes have their homes beneath the
 waves,
 The birdling holds his downy nest secure,
 The wild things of the forest have their
 caves,
 The insect has its place of lure. . . .

Jesus alone
 Who comes from sin to bring release
 And free man's life from dread,
 Preaching the faith of poverty and peace,
 Yea, Jesus, Son of God, has not a stone
 Whereon to lay His head!

—*Joseph I. C. Clarke.*

GUILLERMO VALENCIA

(1872-)

SURSUM

GUILLERMO VALENCIA is a native of Popayán, Cauca, Colombia, and stands high in the estimation of South American critics as a poet. A short experience in politics was followed by his withdrawal to a literary career in his native city. His *Ritos* were published in London in 1914. See also the article by Baldomero Sanín Caro in *La Revista de America* (1913, vol. i, pp. 126-36).

A pallid taper its long prayer recites
Before the altar, where the censers
spread
Their lifting clouds, and bells toll out
their dread,
In grief's delirious sanctuary rites.
There—like the poor Assisian—invites

loistered form the peace All-Hal-
lowéd;
nst the dismal portals of the dead
g his wearied brows for heavenly
flights.

me the honey-taste of the Divine;
me the ancient parchments' ruddy
sign
oly psalmody to read and prize!
would mount the heights immortal
crowned,
the dark night is 'mid the glories
drowned,
gaze on God, into His azure eyes!
—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE TWO BEHEADINGS

*is plaga tristitia cordis est et omnis
nequitia mulieris.—Ecclesiastes.*

JUDITH AND HOLOFERNES

(THESIS)

and round were the breasts that
subtly stirred

And shone in rhythm with the Hebrew
tread,

Waking the murmurous harmonies of the
red

Of rubies and the cincture's starlight gird

Her lip's two jacinths made of every word

A vase of lurking essence harvested;

Her flesh a treasury with honey fed;

Her cheeks by tear or pallor yet unblurred

Stretched on his sandal couch the Assyrian

Lay prone, the while the uncertain shadow

ran

Lugubrious patterns from the torch

glow;

And she, as in his sloth he slumbered there

Lone and inscrutable, the sword laid bare

Made ready in the darkness for her blow

As the sleek tigress crouches in the vine,

So Israel's daughter for the deed pre

pared;

Then, the sheer blade in silent fur

bared,

She clave the head from the great form

supine.

In floods, as from some broken jar of wine,
The sudden stream broke round her, as
she dared,
A murderess amid the crimson snared,
To raise on high her haggard countersign.

In the blank eyes, the bloodless cheek,
the beard
Entangled in the blackened moist that
clung
In baleful knots of shadow where the
white
Steel bit the ripened pomegranate as it
seared,—
The trunkless head amid the darkness
hung,
A rose unhallowed in the bowers of night.

SALOMÉ AND JAOKANANN

(ANTITHESIS)

A woman and a serpent formed in one,
The dancer Salomé swung round and
round
Lasciviously unto the crotals' sound,
Her body bared in perfumed unison.

656	HISPANIC ANTHOLO
	<p>All of the Orient through her dance spun, Pacings that fire the sleeping blood bound, Or bow to earth the human crown crowned, And leave life flowerless and the world undone.</p> <p>His eyes inflamed within his parched face, The ghastly Tetrarch leans him from place Upon the fair one, murmuring in greed: “For thy lips’ honey, my Tiberiade And she: “Keep thy dead cities; cover knees Grant me the Esenian’s head mine to feed!”</p> <p>As the swift wind amid an ancient So passion through the aged T played; His eyes gave signal; the great obeyed</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

gleaming sword against his muscles
stood.
as the silence as the Just Man's
blood
t in a scarlet stream beneath the
blade;
Antipas signed to have the salver
laid
the siren in her bestial mood.

immortal gleaming from afar
h the radiance of a dying star
martyr's pallid lips and marble
brows;
ce the foam of some death-brooding
deep,
ly head all bloodless seemed to keep
breath of myrrh as from the censer
blows.

THE WORD OF GOD

(SYNTHESIS)

Jonathan the Rabbin (incarnate
soul and body of all Bible lore)

My poem heard,—his lips were smiling fo
The thought he from the Inspired Tex
would state.

“To womankind,” he said, “trust not you
fate;

She breedeth madness; she is mandra
gore;

Drink of her cup, your conscience live
no more,

Your songs are done, your roads are deso
late!”

And more he added, “Yet withhold you
fear;

Woman, man’s ancient enemy, is here

Among us flaming like a comet dread;

She cleanses earth from love that is but vice

And makes—to ease her burning thirst—
suffice

The very dew the wounds of martyr
shed.”

—*Thomas Walsh.*

MANUEL MACHADO

(1874-)

THE HIDALGO

MANUEL MACHADO was born at Seville. He is noted for very fine technical qualities, as shown in his volumes, *Alma*, *Museo*, and *Cantares* (1907).

In Flanders, Italy and Franche-Compté
And Portugal he made his twelve
campaigns;

Now he is forty, and in all the Spains
He is the oldest soldier, so they say.
Retired with honors, now he passes through
The arches of the plaza, solemnly,
The sunlight shedding native glory due
Unto his medals—stately champion he!—

Claiming the battlefield of Nancy still
As lost but at the Duke of Alba's will;—
His daughter's hand refusing haughtily

To rich Don Bela's scant nobility;—
Telling his deeds of prowess on a scroll
To Olivares for the pension roll.

—*Thomas Wal*

ADELFO

I am like all who from my country hail
Of Moorish blood, close ancients of
sun,—

Who have gained all and losing all
failed.

Firm is the soul we Arab-Spanish
won.

My longings died one night beneath
moon

Wherein I learned neither to dream
love;

My one ideal, disillusioned swoon;—
And now and then a woman's kiss
prove.

Within my soul, a sister of the night,
There are no labyrinths; my passion
rose

Is but a simple flower, exotic, quite
Without a perfume, form, nor colored
shows.

Kisses,—why not give them? Glory?—
What belongs.

Their atmosphere be my full breath
awake!

Let the waves drive or draw me in their
thongs,—

But never force me any path to take!

Ambition!—None of that! Love I know
not.

I burn not e'er for faith or gratitude.

Mine was a vague desire for art—now half-
forgot.

No vice controls me, though I seek not
good.

My aristocracy no man can doubt;

One gains not, one inherits blazon-
ment;

But the devise ancestral is rubbed out

To a poor blur; the sun eclipse hath
sent.

I ask you nought, nor love you, nor would
hate;

Letting you pass, pray do for me the
same.

Let life itself arrange my mortal fate;
As for myself, I shall not take the
blame.

My longings died one night beneath the
moon

Wherein I learned neither to dream of
love.

From time to time a kiss—a simple boon
Of generous lips—that seek no more to
prove!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

ANTONIO MACHADO

(1879—)

COUNSELS

ANTONIO MACHADO is a younger brother of the poet Manuel Machado. He was born at Seville and is distinguished in his *Soledades* (1903) and *Campos de Castilla* (1912) for great simplicity and force.

Learn how to hope, to wait the proper
tide—

As on the coast a bark—then part with-
out a care;

He who knows how to wait wins victory for
bride;

For life is long and art a plaything there.
But should your life prove short

And never come a tide,

Wait still, unsailing, hope is on your side
Art may be long or, else, of no import.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

LEOPOLDO LUGONES

(1874-)

HOW THE MOUNTAINS TALK

(From *Gesta magna*)

LEOPOLDO LUGONES, recently editor of the *Revue Sud-Amerique*, was born at Cordoba, Argentina. His earlier poems appeared in *Montañas del oro* and *Crepúsculos del jardín*. Later he published *Lunario sentimental*.

One day to Tupungato came a sound from
far away,

Of waves or of battalions, rolling up
wards to the height.

It rose from out the forests deep upon the
swelling slopes

To mighty Tupungato, mountain o
craters white.

Who from his veins pours waterfalls, whose
peak is like a lance,

Submerged in dawnlight when the sun,
with eye of blazing gold,
Looks from that giant balcony of heaven
to explore

The moveless host of granite rocks, far
stretching, manifold.

And Tupungato, turret of the winds, the
home of storms,

White like a pillow vast whereon the
age-long dreams repose

Of countless generations—he lifted up his
voice,

And all the world around him heard; the
sea, which darkly flows,

The forests where on stormy nights the
wind wakes deep laments,

The green plains, wrinkled over with
cattle where they spread.

In his great voice, unwonted for a thousand
years to speak,

He called to Chimborazo: “Be on the
watch!” he said.

Asleep was Chimborazo. Dead pride of
conquered faiths,

The vanquished, lost religions, that
hoary grandsire now
Was but a corpse, mute, motionless, a pillar
of the sky,
Above a waste of ruin lifting a silent
brow.

He let a hundred winters make white his
shoulders broad,
And in his beard the condors nest, and
rear their fledgings there.
In vain the stormy hurricane plucked with
its wild, fierce hand
At the enormous cataract of his white
flowing hair.

The roots of oak trees pierced his sides
the sunsets and the dawns
Spread o'er his grim and savage pride
their colors delicate.
That summit in the distance was terrible
to see!
When a cloud nimbus veiled his rest, he
seemed to meditate.

Perhaps the clouds that floated around
him were his thoughts.

The tempests talked to him, the winds
hurled at him insults deep,
And in her blooming purity the Dawn upon
him smiled.

The giant kept the silence of disdain.
He was asleep.

But when he heard the cry that stirred the
mountains far and near,

He lifted from his eyes their veil of
hoary lashes white;

He looked and saw the glaciers of the
mighty mountain chain

All flushed and shining, gilded with an
ecstasy of light;

The ocean calm, the cloudless day, just
breaking, diamond clear;

The caravans of trees far off, outlined
o'er vale and hill;

And yonder, almost at his feet, the great
fire of the sun.

All things were swimming in its light,
and all was hushed and still.

The frosty summits mingled the outlines
of their backs

Like sheep that journey in a flock, upon
a long march led.
The sky its cup inverted above the picture
fair—

And to the stern, steep mountain top
lofty mountain said:

“I hear a sudden tempest approaching
through the vales;
It sweeps on, roaring. It would seem
the sea is drawing nigh!
The trees are bending, dust-clouds vast
rise from the troubled plains;
Black, shapeless masses surge along,
torrent wild and high.”

The other mountain answered and said
“It is the wind.”

Heavy with sleep, his brow he veiled
among the clouds once more.
But Tupungato reared his head far up
wards to behold
The cause of that broad galloping thrush
mountain echoes bore.

Higher it came, all streaked with flame
that sparkled in the sun.

The mountain on his shoulder huge
lifted the arching sky;
He saw, and spake: "'Tis not the wind.
He fancies that in vain!"
He said to Chimborazo, "'Tis God who
passes by!

"No, it is Freedom! Bronze and steel
have crowned her brow with stars.
The flashes glitter keen and bright, far
shining in the sun!"
Then Chimborazo raised his voice above
the deep abyss,
And, with a crash of breaking rocks,
replied, "The two are one!"
—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

THE GIFT OF DAY

Amid the glory of the sun, the world
A-tremble lifts in tossing clouds and blue
Melodious architraves, with towers un-
furled
Like festal banners to the daylight's
view.

Afar prophetic, sounds the cock's loud
Hierophant before the gates of light;
Amid his radiant canticle stirs all
His emerald plumage in its joyous m

And every little pebble shines with go
The harvest fields exhale their frag
heat;
Swept are the woods with waves
shadows old;—
Day is like bread, a blessing clean
sweet.

—*Garret Strang*

JOSÉ SANTOS CHOCANO
(1875-)

THE MAGNOLIA

SANTOS CHOCANO, the greatest exponent of Americanism in Spanish poetry, is a native Peruvian. His literary career began in prison account of the revolutionary activities related in his volume *Iras santas* of 1894. He has spread the gospel of Americanism throughout the south, influencing not only the later poems of Darío, but most of the younger writers of Spanish America.

in the wood, of scent and song the
daughter,
perfect and bright is the magnolia born;
like as a flake of foam upon still
water,
white as soft fleece upon rough brambles
torn.

Hers is a cup a workman might have
fashioned
Of Grecian marble in an age remote.
Hers is a beauty perfect and impassioned,
As when a woman bares her rounded
throat.

There is a tale of how the moon, her lover
Holds her enchanted by some magic
spell;
Something about a dove that broods above
her,
Or dies within her breast— I cannot tell.

I cannot say where I have heard the story
Upon what poet's lips; but this I know
Her heart is like a pearl's, or like the glory
Of moonbeams frozen on the spotless
snow.

—*John Pierrepont Rice.*

ODA SELVAJE

Woods of my fathers, sovereign deity,
To whom the Incas and the Aztecs bowed

I stand and greet you from the trembling
sea

That like some white-haired slave before a
queen,

With all its shining foam, fawns at your feet.

I greet you from the sea above whose
combers

Your heavy perfumes break upon the
wind;

Behind them tower your mutilated trunks
And beckon me to the Americas.

I greet you from the sea that woos you
still,

Like some wild chieftain with disheveled
locks,

Knowing that from your undeciphered
heart

Is born the hollow ship that scars its face
And mocks its depths with straining keel
and sail,

Woods of my fathers, sovereign deity,
To whom the Incas and the Aztecs bowed,
I stand and greet you from the shining sea.

I turn to you and feel my soul set free:
Forgotten is the stress of modern ways.

I have become for very sight of you,
Like one of your wise tribal patriarchs
Who slept of old upon your tender
And drank the milk of goats and ate
bread

Sweetened with honey of the forest

I look on you and I am comforted,
For the thick ranks of all your tufted
Recall to me how centuries ago
With twice ten thousand archers and
heels,

I led the way to where the mountain
smoke

And lift their craters from the shore
lakes:

And how, at length, I wandered to
realm

Of the great Inca, Yupanqui, and we
Following him upon the mountain top
Down to Arauco and its peaceful slopes
And rested in a tent of condors' wings

I look on you and I am comforted
Because the centuries have marked me
To be your poet, and to raise the hymn
Of joy and grief, that in heroic dawn
The Cuzco smote upon his lyre of stone

nds of Aztec Emperors and songs
old Palènkes and Tahuantisúyos,
shed like Babylon from off this earth.

re in your presence, with your savage
spell

ing in all my veins, the centuries
like a vision from the abyss of time
pass before me in unfading youth.

I evoke the ages still unformed
saw your first tree burst its bonds of
stone,

all the others headlong on its track,
the ordained disorder of the stars.

I evoke the endless chain of time,
weeping growth and slow monotony,
passed before your roots were fired
with sap,

all your trunks took form beneath
their bark;

all the knots of every branch were
loosed,

in the hymn of your primeval Spring.
and now your flowering branches are a
cage

singing birds—fantastic orchestra—,

Above whose din the fickle mockin
Pours its strange song; and only
mute:

The solemn *quetzal*, that in silence
His rainbow plumage with herald
Above the tombs of a departed ra

Your countless blue and rosy b
Flutter and fan themselves coquet
Your buzzing insects glitter in the s
Glimmer and glow like gems and t
Encrusted in the hilts of ancient sv
Your crickets scold, and when th
spent,

And fire-flies light your depths
beasts of prey

Stalk in the gloom, as through a ni
gleam

The sulphurous pupils of satanic e;

Yours is the tapir, that in r
pools

Mirrors the shape of his deformity
And rends the jungle with his m
head;

Yours the lithe jaguar, nimble ac

That from the branches darts upon his
prey;

And yours the tiger-cat, sly strategist,
With gums of plush and alabaster fang.

The crocodile is yours, that venerable
Amphibious guardian of crops and streams,
Whose emerald eyes peer from the oozy
caves;

And yours the boa, that seems a mighty
arm

Hewn from the shadow by a giant axe.

But like a sponge, into your labyrinth,
Of tropic growth, you suck each living
thing—

The strength of muscles and the blood of
veins—

There to beget in your exuberance

The warlike plumes of your imperial palms,
Whose milky fruits refreshed in by-gone
day,

The tribes grown weary with long pilgrim-
age.

And there the patriarchal *ceiba* tree
Offered its canopy to pondering chiefs
Counciling war or peace beneath its boughs.

And there is Pindar's oak, and there the
tree

Of Lebanon, and the mahogany,
Whose fragrant wood in European courts
The cunning craftsman polishes and
shapes
To thrones of kings and marriage-beds of
queens.

Woods of my fathers, sovereign deity,
To whom the Incas and the Aztecs
bowed,
I greet you from the sea, and breathe this
prayer:
That with the night, the close approaching
night,
You may entomb me in your sacred
dusk
Like some dim spectre of forgotten cults,
And that, to fire my eyes with savage
light
And wild reflection of your revelry,
To burn upon the tip of every tree
That points into the night, you set a
star.

—*John Pierrepont Rice.*

SUN AND MOON

Between my agéd mother's hands gleam
bright
Her grandson's locks; they seem a handful
fair
Of wheat, a golden sheaf beyond compare—
The sun's gold, stolen from the dawn's
clear light.

Meanwhile her own white tresses in my
sight
Shed brightness all around her in the air—
Foam of Time's wave, a sacred glory rare,
Like spotless eucharistic wafers white.

A flood of gold and silver, full and free!
You make my heart with gladness overrun.
If hatred barks at me, what need I care?

To light my days and nights, where'er I
be,
In my child's curls I always have the
sun,
The moon in my dear mother's silver hair!

—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

A SONG OF THE ROAD

The way was black,
The night was mad with lightning; I be-
strode
My wild young colt, upon a mountain road.
And, crunching onward, like a monster's
jaws,
His ringing hoof-beats their glad rhythm
kept,
Breaking the glassy surface of the pools,
Where hidden waters slept.
A million buzzing insects in the air
On droning wing made sullen discord there.

But suddenly, afar, beyond the wood,
Beyond the dark pall of my brooding
thought,
I saw lights cluster like a swarm of wasps
Among the branches caught.
"The inn!" I cried, and on his living flesh
My broncho felt the lash and neighed with
eagerness.

And all this time the cool and quiet wood
Uttered no sound, as though it understood.

ntil there came to me, upon the night,
voice so clear, so clear, so ringing sweet—
voice as of a woman singing, and her
song
ropped like soft music winging, at my
feet,
nd seemed a sigh that, with my spirit
blending,
engthened and lengthened out, and had
no ending.

nd through the empty silence of the night,
nd through the quiet of the hills, I
heard
hat music, and the sounds the night wind
bore me,
ike spirit voices from an unseen world
ame drifting o'er me.

curbed my horse, to catch what she might
say:
At night they come, and they are gone by
day—"
nd then another voice, with low refrain,
nd untold tenderness, took up the strain:
Oh love is but an inn upon life's way";

“At night they come, and they are gone
day—”

Their voices mingled in that wistful lay

Then I dismounted and stretched out
length

Beside a pool, and while my mind was
Upon that mystery within the wood,
My eyes grew heavy, and my strength
was spent.

And so I slept there, huddled in my cloak
And now, when by untrodden paths
Through the dim forest, no repose I know
At any inn at nightfall, but apart
I sleep beneath the stars, for through my
heart

Echoes the burden of that wistful lay
“At night they come, and they are gone
day,

And love is but an inn upon life's way

—*John Pierrepont Rieu*

JULIO HERRERA REISSIG

(1875-1909)

THE CURA

JULIO HERRERA REISSIG was born at Montevideo, Uruguay, of a family of distinction, which however did not preserve him from a bitter end. His really remarkable work was not collected until after his death, and only the first collection, *Los peregrinos de piedra*, has yet made its appearance.

He is the Cura—Long the silent peaks
Have watched him breast his hardships
on his knees,—

Risking the passes when the winters
freeze,—

Taking the lonely routes the midnight
seeks.—

As though by magic, 'neath his blessing
hand

A plenteous harvest its responses speaks;

His very mule indulgenced graces lea
That lift the parish to a heavenly lan

From his asperges to his clogs and h
He turns in readiness to drain his br
Of mountain gold to deck his
rude;

His preaching through a breath of
sounds,—

A nephew is his only turpitude—
His piety with cowlike airs abounds.

—*Thomas Wa*

THE PARISH CHURCH

In blessed silence vegetates the plac
The wax-faced Virgins sleep in
attire

Of livid velvets and discolored wir
And Gabriel's trumpet wearies on hi
A marble yawn the dried-up font
trace;

There sneezes an old woman i
choir;

And in the sun-shaft dust the flies :

As though 'twere Jacob's ladder for their
grace.

The good old soul is starting at her chores;
She shakes the poor-box, and in reverence
pores

To find how the Saint Vincent alms are
going;

Then here and there her feather-duster
hies;

While through the vestry doorway, come
the cries

From out the barnyard and the gallant
crowing.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE CARTS

Long ere the noisy barnyard sounds, or ere
The dusky smithy strikes its morning
lay,—

Ere chemist wakes, or barber starts his
day,

A single lamp burns,—lightless on the
square.

Athwart the melancholy dawning fare

The oxen, throwing up their furrow way,
Beneath the gloom of the unsettled gray
The ploughman mutters rustic curses
there.

Meantime the lordly manor dreams.—The
jet
Through its old marble speaks the foun-
tain's soul;
And where the tranquil shepherd's-star is
set,
Waking the lone path's yearning for its
goal
Of old, slow breathing airs in echo roll
From tinkling carts the daybreaks
ne'er forget.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

JULIO FLORES

(1875-)

GOLD-DUST

JULIO FLORES is a native of Colombia, whose poems have gained him great popularity, and whose literary touch is characterized by an unusual lightness.

HYMN TO AURORA

Thou heavenly butterfly
Whose great and tenuous wings
Their gold and rose spread high;
Thou that in ample heaven's sight
Over the Andes' mighty summits flings
In bland and radiant flight!—

From what far garden-place,
O butterfly divine, dost race?—
What heavenly branch or vine

Gives thee sustaining wine?—
Perchance the gardens of the night
Strengthened thy wings of light?—

What gleaming flower shall ease
Thine infinite thirst?
Perchance the golden leas
Where heaven's star-blooms burst?—
Perchance the bright horizons filled
With glorious rays
Where gold-dust of thy wings is spill
O'er seas and mountain ways?—

Thou heavenly butterfly,
Come on my breast to lie;
From thy transcendant sphere
Seek out our poor world here,
Ere thee in winging turn
To ashes day shall burn!

—*Thomas W*

MANUEL MAGALLANES MOURE

(1875-)

MY MOTHER

MANUEL MAGALLANES MOURE, is a native of Chile, who in his volume *Matices* sings of her brilliant countryside.

I feel like a small child, lost
In a scene of gaiety.
Where are you, mother mine?
Not there—that is not she—

Nor this one. . . . Mother mine,
How can I search? I do not know
Which you are! Vainly seeking,
My tears fast flow.

Just like a little child
I weep in misery.
Is your cheek dark, O Mother?
Or fair to see?

This is not you, nor that. . . .
Where are you, Mother mine?
To lighten my dark soul
Your eyes must brightly shine.

Your hands must be soft,
Gentle with tenderness;
Your lips must drip honey
To sweeten my bitterness.

Your kind breast must be
Oblivion of grief;
You must be, O Mother,
Love beyond belief.

Your love must be
A vivifying breath,
And your caresses
Sweet as sweet death.

Are you my mother?
To each woman I pray
Some sigh, some laugh, not knowin
The thing that I say.

—*L. E. Elli*

THE RENDEZVOUS

Will come? She will not come?
passing cloud declares she will;
quiet tree, no longer dumb,
cons,—She comes not; wait her still.

Will come? She will not come?
sunlit paths with promise thrill
be away; but waters drum
across the lake—No, wait her still.

Will come? She will not come?
heart is resolute she will;
hush, these murmurs troublesome—
will not come—Await her still.

—*Garret Strange.*

FRANCISCO VILLAESPESA

(1877-)

THE HESPERIDES

FRANCISCO VILLAESPESA was born in Spain at Almería. He is considered a disciple of Rubén Darío in his many fine sonnets and other poems to be found, in part, in *Tristitia* (1907).

Garden of Hesperides, divine
And golden garden shining in mine eyes,
Dream or reality?—what paths shall twine
Unto thy shores, O Paradise of mine?
So to his dream the pilgrim makes repine
Falling in mire and blood amid his sighs.
To seek this garden—destiny is thine,
But never shalt behold it anywise.

Never to see it, for it lives alone
Within the bosoms that have sorrow known,
The treasure-house of all their fantasy—

in thine arid eye its gates would find;
 prose of life is all too near the mind,—
 and far—too far away—is Poesy! .

—*Thomas Walsh.*

AFTER LAS ÁNIMAS

aged castellan beside the fire
 lies o'er his parchment leaves, in his desire
 to learn the wise old proverbs of the past
 ; speak of gerfalcons' and hawks' wild
 cast;

the chatelaine her rosary unwinds
 sleepy fingers; and the buffoon binds
 bells in imitation, for a laugh,
 turning his ruddy hood and tinkling staff.

hence the fair damsel draws the threads
 of silk and gold; beneath her lashes sheds
 glances on the ruddy page who stands
 with her dais smiling half in glee,

while he plucks the hound's ear
 aimlessly,
 and a hollow growl sounds 'neath his
 hands.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

SOME MODERN BRAZILIAN PO

I

ANONYMOUS

THE CANDLE

That I might read my page, I lit
Sought thy light
To bring to my dark room, and t
inner sight,
Radiance of knowledge. In vain.
mersed in dreaming
I saw naught but thy glow, perceiv
other gleaming.
Then I regarded thee. Thy flame, t
still night given,
Ros like a sentient soul, rose like a pa
driven
Upwards in strength and might, se
heaven with its fire,
Crying aloud to me: "Here rises
own desire!

Here is the page immortal knowledge
 holding,
 The book of books all ancient lore enfold-
 ing;
 Wisdom of Thales, Plato, Paul and Christ
 anointed,—
 To that true light is my small flaming
 pointed.”

—*Lilian E. Elliott.*

II

FAQUNDES VARELLA

LIFE IN THE INTERIOR

The rocking of a hammock, a cosey
 fire
 Under a humble roof of thatch,
 A talk, a song, a tune on the guitar;
 A cigarette, a tale, a cup of coffee.

A robust horse, pacing more lightly
 Than the wind blowing from the plains,
 With a black mane and eyes of fire;

His feet scarcely touching the ground as he gallops.

And at the end a smile from a pretty country girl

Of gentle gestures, kindly words;

A girl with bare neck and bare arms, her curls free—

A girl at the age of blossoming.

Kisses, frankly given under the open sky;

Gay laughter, light gossip;

A thousand jests in the evening when the sun sinks

And a thousand songs at dawn when the sun rises.

This is the life of our vast plateaus!

Of the great uplands of the Land of the Cross,

Upon a soil that yields only flowers and glory;

Under a sky that sheds only magic and light.

—*L. E. Elliott.*

III

BULHAO PATO

THE TWO MOTHERS

mothers met one day at the door of a church.

entered, full of radiant joy,
d and triumphant, carrying in her
arms
little child for baptism.

other, the unhappy one, leaving the
threshold,
carried a child, but this poor mother
ght it, dead, for burial.

v more steps and the two met—
who bore in her happy arms
child of her love;
other, bathed in tears,
followed her dead baby.

r eyes met. And at that moment
as the happy mother from whose eyes

Tears broke, while the stricken woman
Who had lost her child—
Oh, miracle of love, smiled, forgetting
grief,
At the rosy baby.

—*L. E. El*

SAMUEL A. LILLO	699
<p data-bbox="108 614 577 662">SAMUEL A. LILLO</p> <p data-bbox="12 710 710 758">D VASCO NÚÑEZ DE BALBOA</p> <p data-bbox="12 806 782 1011">EL A. LILLO, is a Chilean poet, whose ies, <i>Canciones de Arauca</i> and <i>Chile</i> o, are vivid pictures of nature and primi- fe in his country.</p> <p data-bbox="12 1059 782 1878"> the night a herd of savage buffaloes only plunge into a quiet backwater ng there into ripples the sleeping water their great bodies, plot out all the shining reflection e great moon, trembling and luminous, lies like a silver flower upon the water, the once peaceful pool turns ferocious ess and troubled, leaping and tossing; hen the herd has passed on its way more the heavens gently send noon's shimmering image, </p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

Unstable as the faint hue announcing
A pallid dawn,
But at last it shines with the radiant clarity
Of a diamond glowing from its dark bed.

So in this world it may be, that ignorant or
perverse

Men may pass, troubling the even current
Reflecting the glory and fame of some hero
Of Mars or Minerva; and then, when no
longer

The sounds of the caravan are heard in the
distance,

Then in the calm waters of history,
Like the silver flower from the feet of the
herd

There rises, pellucid and bright,
The illustrious memory once lost
In the stir of the crowd.

Thus, across the long years,
In this fair land of Columbus
Now, free from mistakes and illusions,
Thou unfortunate Captain of Spain!
There glory shines, lighting thy valiant
face,

to thy grave by envy, because thou
 gavest
 ndor and kingdoms to Spain,
 because, conqueror in terrible con-
 flicts,
 sovereign courage drew from the
 depths
 he mysteries of earth a great ocean,
 t doubled the size of the world.

was a spirit audacious, adventurous,
 en the wings of the condor, the eyes of
 the kite,
 ixture of bully and knight
 h a trace of the Spanish hidalgo. . .

—*L. E. Elliott.*

CARLOS PEZOA VÉLIZ

(1879-1903)

AGE

CARLOS PEZOA VÉLIZ was a native of Santiago de Chile. He devoted his short life to periodical literature. His works, collected after his death, were published by his friend under the title *Cárlos Pezoa Véliz, Poesías líricas* (Santiago, Valparaíso, 1912).

Few my years, when hopes were many,
 Dreams were gay, and I sang any—
 Now my hopes are few, and older
 Griefs pile up, and sighs grow bolder.

I have seen but few hopes tarry
 On the road where the far years carry;
 Mine, it seems, by age were frightened,—
 For Hopes are maids that scorn the white
 head!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

RLOS PEZOA VÉLIZ	703
<p>HOSPITAL, ONE AFTERNOON</p> <p>at the fields the drops are falling, y, gently, on the plains; rough the drops a grief is calling,— ins.</p> <p>amid my sick-ward spacious re I my bed of weakness keep, naught to fight my grief voracious, sleep.</p> <p>sts are gathering around me choking hold upon my veins; from out the sleep that bound me— ins.</p> <p>as if in my final anguish, re the landscape's mighty brink, he mists that fall and languish, ak.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">—<i>Thomas Walsh.</i></p>	
ND MONOGRAPHS	IV

VIRGILIO DÁVILA

(1880-)

HOLY WEEK

VIRGILIO DÁVILA is a native of Puerto Rico. He has gained great popular esteem for his book of sonnets dealing with the actual life of his people, entitled *Pueblito de antes-criollos* (San Juan, 1917).

I

Here's Holy Week!—How very different
We spent it in our native town at
Where everybody still and pious was
And hushed as though beneath
convent dome.

The merry tinkle of the belfries still
The rattles had begun their hollow
The entrance to the village church
filled
With pious folk grown anxious for
soul.

omen had put off their colored
ss
ady flowers and ribbons, to confess
urning garb their Jesus' death and
oss;
n suspending labor now attend,
in their best, awaiting to the end
Seven Last Words" and "Stations
of the Cross."

2

he procession—from the crowded
ave—
s solemnly, a mighty multitude,
acred hymns and attitudes most
grave
ough with mystic powers it were
mbued.
ntony's Sodality is there—
women who have made the church
their home;
Child of Mary" and each urchin
are—
many in God's honor thither come!

The Cura forth 'mid chants and incense
files

Beneath the canopy borne down the aisles

By parish notables with airs that brag;
But haughtiest of all, the village-mayor,
In brodered coat pre-eminently there,
Goes first to bear the patriotic flag.

3

'Tis Holy Saturday; the sunbeams smile
As though some sweetheart saw her love
appear;

Crowds in the church are waiting hopeful
while

The Lord prepares to rise—for ten is
near!—

The linen sheet across the chantry parts—
“*Gloria in excelsis*”—scarce the priest has
prayed,

When the high belfry's jubilation starts,
The organ roars—the “Royal March”
is played.

At once the rattle of old musketry,
The sounds of children shouting in their glee

VIRGILIO DÁVILA	707
<p>chase old Judas down the crowded way!— ethes in alleys that before were bare, the shopkeepers display their ware, each heart patters—"Resurrection Day!"</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>—Thomas Walsh.</i></p>	
ND MONOGRAPHS	IV

LUIS FELIPE CONTARDO

(1880-)

HOME OF PEACE AND PURITY

LUIS FELIPE CONTARDO is a native of Chile and a priest whose education was completed in Rome. He is author of *Cantos del camino* (Santiago de Chile, 1918).

In the little room where the day was
dying,
Children bend above their books, their
mother at her toil;
And on the little table within the lamplight
lying
There was set a spray of lilies snowy
from the soil.

Like a peaceful vase of purity, the dwelling,—
“Here there is no touch of life upon its
troubled way!”—

snowy lilies, fresh and pure are
elling,
is what their subtle perfume to
young hearts would say.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE CALLING

Thou dost know with what implacable
hand
cut its wound across my inmost
breast:

was lost amid the worldly band—

I have suffered where its blade was
pressed!

Thou dost know how from all healing
banned,

here I found in all the world possess;
in gloom would walk, and trembling
stand

Thy mystery with doubt confest!

Words came then unto mine ear—so
sweet,—

sweeter far than mother's lullaby.

Unto the path, O Lord, Thou drew'st my
feet;
My wounded wing against Thy breast
did fly,
And there, as in predestined grief's retreat
Within Thy heart, as in its nest did lie.
—*Thomas Walsh.*

LUIS C. LÓPEZ

(1880-)

RIVER-FOLK

L. C. LÓPEZ was born at Cartagena, in Colombia, where he has been intimately identified with the culture of his native land. His poems are very popular.

I

THE VILLAGE BARBER

The village barber, in his old straw hat,
And dancing pumps and waistcoat of
 piqué,
Plays sharp at cards, and on his knee-bones
 squat
Hears mass, and rails at old Voltaire all
 day.

An "old subscriber" to *El Liberal*

He works and sparkles like a merry
glass

Of muscatel, his razor's rise and fall

Timing his gossip of what comes to pass.

With mayor and veterinary, pious folk

Who say the rosary, he speaks no joke

Of miracles by Peter Claver wrought;

A tavern champion, and a cock-pit sage,

Amid the scissors' clip, his wars he'll
wage,

Sparkling like muscatel the light has
caught.

2

THE VILLAGE MAYOR

The village mayor, in a soiled panama

With a tricolor ribbon at its crown,

Stout as Hugh Capet, in his loose éclat,

Glitters with bull-dog face across the
town.

A doughty neighbor, ruddy as the tow,

His dagger's point his only signature,—

at the night the garlic soup will
 ow,
 akes his girdle strap the less secure.

e, a nervous, pretty, little thing,
 im as in an iron fastening,
 ing herself the while with Paul de
 Lock;

in glass-beads, her eyebrows
 ainted clear,—
 ile her spouse through the back-
 own will steer
 stomach jewels and a face of rock.
 —*Thomas Walsh.*

VERSES TO THE MOON

, who now look over the roof
 hurch, in the tropical calm
 aluted by him who has been out all
 nt,
 arked at by the dogs of the suburbs,
 , who in your silence have laughed
 gs! In your sidereal silence

When, keeping carefully in the shadow, the
Municipal judge steals from some den—

But you offer, saturnine traveler,
With what eloquence in mute space
Consolation to him whose life is broken,

While there sing to you from a drunken
brawl

Long-haired, neurasthenic bards,
And lousy creatures who play dominos.

—*William G. Williams.*

EMILIO CARRÉRE	715
<p>EMILIO CARRÉRE (1881-)</p> <p>THE MANTILLA</p> <p>CARRÉRE was born in Madrid. He received his education at the University of Madrid, later publishing many books. Among them are <i>El caballero de la muerte</i>, <i>Las táticas</i>, <i>El divino amor humano</i>, and <i>Lo sentimental</i>.</p> <p>ough it were a very breath that flows in Madrilenian shadows, in its play lightly flutter, the mantilla shows street-girl duchesses of Goya's day. light carts by Manzanares' tide black mantilla held its gallant reign; y Week Sevilla caught its pride d her patios and her orange train.</p>	
ND MONOGRAPHS	IV

To the blue-shadowed eyes of maids distressed
 As their own heart-songs, its soft folds brought rest
 In the infuriate passion of their love;
 Under its midnight was a lurid glow
 Upon the breast—a ruddy brooch to show
 Like a red rose, a gloomy heart above.

White

Silken mantilla, in whose snowy woof
 Lurk the dark lashes, with their Moorish spell,
 Of eyes whose midnight gives a deeper proof
 When the bull's bloodstains on the plaza tell.
 Tangle of pearl and moonlight, blossoming
 Of snow and swan and silver sails that shine,—
 White flowers of Holy Thursday in a ring
 About the Seven-Dolored Virgin's shrine!
 Blossom of gallantry, snow-tipped mantilla,
 With graceful ripples of the seguidilla,
 Blason of Goya's festivals of old,

EMILIO CARRÉRE

717

clear and joyous as the vanished
strains
shower from silver orange groves like
rains
on our beauties with the flesh of gold!
—*Thomas Walsh.*

AND MONOGRAPHS

IV

JUAN RAMÓN JIMÉNEZ

(1881-)

ONE NIGHT

JUAN RAMÓN JIMÉNES was born at Moguer in Huelva, Spain. He has gained recognition through several collections of poetry revealing a very melancholy nature. He has recently admitted free-verse as a vehicle for his poetry. His publications include *Arias tristes* (1903), *Melancolía* (1912), *Diario de un poeta recién casado* (1917), and *Poesías escojidas* (Hispanic Society of America, 1917).

The ancient spiders with a flutter spread
 Their misty marvels through the withered flowers,
 The windows, by the moonlight pierced
 would shed
 Their trembling garlands pale across the
 bowers.

The balconies looked over to the South;
 The night was one immortal and serene;
 From fields afar the newborn springtime's
 mouth

Wafted a breath of sweetness o'er the
 scene.

How silent! Grief had hushed its spectral
 moan

Among the shadowy roses of the sward;
 Love was a fable—shadows overthrown
 Trooped back in myriads from oblivion's
 ward.

The garden's voice was all—empires had
 died—

The azure stars in languor having known
 The sorrows all the centuries provide,
 With silver crowned me there, remote
 and lone.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

GRIEF-WEARINESS

In the dark my grief increaseth;
 A grimmer phantom grows my old re-
 morse;

The shadowy finger never ceaseth
 To trace its "Mene, Tekel's" blo
 course.

My bosom, shaken by its weeping,
 Is as a mountain sad and drear,
 Where clouds are black illusions heaping
 Where dream is chill, and glory, fear.

What hand is there to undo the portal-
 To blunt each thorn-point on a rose,
 With peace at twilight, and the mortal
 Bosom melted to a star that glows!

—*Thomas Wals*

FROM *ETERNIDADES*

Let me draw rein,
 Let me put a curb upon
 The steed of dawn;
 And let me enter—white—upon life.

Oh, how they stare at me,—
 The mad
 Flowers of all my dreamings,
 Lifting their heads unto the moon!

—*Thomas Wals*

URNE: FROM *PIEDRA Y CIELO*

leeping and the starlight
ier met, and joining swift,
ie as though one tear,
ie as though one star.

grew blind,—and heaven
blind of love—And all the world
othing more than sorrow
tar, and glitter of a tear,
—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE PARK

icient spiderwebs of all the halls
ect the twilight fires of amethyst;
balcony 'mid rains and trees recalls
aded hues some story time has missed.

is as though a dance of long ago
ld waken in this twilight lone and
fair;
oil is wet; from the chill branch
below
e sounds the muffled sob of love's
despair.

A hush—the scent of trampled roses
 night,
Wherein the golden lustres gleam
 throng;
Down the long avenue there fades
 sight
An old coach bearing off—alas!—
 song!

—*Thomas Wainwright*

VICTOR DOMINGO SILVA
(ca. 1883-)

BALLAD OF THE VIOLIN

VICTOR DOMINGO SILVA was born at Tongoy,
ile. He has published *Hacia allá* (1906),
derrotero (1908), *Selva florida* (1911).

This youth, suffering, weak,
Plays the violin in the sun
For a drink of rum
And a handful of tobacco.

And listen! While he ripples
A Spanish roundelay
Or some Slavic song.
This youth, suffering, weak,

Goes out to seek the sun
To fill his shabby sack
To get a drink of rum
And a handful of tobacco.

Goes out to kill despair
When he plays the violin,
Comes out to seek the sun
As a snail creeps from its shell.

This weak and suffering boy
Died playing the violin.
What of it? He came to his end
With a drink of rum
And a handful of tobacco.

They found him in the sun
Clasping his violin.

—*L. E. Elliott.*

THE RETURN

I have come back to the old h
therein
To weep my childhood gone, my fath
in death;
Days, months and years have
upon their way,
And all the house in ruin lies, from r
To cellar, oh, what bitter change o'er
How everything I knew has met

again in weeping for the hours
dusky mornings, evenings filled
with dreams
slumberous afternoons!) I once have
known,

“he who has returned to us so
changed
bowed shoulders and his hair like
snow”—

is now so different from his young
days flown.

Long ever, ever his return,

not quite surprised; we feel his kiss
on our foreheads as in days of old;
other sighs; the grave domestics gaze
in reverent mien, and the old dog
begins
barking as if back the years had
rolled.

Long the voyage, Saviour, oh how
long!—

many years away, how many drouths,
many mountain glooms and fogs
of dread!—

A silence falls; it seems each other reads
Sorrows in each, and weariness in some,
And worlds of dream and grief o'er every
head.

How long the voyage, Saviour, oh, how
long!—

Here by the frigid hearthstone of my home
With all surrounding me, I bid them
tell,

If I look older?—They reply to me;

“Yes, father dear, we find you very
changed.”

And I:—“Poor children, you are changed
as well.”

—*Thomas Walsh.*

ANTONIO PÉREZ-PIERRET

(1883-)

MY PEGASUS

ANTONIO PÉREZ-PIERRET was born in San Juan, Puerto Rico. He is equally well-known in the United States and the Antilles as a poet of distinction and charm.

My mount is Arab-English, firm and strong,

With slender, agile legs, and lengthened throat;

The nerves upon his flanks in network throng,

His beauty has a strange and curious note.

The blooded stock to which his sires belong
Shines on his forehead with its tangled coat;

He paws and curvets 'neath my bridle's thong,

And sniffs eternities in breaths that
gloat.

In pastures calm he grazes,—but on high
His crest of light goes singing toward the
sky,

His mouth athirst for azure depths afar,
As though to gulp the starry spaces down;
When sudden, with a brutal hand, I drown
His frenzy, and the reins a-trembling are.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

ARÉVALO MARTÍNEZ	729
<p>R. ARÉVALO MARTÍNEZ (1884-)</p> <p>FROM <i>LAS IMPOSIBLES</i></p> <p><i>(Students of Honduras and Nicaragua.)</i></p> <p>ARÉVALO MARTÍNEZ is a native of Hon- whose work in metre and in prose extraordinary imaginative and dram- atic qualities. His poems possess a beautiful and great depth.</p> <p>the first love. I am the enchantment. the pain of that white form me you wrapped yourself in your oak studied here or in Salamanca.</p> <p>n is pain. But of all, he who worst wounds and blinds and aims,</p>	
ND MONOGRAPHS	IV

I am the first night of the nuptials
of the soul, to which none ever came.

I launch my glances like falcons
to all those virgin souls
that give easy prey to women.

I am she who smiles on the balconies
full of the moon, in the outskirts,
to the poets and the freshmen.

Sometimes I was the cousin, cousin mine,
white as the flower of the lemon tree
and when you brushed my hand
you gave me more than a body entire.

Perhaps I gave you my mouth. But be
sure
that if you kissed it, it was only once
astride the wall
and I so closely wrapped against the moon
that when I saw you go you went drunk,
forehead high, in your smile a prayer
and you kissed the air; and you went
blinded by me as by a light shining in all
things.

<p>ARÉVALO MARTÍNEZ</p>	<p>731</p>
<p>nts, you whom Honduras caragua sends to Guatemala who mingle dreams and penury ive three or four in a room;</p> <p>son immigration of youths hemians and half singers ous with the preludes of lutes, ous with the blood of stars,</p> <p>all know the mad cup stand two months in your landlord's lebt;</p> <p>that golden-haired school girl with a kiss which she left on your mouth, d a wing to your shoulders ut the sun in your hearts.</p> <p>—<i>William G. Williams.</i></p> <p>THE CONTEMPORARY SANCHO PANZA</p> <p>y Sancho cloaks himself in various disguises, to Panza criticises, Sancho Panza writes verses.</p>	
<p>AND MONOGRAPHS</p>	<p>IV</p>

His bearing is the dominie and his speech
dogmatic.

From two crutches hangs his great plethoric
paunch.

He has the puerilities of grammar
and loves the adolescences of rhetoric.

If modernist clothes dress the ideal,
in he thrusts his grammatical incisive.

He writes the classic sonnet; turns to the
estrambote
and laughs in his sleeve at Don Quixoté.

And the sad and curious thing is that the
insane Don Quixoté
opens a new trail into unknown lands
and when it is beaten by him, comfortably
passes the bell-shaped figure of his squire.

He has left his ass, he wears fine clothes
and shouts in a loud voice at inns and
upon highways:

“Praise with me all those who renew the
tongue;

I open new pathways for the young.”

ever could I tell by what strange accord-
ances
behind a madman always walk a hundred
sane ones.

Sancho, good Sancho, I admire your rustic
prudence
and I cannot deny that you have in
abundance
sense of life which laughs at madness,
and which is of a hundred thousand San-
chos the common sense.

Complete, to its very full, your derision
laughs at the adventures of knighthood,
but when peace comes after the battle
you listen to the rebukes of your master
and are silent.
For the ball-men, life is forever lovely
since if it slopes they know how to roll
down it.

Oh, rotund squire of easy soul and broad
face,
without Don Quixote the Good, what
would become of Sancho?

Your master misses a hundred time
once he hits
and that sole time is worth more th
your dead life.

In opening to the mind a sealed path
thus history combines the divine pair
in front, the thin master draggin
squire;
and behind, the fat servant, laughin
he comes.

—*William G. Willia*

GABRIELA MISTRAL

(ca. 1885-).

THE "SONNETS OF DEATH"

GABRIELA MISTRAL, or Lucilla Godoy, is a poetess of Chile where she has given her life to the education of children and the creation of poetry to be sung by them. Her works are in part yet uncollected.

Hands of evil have been on your life
When, at signal from the stars, I
sowed
In the lilies. Beauteous was it rife
When hands of evil wrecked the fair abode.
The Lord I said: "From mortal paths
let them bear him,—spirit without
guide—;
Save him, O Saviour, from the grip of
wraths,
 plunge him in the dream Thine
arms provide!"

Lament is vain—in vain I strive to f
Black is the tempest that drives o
sail;
My breast for him, or mow awa
flower!—
Woe! Woe!—the seas his bark of
swallow—
Is pity in my heart of no avail?—
Thou that shalt judge me, Lord, s
Thou this hour!

—*Roderick C*

FERNANDO MARISTANY

(1885-)

ANDO MARISTANY is a native of Barce-
nere he still continues to reside. He
ublished his original poems under the
En el azul (Barcelona, 1919). His
utions to international letters may be
in his volumes *Poesías excelsas de los
poetas; Las cien mejores poesías de la
francesa; Las cien mejores poesías de
ua inglesa; Las cien mejores poesías
igua portuguesa.*

oul sings)

l is distant, with a crystal note,
ginal waters in a hidden moat.

l is hushed in haughty solitudes,
e old lordly manor in the woods.

My soul is frank and simple in its ways,
As the light rain that flecks the rose with
sprays.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE PENALTY

Fourteen years old—

And in the study-hall,
Broad and unfurnished, at the school I
stayed

Alone and friendless, though some other lads
Were with me.—It was six o'clock, but we
Were kept till eight.—

It was October's close,
And the first chill—and down the garden
walks

The tossing trees were shaking off their
robes;

Amid the rustle of dead leaves, a hush
More silent than a hush,—amid the sway
Of fluttered curtains, struck the deep-
voiced clock

The hour of six—

The class in violin—

on the staircase broad, the broken
 notes
 rising—then, O God, arose and lifted
 me
 heights undreamt of—trembling, ex-
 quisite
 tness and bitterness—a pure *noct-
 urne*—
 in, my brother, oh, my brother, now
 twenty years I bear within my heart
 melody divine!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

ERNESTO MONTENEGRO

(ca. 1885-)

TO MODERN POETS

ERNESTO MONTENEGRO is a native of Chile, where he is well known as a poet and writer for the reviews. He has spent some years in the United States.

Truce to the hunt of gold,
O brothers strong and bold;
Life hath a beauty far
Beyond this traffic jar;
In vain trade's towers on high
Blacken against the sky—
The wind, a wild thing—blows—
And bluer, purer now the heaven shows.

From factory, wharf and wall
Some pallid flower may crawl;
Take it and from your soul
Put off the childish rôle,

hough across a grill,
n your ruins fill.
ot, your little song
ay machines not long
their gigantic beat;
eadow-lark with fleet
to heaven from the soil
t of song is, for the son of toil.

alds of the suns,
allow-myrmidons,—
ourage to me now
our of solemn vow;—
ere amid our rude
polis may brood
er fruit of song;
artists, poets, long
refuge here may find,
ort and peace of mind;
here all work, all thought,
ng, to harvest brought,
see the grim tower to a blossom
rought!

—*Roderick Gill.*

JOSÉ MANUEL POVEDA

(1885-)

THE MANUSCRIPT

JOSÉ MANUEL POVEDA is a native of Cuba where he has become an associate editor of *El Fígaro*. His *Versos precursores* (Manzanillo, 1917) have won him great admiration as a poet.

It rests within its crystal royally,
With ceremonious bareness set apart;
Subservient ribbons mark its sovereignty;
A seal is sign of its authentic heart.
No fingers dare to turn its pages o'er;
No modern reader comes to study there;
Its object now is to be read no more,—
Its mission sole is but to last fore'er.

In all the *coro* not a single thing
Displays such haughty air or blazoning
As does the boast of its antiquity;

É MANUEL POVEDA	743
<p>uity that ne'er can be destroyed, 1, while it treasures ages, is employed ert abroad its own supremacy. —<i>Thomas Walsh.</i></p> <p>NG OF THE CREATIVE VOICE</p> <p>. unto the demiurgic nights rue!, male fecundity; amid creative, squandering wights ltant where the cities be.</p> <p>preading cities feel my anxious passion penetration 'gainst their heart, ng the letters that at last shall fashion : word of Song apart.</p> <p>ity gloats upon its silence dire,— I shall I then be silent,—no!— estiny would of me song require, ding the city hearken low!</p> <p>is I brave the brows of its disdain, sistent, in my sorrow strong, ful unto mankind amid my pain, I mine shall be his song! —<i>Thomas Walsh.</i></p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

MONTOTO DE SEDAS

(1888-)

SPANISH EYES

SANTIAGO MONTOTO DE SEDAS was born at Seville, the son of Don Luis Montoto Rautenstrauch the poet. He is a graduate of the College of San Hermenegildo, and has become Archivist of Seville. His poetical works include *Última hora de Torcuato Tasso* (Seville, 1910), *Poesías* (Seville, 1911).

*"Trust not black eyes' smile or frown,
And be coy of eyes of blue;
Glances of the chestnut brown
Are the only good and true."*

Street Song.

Thinkst thou I can trust thy pleading
With such singing in the town,
When in thy clear eyes I'm reading
Trust not black eyes' smile or frown?

Nor in thine whose eyes are shining
Starry for a love-clasp due,
Other warning they are signing,—
And be coy of eyes of blue,

One alone my heart entrances,
One with pining bends me down,—
She who turns the mellow glances,
Glances of the chestnut brown.

Hers that hold no trace of scheming
Nor cajoling in their hue;
Eyes that meet me in my dreaming
Are the only good and true.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

RENÉ LÓPEZ (*Cuban*)

THE SCULPTOR

Sculpture's great mother was the rock-
crowned crest:

The frozen granite was her prophet old;
In blazoned bronze her lyric praise was
told;

With molding clay was her fair body
dressed.

My chisel is of steel whose flash is manifest

As arrows flying past a sun of gold.

I am the God of Art: the athlete bold,
Proud chiseler of beauty pure and blessed.

Time crumbles not the shapings of my
hands.

Under the feet of my great Moses stands
Man, trembling as before a presence
mighty.

I whose hammer-blows, mid hurtling
 chips,
 of the block made rise from heel to
 lips
 serves implacable of Aphrodite.

—*Joseph I. C. Clarke.*

MARTINA PIERRA DE POO

(*Cuban*)

LOVE'S MIRROR

gazing in the crystal pool,
 see you there to make you
 y?"
 within the waters cool
 age—very like me, very."
 find it beautiful?"

"Indeed I do."

That is why you're glad?"

"Why, certainly.

beauty, 'tis,—face, form, and hue—
 holds Sebastian dead in love with
 e."

"Girl, so fair and frank and pure,
Sebastian's dying now to net you:
God grant that he may not forget you
If dies your beauty as the lure." . . .

"Poor woman gazing in the crystal pool,
What's there so saddening to see?"

"I see mine image shining cool
In its transparency."

"And is it beautiful?"

"No longer; no."

"And that is why it makes you sad?"

"Yes; even so.

Sebastian's love lifts up to fret me:

My beauty gone, he doth forget me."

"Poor woman! Tho' you weep and wee

Tho' life may of your peace take toll:

Learn that the only love that's deep

Is that which rises from the soul."

—*Joseph I. C. Clarke.*

MITRI IVANOVITCH	749
<p>DMITRI IVANOVITCH</p> <p>(1888-)</p> <p>THE CHILD ASLEEP</p> <p>I IVANOVITCH is the pen-name of José Court, the son of Don Julio Betancourt, born at Cartagena, Colombia, and educated at the College of the Pious Schools in Madrid, Spain. He is the author of many books and one of the editors of <i>La Prensa</i>, New York.</p> <p>hushed dwelling, where the plaintive ray one poor candle's light on roof and floor lives in its flickerings fantastic store dawning, a little head doth lie its snowy pillow while the play rhythmic breathing calmly stirring o'er couch mysterious and pure and more than a wavelet—sets its depths a-sway.</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

There watching at her side, I gently
Her light breath stir and move again
own.

That pauses with the awesome thought
that steal

Across me,—stricken to my very
With the vague dread of life that
known;

I yearn to be her shield, her cloak
stole.

—*Thomas W*

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I	
k, th	
ve nt	
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k,	
	IV

JUAN GARNERO CÍVICO

(1889-)

THE VISION

JUAN GARNERO CÍVICO was born at Seville and graduated from the College of the Escolapios. His poetical work includes *Cantares* (Seville, 1916).

Between the cloister grates I have had
glimpse

Of her—her brows beneath the snowy
coif concealed;

Yet through the veils, her eyes of azure clear
Like ardent coals of fire were revealed.

Then came again the vision mystical
Of that strange day she took the cloistral
white;

And lone I peer athwart the snowy veils
Into the heavens of her blue eyes of
light.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

E YOUNGER POETS OF CHILI

I

DANIEL DE LA VEGA

(ca. 1890-)

THE DOOR

or is always closed and always dark,
l door, crossed and recrossed with
rs,
and hostile—nobody would believe
safe behind it songs and bright
ictures glow.

it sleep, silent, three steps of brick,
ad from the earth into my solitude,
n of my innocent days rose up them,
nocked at the door with heavenly
mbleness.

ny door, one misty and quiet day,
tle hands of a woman came to knock,

736 HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:

And the leaves opened with the impetuous
rush
Of a bird opening its wings for sudden
flight.

Her little feet hurried and tripped up the
steps
Traversed the threshold with light and
gentle tread.
And the two halves of the door shut
themselves dimly.
Seeming the eyes that do not wish to look.

Then perhaps there was heard a light
laugh of joy.
And the faint sound of a kiss—then the
silence of love.
But the old door, obstinate, selfish, con-
cealed
Even the most shadowy echo within its
heart.

Slowly I move through life. In the restless
Depths of each day, comes the future to
knock
And I say smiling: It is too soon!

IV

HISPANIC NOTES

g and singing have still the same
sweetness!

ome day Death will draw near to my
floor;
ill enter and silently give me his hand,
e still the future calls with the call of a
brother,
; wait for you! This is the final day!
I, as a poet will cry with my dying
breath:
s too soon! Death, you are still too
soon!"

—*L. E. Elliott.*

II

JUAN JOSÉ VELGAS

THE AZURE SKY

t is the blue of the sky? It cannot
be Thy mantle,
things corruptible are naught to the
Almighty,
; when on its calm beauty we rest our
tired eyes

There comes the blessed solace of quick
tears.

At close of day, painted with flaming
clouds,
The sky is a dread vision of the City of
the Lost,
And at dead of night it broods with
such veiled mystery
That we must fain prostrate ourselves
before it.

The calm blue of the morning is a sign
of Thy omnipotence!
For this hast Thou created its pure
beauty,
For this hast Thou permitted the art
of man
To penetrate its depths—and for this, O
God!
I crave that some day in my sad and
restless life
Blue eyes may shine upon me with the
love of woman.

—*L. E. Elliott.*

MARIANO BRULL

(1891—)

INTERIOR

BRULL was born at Camaguey, and after a long sojourn in Andalusia returned to his native land where he was graduated from the University of Havana. He became Secretary of the Cuban Legation at Washington in 1917. He has been a frequent contributor to *El Fígaro* of Madrid and has published a volume of poems entitled *del silencio*, Madrid, 1916. A new volume is in preparation, entitled *En el peñón*.

Her little room all still and lone
Things that made her life are greeting
me.

As though her body as it went
A spirit footprint, mindfully.

'Twould seem as in the mirror-moon were
shown
The shadowy glimpse of what she used
to be;—
And sing more sad her bird its caged
lament,—
And through the room her absence whisper
free—

Her gilt-edged book of prayers is lying there
Upon the table; and it says: "The care
Is small of worldlings,—Upon God,
thine eye!"

I raise my glance, and in my grief I moan:—
Oh, had I but, that final hour, known
The anguished sweetness of her last
goodbye!

—*Roderick Gill.*

TO THE MOUNTAIN

Just as soon as Mass is over,
Put our pious airs away;
And with luncheon in our baskets,
To the mountain! To the mountain!
To the mountain, for the day!

he bells of glory ringing
 the belfries of the Spring!—
 sky!—oh, what a blessing
 gloomy days, they bring!

a water o'er the mill-wheel
 oles furious and fast,
 g through a thousand echoes
 —there—'tis gone at last!

woods our hearts are hungry;
 r bird hears us reply;
 seems to sweep our bosoms—
 e mountain! To the mountain!
 'o the mountain, let us hie!

rotto holds a secret;
 r cleft its creed and rite;
 slopes is scattered grandeur—
 horn flowers and crags in sight!

peaks the wind is hymning,—
 en is nigh—the town, far down;
 r should not human dwellings
 e free-world mountains crown?—

At the nightfall—with our baskets
Empty—to the town we haste;
All the mountain fills with shadows,—
Spirits of the dreaded waste!—

—*Roderick Gill.*

DRO REQUENA LEGARRETA
(1893-1918)

IDYL

DRO REQUENA LEGARRETA was born at Mexico City of a well-known family. He received his education at the Jesuit schools in Mexico City and Washington, D. C., graduating at the National University, Washington, in 1911. Later, political conditions in his native country forced him to take up his residence in New York, where he devoted much of his leisure to literature. He has translated some of Rabindranath Tagore's poems into Spanish. His poems are in preparation for publication.

pal-breasted morning of the spring
e o'er the meads her luminous urn
an swing.

When from the nests the tremulous light
flute

Of songs comes thawing, and the echoes
mute

Awake and mingle with the distant brawl
Of lowing cattle and the shepherds' call:

'Twould seem that, falling from the morn-
ing's urn,

Each ray of light would into singing turn.—

Alone amid the pasture's splendid breast
There stands a tree, a shadowy poem blest.

Among its prescient leaves there lurks a
trace

Of old-world sadness and of pastoral grace;

And bending o'er the field, the green gar-
goyle

Of one long branch from out the trunk
would coil.

A-straddle on the branch a maiden rides
As though a nymph some haughty centaur
guides;

REQUENA LOGARRETA

765

londe is the maid, and naked, tall and fair,
With glow transparent as the morning air.

sudden breath along the meadow grass
tirs with a kiss the branch ere it would
pass.

nd she, whom hasty breaths of fever
seize,
rips the bough tighter with her snowy
knees.

he while the icy jewels of the dew
end a sharp chill her silken body through.

her locks float back in airy coronal
above her shoulders, as the dawn rain's
fall;

and green and rose the shifting boughs
appear
like some great butterfly her lips a-near.

he sways a moment, then, as some divine
Young nymph that Jove enamored would
entwine,

Her scarlet kisses all the green
cover,—
And the tree trembles,—as it we
lover—

—*Garret Stra*

I WOULD ENFOLD YOUR DE
AND MINE

I would enfold your death and mi
close
As our two lives have been to
bound;
To your dire scar I would conjo
wound,
And bind with yours my fate of joy
woes.
I would entwine our wills, until yours
To be my partisan forever found;
For I have gained your love, and s
crowned,
You have shown courage to a world o
Like the simoon I gather up your dus
And heap on high a little pile of trust
And hope and pain on pain, to
ours;

the gates of an eternal rest,
l our dreams have known the self-
same bowers,
l my soul and yours have but one
breast.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

LUIS G. ORTIZ

(1896-)

MY FOUNTAIN

HARD by the cottage, innocent and
Where swayed my cradle,—near
hidden cot,

Its ripples overflowing from their
Bursts forth my fountain, lost in gre
When the new moon was mirrored rad
On its clear wave in that sequestered
How oft I cried, “Oh, happy is their
Who cross the vast expanses of the se

It was God’s will that I the deck should
And find my wish to full fruition grow
Amid the billows of the tossing sea.
God in the deeps I saw, and bowed my
And now, upon the sea, I dream along
My humble, sweet and murmurous
of thee!

—*Alice Stone Black*

MUÑOZ MARÍN	769
<p>MUÑOZ MARÍN</p> <p>(1898-)</p> <p>SYMPHONY IN WHITE</p> <p>z MARÍN, the son of Muñoz Rivera, rn in San Juan, Puerto Rico, in 1898. s educated at Georgetown University, ington, D. C., and his published works rrones (San Juan, 1917), <i>Madre hara</i>-San Juan, 1917). His <i>La selva del</i> in preparation.</p> <p>midnight when she died; her body lay</p> <p>te as the wheaten wafer of the priest, time the heavens were weeping. Let us pray,</p> <p>iend and servant, for her soul re-leased!</p> <p>Chaplain, seeing thus her body fair white as was the maiden soul it hid,</p>	
ND MONOGRAPHS	IV

How shall they know in heaven, th
there,
If welcome to her soul or flesh the

Her hair was as the gold on sunset
Her body framed as vaguely as th
It seemed that God to form its pure
Merely a copy of her soul had d

There in her casket-boards I saw h
The purer even without Ophelia's
Stretched all agaze upon the star-l
In the close shaft that shuts n
above.

Now it is morning, Padre, and the s
Is up—the sun that hid behi
rain,—

The sun that yester's holocaust has
The sun you know so well,—
again—

I fall to meditation, how whene'er
Some bureaucrat or alms-dispensir
Passes away, the sun is always there
With share of gold the same!—

If justice be in God, as light in stars,
Green in the fields, and in the heavens
blue,—

Why for her death across the morning bars
Comes not a double dawn or sun in view?

The Padre bowed his forehead white and
old

Into the breast of his soutane of black,
And on his eyelids a slow tear unrolled
And hung, reflecting the new sunlight
back.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

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